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Romola.

CHAPTER XI.

TITO'S DILEMMA.



HEN Fra Luca had ceased to speak, Tito still stood by him in irresolution, and it was not till, the pressure of the passengers being removed, the friar rose and walked slowly into the church of Santa Felicità, that Tito also went on his way along the Via de' Bardi.

"If this monk is a Florentine," he said to himself—"if he is going to remain at Florence, everything must be disclosed." He felt that a new crisis had come, but he was not, for all that, too agitated to pay his visit to Bardo, and apologize for his previous non-appearance. Tito's talent for concealment was being fast developed into something less neutral. It was still possible—perhaps it might be inevitable—for him to accept

frankly the altered conditions, and avow Baldassarre's existence—but hardly without casting an unpleasant light backward on his original reticence as studied equivocation, in order to avoid the fulfilment of a secretly recognized claim, to say nothing of his quiet settlement of himself and investment of his florins, when, it would be clear, his benefactor's fate had not

been certified. It was, at least, provisionally wise to act as if nothing had happened, and, for the present, he would suspend decisive thought; there was all the night for meditation, and no one would know the precise moment at which he had received the letter.

So he entered the room on the second story, where Romola and her father sat among the parchment and the marble, aloof from the life of the streets on holidays as well as on common days, with a face just a little less bright than usual, from regret at appearing so late; a regret which wanted no testimony, since he had given up the sight of the Corso in order to express it; and then set himself to throw extra animation into the evening, though all the while his consciousness was at work like a machine with complex action, leaving deposits quite distinct from the line of talk; and by the time he descended the stone stairs and issued from the grim door in the starlight, his mind had really reached a new stage in its formation of a purpose.

And when, the next day, after he was free from his professorial work, he turned up the Via del Cocomero, towards the convent of San Marco, his purpose was fully shaped. He was going to ascertain from Fra Luca precisely how much he conjectured of the truth, and on what grounds he conjectured it; and, further, how long he was to remain at San Marco. And on that fuller knowledge he hoped to mould a statement which would in any case save him from the necessity of quitting Florence. Tito had never had occasion to fabricate an ingenuous lie before: the occasion was come now—the occasion which circumstance never fails to beget on tacit falsity; and his ingenuity was ready. For he had convinced himself that he was not bound to go in search of Baldassarre. He had once said that on a fair assurance of his father's existence and whereabouts, he would unhesitatingly go after him. But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered wintry life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity? Those ideas had all been sown in the fresh soil of Tito's mind, and were lively germs there; that was the proper order of things—the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere *nidus* for youth. Baldassarre had done his work, had had his draught of life: Tito said it was *his* turn now.

And the prospect was so vague:—"I think they are going to take me to Antioch :" here was a vista! After a long voyage, to spend months, perhaps years, in a search for which even now there was no guarantee that it would not prove vain: and to leave behind at starting a life of distinction and love: and to find, if he found anything, the old exacting companionship which was known by rote beforehand. Certainly the gems and therefore the florins were, in a sense, Baldassarre's: in the narrow sense by which the right of possession is determined in ordinary affairs; but in that larger and more radically natural view by which the

world belongs to youth and strength, they were rather his who could extract the most pleasure out of them. That, he was conscious, was not the sentiment which the complicated play of human feelings had engendered in society. The men around him would expect that he should immediately apply those florins to his benefactor's rescue. But what was the sentiment of society?—a mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions, that no wise man would take as a guide, except so far as his own comfort was concerned. Not that he cared for the florins, save perhaps for Romola's sake: he would give up the florins readily enough. It was the joy that was due to him and was close to his lips, which he felt he was not bound to thrust away from him and travel on, thirsting. Any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward: they were made by men who wanted others to sacrifice themselves for their sake. He would rather that Baldassarre should not suffer: he liked no one to suffer: but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own? To do so, he must have loved Baldassarre devotedly, and he did *not* love him: was that his own fault? Gratitude! seen closely, it made no valid claim: his father's life would have been dreary without him: are we convicted of a debt to men for the pleasures they give themselves?

Having once begun to explain away Baldassarre's claim, Tito's thought showed itself as active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of sentiment. His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling. "It is good," sing the old Eumenides, in *Æschylus*, "that fear should sit as the guardian of the soul, forcing it into wisdom—good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else, how shall they learn to revere the right?" That guardianship may become needless; but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force.

As Tito entered the outer cloister of San Marco, and inquired for Fra Luca, there was no shadowy presentiment in his mind: he felt himself too cultured and sceptical for that: he had been nurtured in contempt for the tales of priests whose impudent lives were a proverb; and in erudite familiarity with disputes concerning the chief good, which had after all, he considered, left it a matter of taste. Yet fear was a strong element in

Tito's nature—the fear of what he believed or saw was likely to rob him of pleasure; and he had a definite fear that Fra Luca might be the means of driving him from Florence.

"Fra Luca? ah, he is gone to Fiesole—to the Dominican monastery there. He was taken on a litter in the cool of the morning. The poor brother is very ill. Could you leave a message for him?"

This answer was given by a *fra converso*, or lay brother, whose accent told plainly that he was a raw contadino, and whose dull glance implied no curiosity.

"Thanks; my business can wait."

Tito turned away with a sense of relief. "This friar is not likely to live," he said to himself. "I saw he was worn to a shadow. And at Fiesole there will be nothing to recall me to his mind. Besides, if he should come back, my explanation will serve as well then as now. But I wish I knew what it was that his face recalled to me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIZE IS NEARLY GRASPED.

TITO walked along with a light step, for the immediate fear had vanished; the usual joyousness of his disposition reassumed its predominance, and he was going to see Romola. Yet Romola's life seemed an image of that loving, pitying devotedness, that patient endurance of irksome tasks, from which he had shrunk and excused himself. But he was not out of love with goodness, or prepared to plunge into vice: he was in his fresh youth, with soft pulses for all charm and loveliness; he had still a healthy appetite for ordinary human joys, and the poison could only work by degrees. He had sold himself to evil, but at present life seemed so nearly the same to him that he was not conscious of the bond. He meant all things to go on as they had done before, both within and without him: he meant to win golden opinions by meritorious exertion, by ingenious learning, by amiable compliance: he was not going to do anything that would throw him out of harmony with the beings he cared for. And he cared supremely for Romola; he wished to have her for his majestic, beautiful, and loving wife. There might be a wealthier alliance within the ultimate reach of successful accomplishments like his, but there was no woman in all Florence like Romola. When she was near him, and looked at him with her sincere hazel eyes, he was subdued by a delicious influence as strong and inevitable as those musical vibrations which take possession of us with a rhythmic empire that no sooner ceases than we desire it to begin again.

As he trod the stone stairs, when he was still outside the door, with no one but Maso near him, the influence seemed to have begun its work by the mere nearness of anticipation.

"Welcome, Tito mio," said the old man's voice, before Tito had spoken.

There was a new vigour in the voice, a new cheerfulness in the blind face, since that first interview more than two months ago. "You have brought fresh manuscript, doubtless; but since we were talking last night I have had new ideas: we must take a wider scope—we must go back upon our footsteps."

Tito, paying his homage to Romola as he advanced, went, as his custom was, straight to Bardo's chair, and put his hand in the palm that was held to receive it, placing himself on the cross-legged leather seat with scrolled ends, close to Bardo's elbow.

"Yes," he said, in his gentle way; "I have brought the new manuscript, but that can wait your pleasure. I have young limbs, you know, and can walk back up the hill without any difficulty."

He did not look at Romola as he said this, but he knew quite well that her eyes were fixed on him with delight.

"That is well said, my son." Bardo had already addressed Tito in this way once or twice of late. "And I perceive with gladness that you do not shrink from labour, without which, the poet has wisely said, life has given nothing to mortals. It is too often the 'palma sine pulvere,' the prize of glory without the dust of the race, that young ambition covets. But what says the Greek? 'In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.' It is true, I might be thought to have reached that helpless evening; but not so, while I have counsel within me which is yet unspoken. For my mind, as I have often said, was shut up as by a dam; the plenteous waters lay dark and motionless, but you, Tito mio, have opened a duct for them, and they rush forward with a force that surprises myself. And now, what I want is, that we should go over our preliminary ground again, with a wider scheme of comment and illustration; otherwise I may lose opportunities which I now see retrospectively, and which may never occur again. You mark what I am saying, Tito?"

He had just stooped to reach his manuscript, which had rolled down, and Bardo's jealous ear was alive to the slight movement.

Tito might have been excused for shrugging his shoulders at the prospect before him, but he was not naturally impatient; moreover, he had been bred up in that laborious erudition, at once minute and copious, which was the chief intellectual task of the age; and with Romola near, he was floated along by waves of agreeable sensation that made everything seem easy.

"Assuredly," he said; "you wish to enlarge your comments on certain passages we have cited."

"Not only so; I wish to introduce an occasional *excursus*, where we have noticed an author to whom I have given special study; for I may die too soon to achieve any separate work. And this is not a time for scholarly integrity and well-sifted learning to lie idle, when it is not only rash ignorance that we have to fear, but when there are men like Calderino, who, as Poliziano has well shown, have recourse to impudent falsities of

citation to serve the ends of their vanity and secure a triumph to their own mistakes. Wherefore, Tito mio, I think it not well that we should let slip the occasion that lies under our hands. And now we will turn back to the point where we have cited the passage from Thucydides, and I wish you, by way of preliminary, to go with me through all my notes on the Latin translation made by Lorenzo Valla, for which the incomparable Pope Nicholas V.—with whose personal notice I was honoured while I was yet young, and when he was still Thomas of Sarzana—paid him (I say not unduly) the sum of five hundred gold scudi. But inasmuch as Valla, though otherwise of dubious fame, is held in high honour for his severe scholarship, so that the epigrammatist has jocosely said of him that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages, it is the more needful that his name should not be as a stamp warranting false wares; and therefore I would introduce an *excursus* on Thucydides, wherein my castigations of Valla's text may find a fitting place. Romola mia, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know now what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the bookshelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

"You have the volumes, my Romola?" the old man said, as they came near him again. "And now you will get your pen ready; for, as Tito marks off the scholia we determine on extracting, it will be well for you to copy them without delay—numbering them carefully, mind, to correspond with the numbers he will put in the text he will write."

Romola always had some task which gave her a share in this joint work. Tito took his stand at the *leggio*, where he both wrote and read, and she placed herself at a table just in front of him, where she was ready to give into her father's hands anything that he might happen to want, or relieve him of a volume that he had done with. They had always been in that position since the work began, yet on this day it seemed new; it was so different now for them to be opposite each other, so different for Tito to take a book from her, as she lifted it from her father's knee. Yet there was no finesse to secure an additional look or touch. Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her; and Romola's deep calm happiness encompassed Tito like the rich but quiet evening light which dissipates all unrest.

They had been two hours at their work, and were just desisting because of the fading light, when the door opened and there entered a figure strangely incongruous with the current of their thoughts and with the suggestions of every object around them. It was the figure of a short stout black-eyed woman, nearly fifty, wearing a black velvet *berretta*, or close cap, embroidered with pearls, under which surprisingly massive black braids surmounted the little bulging forehead, and fell in rich plaited curves over the ears, while an equally surprising carmine tint on the upper region of the fat cheeks contrasted with the surrounding sallowness. Three rows of pearls and a lower necklace of gold reposed on the horizontal cushion of her neck; the embroidered border of her trailing black-velvet gown and her embroidered long-drooping sleeves of rose-coloured damask, were slightly faded, but they conveyed to the initiated eye the satisfactory assurance that they were the splendid result of six months' labour by a skilled workman; and the rose-coloured petticoat, with its dimmed white fringe and seed-pearl arabesques, was duly exhibited in order to suggest a similar pleasing reflection. A handsome coral rosary hung from one side of an infernal belt, which emerged into certainty with a large clasp of silver wrought in *niello*; and, on the other side, where the belt again became infernal, hung a *scarsella*, or large purse of crimson velvet, stitched with pearls. Her little fat right hand, which looked as if it had been made of paste, and had risen out of shape under partial baking, held a small book of devotions, also splendid with velvet, pearls, and silver.

The figure was already too familiar to Tito to be startling, for Monna Brigida was a frequent visitor at Bardo's, being excepted from the sentence of banishment passed on feminine triviality, on the ground of her cousinship to his dead wife and her early care for Romola, who now looked round at her with an affectionate smile, and rose to draw the leather seat

to a due distance from her father's chair, that the coming gush of talk might not be too near his ear.

"*La cugina?*" said Bardo, interrogatively, detecting the short steps and the sweeping drapery.

"Yes, it is your cousin," said Monna Brigida, in an alert voice, raising her fingers smilingly at Tito, and then lifting up her face to be kissed by Romola. "Always the troublesome *cugina* breaking in on your wisdom," she went on, seating herself and beginning to fan herself with the white veil hanging over her arm. "Well, well; if I didn't bring you some news of the world now and then, I do believe you'd forget there was anything in life but these mouldy ancients, who want sprinkling with holy water if all I hear about them is true. Not but what the world is bad enough nowadays, for the scandals that turn up under one's nose at every corner—I don't want to hear and see such things, but one can't go about with one's head in a bag; and it was only yesterday—well, well, you needn't burst out at me, Bardo, I'm not going to tell anything; if I'm not as wise as the three kings, I know how many legs go into one boot. But, nevertheless, Florence is a wicked city—is it not true, Messer Tito? for you go into the world. Not but what one must sin a little—Messer Domeneddio expects that of us, else what are the blessed sacraments for? And what I say is, we've got to reverence the saints, and not to set ourselves up as if we could be like them, else life would be unbearable; as it will be if things go on after this new fashion. For what do you think? I've been at the wedding to-day—Dianora Acciajoli's with the young Albizzi that there has been so much talk of—and everybody wondered at its being to-day instead of yesterday; but, *cieli!* such a wedding as it was might have been put off till the next Quaresima for a penance. For there was the bride looking like a white nun—not so much as a pearl about her—and the bridegroom as solemn as San Giuseppe. It's true! And half the people invited were *piagnoni*—they call them *piagnoni** now, these new saints of Fra Girolamo's making. And to think of two families like the Albizzi and the Acciajoli taking up such notions, when they could afford to wear the best! Well, well, they invited me—but they could do no other, seeing my husband was Luca Antonio's uncle by the mother's side—and a pretty time I had of it while we waited under the canopy in front of the house, before they let us in. I couldn't stand in my clothes, it seemed, without giving offence; for there was Monna Berta, who has had worse secrets in her time than any I could tell of myself, looking askance at me from under her hood like a *pinzochera*,† and telling me to read the Frate's book about widows, from which she had found great guidance. Holy Madonna! it seems as if widows had nothing to do now but to buy their coffins, and think it a thousand years till they get into them, instead of enjoying themselves a little when they've got their hands free for the first time. And what do you think was the

* Funeral mourners: properly, paid mourners.

† A Sister of the Third Order of St. Francis: an uncloistered nun.

music we had to make our dinner lively? A long discourse from Fra Domenico of San Marco, about the doctrines of their blessed Fra Girolamo —the three doctrines we are all to get by heart; and he kept marking them off on his fingers till he made my flesh creep: and the first is, Florence, or the Church—I don't know which, for first he said one and then the other—shall be scourged; but if he means the pestilence, the Signory ought to put a stop to such preaching, for it's enough to raise the swelling under one's arms with fright; but then, after that, he says Florence is to be regenerated; but what will be the good of that when we're all dead of the plague, or something else? And then, the third thing, and what he said oftenest, is, that it's all to be in our days: and he marked that off on his thumb, till he made me tremble like the very jelly before me. They had jellies, to be sure, with the arms of the Albizzi and the Acciajoli raised on them in all colours; they've not turned the world quite upside down yet. But all their talk is, that we are to go back to the old ways: for up starts Francesco Valori, that I've danced with in the Via Larga when he was a bachelor and as fond of the Medici as anybody, and he makes a speech about the old times, before the Florentines had left off crying '*Popolo*' and begun to cry '*Palle*'—as if that had anything to do with a wedding!—and how we ought to keep to the rules the Signory laid down heaven knows when, that we were not to wear this and that, and not to eat this and that—and how our manners were corrupted and we read bad books; though he can't say that of *me* ——"

"Stop, *cugina!*!" said Bardo, in his imperious tone, for he had a remark to make, and only desperate measures could arrest the rattling lengthiness of Monna Brigida's discourse. But now she gave a little start, pursed up her mouth and looked at him with round eyes.

"Francesco Valori is not altogether wrong," Bardo went on. "Bernardo, indeed, rates him not highly, and is rather of opinion that he christens private grudges by the name of public zeal; though I must admit that my good Bernardo is too slow of belief in that unalloyed patriotism which was found in all its lustre among the ancients. But it is true, Tito, that our manners have degenerated somewhat from that noble frugality which, as has been well seen in the public acts of our citizens, is the parent of true magnificence. For men, as I hear, will now spend on the transient show of a *girostra* sums which would suffice to found a library, and confer a lasting possession on mankind. Still, I conceive, it remains true of us Florentines that we have more of that magnanimous sobriety which abhors a trivial lavishness that it may be grandly open-handed on grand occasions, than can be found in any other city of Italy; for I understand that the Neapolitan and Milanese courtiers laugh at the scarcity of our plate, and think scorn of our great families for borrowing from each other that furniture of the table at their entertainments. But in the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause."

"Laughter, indeed!" burst forth Monna Brigida again, the moment Bardo paused. "If anybody wanted to hear laughter at the wedding to-

day they were disappointed, for when young Niccolò Macchiavelli tried to make a joke, and told stories out of Franco Sacchetti's book, how it was no use for the Signoria to make rules for us women, because we were cleverer than all the painters, and architects, and doctors of logic in the world, for we could make black look white, and yellow look pink, and crooked look straight, and, if anything was forbidden, we could find a new name for it—Holy Virgin ! the *piagnoni* looked more dismal than before, and somebody said Sacchetti's book was wicked. Well, I don't read it—they can't accuse *me* of reading anything. Save me from going to a wedding again if that's to be the fashion; for all of us who were not *piagnoni* were as comfortable as wet chickens. I was never caught in a worse trap but once before, and that was when I went to hear their precious Frate last Quaresima in San Lorenzo. Perhaps I never told you about it, Messer Tito ?—it almost freezes my blood when I think of it. How he rated us poor women! and the men, too, to tell the truth, but I didn't mind that so much. He called us cows, and lumps of flesh, and wantons, and mischief-makers—and I could just bear that, for there were plenty others more fleshy and spiteful than I was—though every now and then his voice shook the very bench under me like a trumpet; but then he came to the *capelli morti* (dead, *i.e.* false hair), and, O misericordia ! he made a picture—I see it now—of a young woman lying a pale corpse, and us light-minded widows—of course he meant me as well as the rest, for I had my plaits on, for if one is getting old, one doesn't want to look as ugly as the Befana *—us widows rushing up to the corpse, like bare-pated vultures as we were, and cutting off its young dead hair to deck our old heads with. Oh, the dreams I had after that ! And then he cried, and wrung his hands at us, and I cried too (*piagnoni*, indeed ! they may well be *piagnoni*). And to go home, and to take off my jewels, this very clasp, and everything, and to make them into a packet, *fù tutt'uno*; and I was within a hair of sending them to the good men of St. Martin to give to the poor, but, by heaven's mercy, I bethought me of going first to my confessor, Fra Cristoforo, at Santa Croce, and he told me how it was all the work of the devil, this preaching and prophesying of their Fra Girolamo, and the Dominicans were trying to turn the world upside down, and I was never to go and hear him again, else I must do penance for it; for the great preachers Fra Mariano and Fra Menico, had shown how Fra Girolamo preached lies—and that was true, for I heard them both in the Duomo—and how the Pope's dream of San Francesco propping up the Church with his arms was being fulfilled still, and the Dominicans were beginning to pull it down. Well and good : I went away *con Dio*, and made myself easy. I am not going to be frightened by a Frate Predicatore again. And all I say is, I wish it hadn't been the Dominicans that poor

* The name given to the grotesque black-faced figures, supposed to represent the Magi, carried about or placed in the windows on Twelfth Night : a corruption of Epifania.

Dino joined years ago, for then I should have been glad when I heard them say he was come back——”

“ *Silenzio!*” said Bardo, in a loud agitated voice, while Romola half-started from her chair, clasped her hands, and looked round at Tito, as if now she might appeal to him. Monna Brigida gave a little scream, and bit her lip.

“ *Donna!*” said Bardo, again, “ hear once more my will. Bring no reports about that name to this house ; and thou, Romola, I forbid thee to ask. My son is dead.”

Bardo’s whole frame seemed vibrating with passion, and no one dared to break silence again. Monna Brigida lifted her shoulders and her hands in mute dismay ; then she rose as quietly as possible, gave many significant nods to Tito and Romola, motioning to them that they were not to move, and stole out of the room like a culpable fat spaniel who has barked unseasonably.

Meanwhile, Tito’s quick mind had been combining ideas with lightning-like rapidity. Bardo’s son was not really dead, then, as he had supposed: he was a monk; he was “ come back :” and *Fra Luca*—yes ! it was the likeness to Bardo and Romola that had made the face seem half-known to him. If he were only dead at Fiesole at that moment ! This importunate selfish wish inevitably thrust itself before every other thought. It was true that Bardo’s rigid will was a sufficient safeguard against any intercourse between Romola and her brother; but *not* against the betrayal of what he knew to others, especially when the subject was suggested by the coupling of Romola’s name with that of the very Tito Melema whose description he had carried round his neck as an index. No ! nothing but *Fra Luca*’s death could remove all danger ; but his death was highly probable, and after the momentary shock of the discovery, Tito let his mind fall back in repose on that confident hope.

They had sat in silence, and in a deepening twilight for many minutes, when Romola ventured to say—

“ Shall I light the lamp, father, and shall we go on ? ”

“ No, my Romola, we will work no more to-night. Tito, come and sit by me here.”

Tito moved from the reading-desk and seated himself on the other side of Bardo, close to his left elbow.

“ Come nearer to me, *figliuola mia*,” said Bardo again, after a moment’s pause. And Romola seated herself on a low stool and let her arm rest on her father’s right knee, that he might lay his hand on her hair, as he was fond of doing.

“ Tito, I never told you that I had once a son,” said Bardo, forgetting what had fallen from him in the emotion raised by their first interview. The old man had been deeply shaken and was forced to pour out his feelings in spite of pride. “ But he left me—he is dead to me—I have disowned him for ever. He was a ready scholar, as you are, but more fervid and impatient, and yet sometimes rapt and self-absorbed, like a flame fed by

some fitful source ; showing a disposition from the very first to turn away his eyes from the clear lights of reason and philosophy, and to prostrate himself under the influences of a dim mysticism which eludes all rules of human duty as it eludes all argument. And so it ended. We will speak no more of him : he is dead to me. I wish his face could be blotted from that world of memory in which the distant seems to grow clearer and the near to fade."

Bardo paused, but neither Romola nor Tito dared to speak—his voice was too tremulous, the poise of his feelings too doubtful. But he presently raised his hand and found Tito's shoulder to rest it on, while he went on speaking with an effort to be calmer.

"But *you* have come to me, Tito—not quite too late. I will lose no more time in vain regret. When *you* are working by my side I seem to have found a son again."

The old man, preoccupied with the governing interest of his life, was only thinking of the much-meditated book which had quite thrust into the background the suggestion, raised by Bernardo del Nero's warning, of a possible marriage between Tito and Romola. But Tito could not allow the moment to pass unused.

"Will you let me be always and altogether your son ? Will you let me take care of Romola—be her husband ? I think she will not deny me. She has said she loves me. I know I am not equal to her in birth—in anything ; but I am no longer a destitute stranger."

"Is it true, my Romola ?" said Bardo, in a lower tone, an evident vibration passing through him and dissipating the saddened aspect of his features.

"Yes, father," said Romola, firmly. "I love Tito—I wish to marry him, that we may be both your children and never part."

Tito's hand met hers in a strong clasp for the first time, while she was speaking, but their eyes were fixed anxiously on her father.

"Why should it not be ?" said Bardo, as if arguing against any opposition to his assent, rather than assenting. "It would be a happiness to me ; and thou, too, Romola, wouldest be the happier for it."

He stroked her long hair gently and bent towards her.

"Ah, I have been apt to forget that thou needest some other love than mine. And thou wilt be a noble wife. Bernardo thinks I shall hardly find a husband fitting for thee. And he is perhaps right. For thou art not like the herd of thy sex : thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of, when they sang the lives of the heroes—tender but strong, like thy voice, which has been to me instead of the light in the years of my blindness. . . . And so thou lovest him ?"

He sat upright again for a minute and then said, in the same tone as before, "Why should it not be ? I will think of it ; I will talk with Bernardo."

Tito felt a disagreeable chill at this answer, for Bernardo del Nero's eyes had retained their keen suspicion whenever they looked at him,

and the uneasy remembrance of *Fra Luca* converted all uncertainty into fear.

"Speak for me, *Romola*," he said, pleadingly. "Messer *Bernardo* is sure to be against me."

"No, *Tito*," said *Romola*, "my godfather will not oppose what my father firmly wills. And it is your will that I should marry *Tito*—is it not true, father? Nothing has ever come to me before that I have wished for strongly: I did not think it possible that I could care so much for anything that could happen to myself."

It was a brief and simple plea; but it was the condensed story of *Romola*'s self-repressing colourless young life, which had thrown all its passion into sympathy with aged sorrows, aged ambition, aged pride and indignation. It had never occurred to *Romola* that she should not speak as directly and emphatically of her love for *Tito* as of any other subject.

"*Romola mia!*" said her father fondly, pausing on the words, "it is true thou hast never urged on me any wishes of thy own. And I have no will to resist thine; rather, my heart met *Tito*'s entreaty at its very first utterance. Nevertheless, I must talk with *Bernardo* about the measures needful to be observed. For we must not act in haste, or do anything unbeseeming my name. I am poor, and held of little account by the wealthy of our family—nay, I may consider myself a lonely man—but I must nevertheless remember that generous birth has its obligations. And I would not be reproached by my fellow-citizens for rash haste in bestowing my daughter. *Bartolommeo Scala* gave his *Alessandra* to the Greek *Marullo*, but *Marullo*'s lineage was well known, and *Scala* himself is of no extraction. I know *Bernardo* will hold that we must take time: he will, perhaps, reproach me with want of due forethought. Be patient, my children: you are very young."

No more could be said, and *Romola*'s heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so *Tito*'s. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrong-doer by the same mingled conditions. As *Tito* kissed *Romola* on their parting that evening, the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into this danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingling with that fountain of sweets. Would the death of *Fra Luca* arrest it? He hoped it would.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW OF NEMESIS.

It was the lazy afternoon time on the seventh of September, more than two months after the day on which Romola and Tito had confessed their love to each other.

Tito, just descended into Nello's shop, had found the barber stretched on the bench with his cap over his eyes: one leg was drawn up, and the other had slipped towards the ground, having apparently carried with it a manuscript volume of verse, which lay with its leaves crushed. In a corner sat Sandro, playing a game at *mora* by himself, and watching the slow reply of his left fingers to the arithmetical demands of his right with solemn-eyed interest.

Treading with the gentlest step, Tito snatched up the lute, and bending over the barber, touched the strings lightly while he sang,—

"Quant' è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza."*

Nello was as easily awaked as a bird. The cap was off his eyes in an instant, and he started up.

"Ah, my Apollino! I am somewhat late with my siesta on this hot day, it seems. That comes of not going to sleep in the natural way, but taking a potion of potent poesy. Hear you, how I am beginning to match my words by the initial letter, like a *trovatore*? That is one of my bad symptoms: I am sorely afraid that the good wine of my understanding is going to run off at the spigot of authorship, and I shall be left an empty cask with an odour of dregs, like many another incomparable genius of my acquaintance. What is it, my Orpheus?" here Nello stretched out his arms to their full length, and then brought them round till his hands grasped Tito's curls, and drew them out playfully. "What is it you want of your well-tamed Nello? For I perceive a coaxing sound in that soft strain of yours. Let me see the very needle's eye of your desire, as the sublime poet says, that I may thread it."

"That is but a tailor's image of your sublime poet's," said Tito, still letting his fingers fall in a light dropping way on the strings. "But you have divined the reason of my affectionate impatience to see your eyes open. I want you to give me an extra touch of your art—not on my chin, no; but on the *zazzera*, which is as tangled as your Florentine

* " Beauteous is life in blossom!
And it fleeteth—fleeteth ever;
Whoso would be joyful—let him!
There's no surety for the morrow."

Carnival Song by Lorenzo dei Medici.

politics. You have an adroit way of inserting your comb, which flatters the skin, and stirs the animal spirits agreeably in that region ; and a little of your most delicate orange scent would not be amiss, for I am bound to the Scala palace, and am to present myself in radiant company. The young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici is to be there, and he brings with him a certain young Bernardo Dovizi of Bibbiena, whose wit is so rapid, that I see no way of outrivalling it save by the scent of orange-blossoms."

Nello had already seized and flourished his comb, and pushed Tito gently backward into the chair, wrapping the cloth round him.

"Never talk of rivalry, *bel giovane mio* : Bernardo Dovizi is a keen youngster, who will never carry a net out to catch the wind ; but he has something of the same sharp-muzzled look as his brother Ser Piero da Bibbiena, the weasel that Piero de' Medici keeps at his beck to slip through small holes for him. No! you distance all rivals, and may soon touch the sky with your forefinger. They tell me you have even carried enough honey with you to sweeten the sour Messer Angelo ; for he has pronounced you less of an ass than might have been expected, considering there is such a good understanding between you and the Secretary."

"And between ourselves, *Nello mio*, that Messer Angelo has more genius and erudition than I can find in all the other Florentine scholars put together. It may answer very well for them to cry me up now, when Poliziano is beaten down with grief, or illness, or something else ; I can try a flight with such a sparrow-hawk as Pietro Crinito, but for Poliziano, he is a large-beaked eagle who would swallow me, feathers and all, and not feel any difference."

"I will not contradict your modesty there, if you will have it so ; but you don't expect us clever Florentines to keep saying the same things over again every day of our lives, as we must do if we always told the truth. We cry down Dante, and we cry up Francesco Cei, just for the sake of variety ; and if we cry you up as a new Poliziano, heaven has taken care that it shall not be quite so great a lie as it might have been. And are you not a pattern of virtue in this wicked city ? with your ears double-waxed against all siren invitations that would lure you from the Via de' Bardi, and the great work which is to astonish posterity ? "

"Posterity in good truth, whom it will probably astonish as the universe does, by the impossibility of seeing what was the plan of it."

"Yes, something like that was being prophesied here the other day. Cristoforo Landino said that the excellent Bardo was one of those scholars who lie overthrown in their learning, like cavaliers in heavy armour, and then get angry because they are over-ridden—which pithy remark, it seems to me, was not a herb out of his own garden ; for of all men, for feeding one with an empty spoon and gagging one with vain expectation by long discourse, Messer Cristoforo is the pearl. Ecco ! you are perfect now." Here Nello drew away the cloth. "Impossible to add a grace more ! But love is not always to be fed on learning, eh ? I

shall have to dress the *zazzeria* for the betrothal before long—is it not true?"

"Perhaps," said Tito, smiling, "unless Messer Bernardo should next recommend Bardo to require that I should yoke a lion and a wild boar to the car of the Zecca before I can win my Alcestis; though I confess he is right in holding me unworthy of Romola; she is a Pleiad that may grow dim by marrying any mortal."

"*Gnaffe*, your modesty is in the right place there. Yet Fate seems to have measured and chiselled you for the niche that was left empty by the old man's son, who, by the way, Cronaca was telling me, is now at San Marco. Did you know?"

A slight electric shock passed through Tito as he rose from the chair, but it was not outwardly perceptible, for he immediately stooped to pick up the fallen book, and busied his fingers with flattening the leaves, while he said,

"No: he was at Fiesole, I thought. Are you sure he is come back to San Marco?"

"Cronaca is my authority," said Nello, with a shrug. "I don't frequent that sanctuary, but he does. Ah," he added, taking the book from Tito's hands, "my poor Nencio da Barberino! It jars your scholarly feelings to see the pages dog's-eared. I was lulled to sleep by the well-rhymed charms of that rustic maiden—' prettier than the turnip-flower,' 'with a cheek more savoury than cheese.' But to get such a well-scented notion of the *contadina*, one must lie on velvet cushions in the Via Larga—not go to look at the Fierucoloni stumping in to the Piazza della Nunziata this evening after sundown."

"And pray who are the Fierucoloni?" said Tito, indifferently, settling his cap.

"The *contadine* who come from the mountains of Pistoia, and the Casentino, and heaven knows where, to keep their vigil in the church of the Nunziata and sell their yarn and dried mushrooms at the Fierucola (petty fair), as we call it. They make a queer show, with their paper lanterns, howling their hymns to the Virgin on this eve of her nativity—if you had the leisure to see them. No?—well, I have had enough of it myself, for there is wild work in the Piazza. One may happen to get a stone or two about one's ears or shins without asking for it, and I was never fond of that pressing attention. Addio."

Tito carried a little uneasiness with him on his visit, which ended earlier than he had expected, the boy-cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, youngest of red-hatted fathers, who has since presented his broad dark cheek very conspicuously to posterity as Pope Leo the Tenth, having been detained at his favourite pastime of the chase, and having failed to appear. It still wanted half an hour of sunset as he left the door of the Scala palace, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the Via de' Bardi, but he had not gone far when, to his astonishment, he saw Romola advancing towards him along the Borgo Pinti.

She wore a thick black veil and black mantle, but it was impossible to mistake her figure and her walk; and by her side was a short stout form which he recognized as that of Monna Brigida, in spite of the unusual plainness of her attire. Romola had not been bred up to devotional observances, and the occasions on which she took the air elsewhere than under the loggia on the roof of the house, were so rare and so much dwelt on beforehand, because of Bardo's dislike to be left without her, that Tito felt sure there must have been some sudden and urgent ground for an absence of which he had heard nothing the day before. She saw him through her veil and hastened her steps.

"Romola, has anything happened?" said Tito, turning to walk by her side.

She did not answer at the first moment, and Monna Brigida broke in.

"Ah, Messer Tito, you do well to turn round, for we are in haste. And is it not a misfortune?—we are obliged to go round by the walls and turn up the Via del Maglio, because of the *Fiera*; for the contadine coming in block up the way by the Nunziata, which would have taken us to San Marco in half the time."

Tito's heart gave a great bound, and began to beat violently.

"Romola," he said, in a lower tone, "are you going to San Marco?"

They were now out of the Borgo Pinti and were under the city walls, where they had wide gardens on their left hand, and all was quiet. Romola put aside her veil for the sake of breathing the air, and he could see the subdued agitation in her face.

"Yes, *Tito mio*," she said, looking directly at him with sad eyes. "For the first time I am doing something unknown to my father. It comforts me that I have met you, for at least I can tell *you*. But if you are going to him, it will be well for you not to say that you met me. He thinks I am only gone to the *cugina*, because she sent for me. I left my godfather with him: *he* knows where I am going, and why. You remember that evening when my brother's name was mentioned and my father spoke of him to you?"

"Yes," said Tito, in a low tone. There was a strange complication in his mental state. His heart sank at the probability that a great change was coming over his prospects, while at the same time his thoughts were darting over a hundred details of the course he would take when the change had come,—and yet he returned Romola's gaze with a hungry sense that it might be the last time she would ever bend it on him with full unquestioning confidence.

"The *cugina* had heard that he was come back, and the evening before—the evening of San Giovanni—as I afterwards found, he had been seen by our good Maso near the door of our house; but when Maso went to inquire at San Marco, Dino, that is, my brother—he was christened Bernardino, after our godfather, but now he calls himself Fra Luca—had been taken to the monastery at Fiesole, because he was ill. But this morning a message came to Maso, saying that he was come back to San Marco, and Maso went to him there. He is very ill, and he has

adjured me to go and see him. I cannot refuse it, though I hold him guilty: I still remember how I loved him when I was a little girl, before I knew that he would forsake my father. And perhaps he has some word of penitence to send by me. It cost me a struggle to act in opposition to my father's feeling, which I have always held to be just. I am almost sure you will think I have chosen rightly, Tito, because I have noticed that your nature is less rigid than mine, and nothing makes you angry: it would cost you less to be forgiving; though, if you had seen your father forsaken by one to whom he had given his chief love—by one in whom he had planted his labour and his hopes—forsaken when his need was becoming greatest—even you, Tito, would find it hard to forgive."

What could he say? He was not equal to the hypocrisy of telling Romola that such offences ought not to be pardoned; and he had not the courage to utter any words of dissuasion.

" You are right, my Romola; you are always right, except in thinking too well of me."

There was really some genuineness in those last words, and Tito looked very beautiful as he uttered them, with an unusual pallor in his face, and a slight quivering of his lip. Romola, interpreting all things largely, like a mind prepossessed with high beliefs, had a tearful brightness in her eyes as she looked at him, touched with keen joy that he felt so strongly whatever she felt. But without pausing in her walk, she said—

" And now, Tito, I wish you to leave me, for the *cugina* and I shall be less noticed if we enter the piazza alone."

" Yes, it were better you should leave us," said Monna Brigida; " for to say the truth, Messer Tito, all eyes follow you, and let Romola muffle herself as she will, every one wants to see what there is under her veil, for she has that way of walking like a procession. Not that I find fault with her for it, only it doesn't suit my steps. And, indeed, I would rather not have us seen going to San Marco, and that's why I am dressed as if I were one of the *piagnoni* themselves, and as old as Sant' Anna; for if it had been anybody but poor Dino, who ought to be forgiven if he's dying, for what's the use of having a grudge against dead people?—make them feel while they live, say I——"

No one made a scruple of interrupting Monna Brigida, and Tito, having just raised Romola's hand to his lips, and said, " I understand, I obey you," now turned away, lifting his cap—a sign of reverence, rarely made at that time by native Florentines, and which excited Bernardo del Nero's contempt for Tito as a fawning Greek, while to Romola, who loved homage, it gave him an exceptional grace.

He was half glad of the dismissal, half disposed to cling to Romola to the last moment in which she would love him without suspicion. For it seemed to him certain that this brother would before all things want to know, and that Romola would before all things confide to him, what was her father's position and her own after the years which must have brought so much change. She would tell him that she was soon to be publicly

betrothed to a young scholar, who was to fill up the place left vacant long ago by a wandering son. He foresaw the impulse that would prompt Romola to dwell on that prospect, and what would follow on the mention of the future husband's name. Fra Luca would tell all he knew and conjectured, and Tito saw no possible falsity by which he could now ward off the worst consequences of his former dissimulation. It was all over with his prospects in Florence. There was Messer Bernardo del Nero, who would be delighted at seeing confirmed the wisdom of his advice about deferring the betrothal until Tito's character and position had been established by a longer residence; and the history of the young Greek professor whose benefactor was in slavery, would be the talk under every loggia. For the first time in his life he felt too fevered and agitated to trust his power of self-command; he gave up his intended visit to Bardo, and walked up and down under the walls until the yellow light in the west had quite faded, when, without any distinct purpose, he took the first turning, which happened to be the Via San Sebastiano, leading him directly towards the Piazza dell' Annunziata. He was at one of those lawless moments which come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and the pathway where desire leads us seems suddenly closed; he was ready to follow any beckoning that offered him an immediate purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PEASANTS' FAIR.

THE moving crowd and the strange mixture of noises that burst on him at the entrance of the piazza, reminded Tito of what Nello had said to him about the Fieruoloni, and he pushed his way into the crowd with a sort of pleasure in the hooting and elbowing, that filled the empty moments, and dulled that calculation of the future which had so new a dreariness for him, as he foresaw himself wandering away solitary in pursuit of some unknown fortune, that his thought had even glanced towards going in search of Baldassarre after all.

At each of the opposite inlets he saw people struggling into the piazza, while above them paper lanterns, held aloft on sticks, were waving uncertainly to and fro. A rude monotonous chant made a distinctly traceable strand of noise, across which screams, whistles, gibing chants in piping boyish voices, the beating of *nacchere* or drums, and the ringing of little bells, met each other in confused din. Every now and then one of the dim floating lights disappeared with a smash from a stone lanced more or less vaguely in pursuit of mischief, followed by a scream and renewed shouts. But on the outskirts of the whirling tumult there were groups who were keeping this vigil of the Nativity of the Virgin in a more methodical manner than by fitful stone-throwing and gibing. Certain ragged men, darting a hard sharp glance around them while their tongues rattled merrily, were inviting

country people to game with them on fair and open-handed terms; two masquerading figures on stilts, who had snatched lanterns from the crowd, were swaying the lights to and fro in meteoric fashion, as they strode hither and thither; a sage trader was doing a profitable business at a small covered stall, in hot *berlingozzi*, a favourite farinaceous delicacy; one man standing on a barrel, with his back firmly planted against a pillar of the loggia in front of the Foundling Hospital (*Spedale degl' Innocenti*), was selling efficacious pills, invented by a doctor of Salerno, warranted to prevent toothache and death by drowning; and not far off, against another pillar, a tumbler was showing off his tricks on a small platform; while a handful of 'prentices, despising the slack entertainment of guerilla stone-throwing, were having a private concentrated match of that favourite Florentine sport at the narrow entrance of the Via de' Febbrai.

Tito, obliged to make his way through chance openings in the crowd, found himself at one moment close to the trotting procession of bare-footed, hard-heeled contadine, and could see their sun-dried, bronzed faces, and their strange fragmentary garb, dim with hereditary dirt, and of obsolete stuffs and fashions, that made them look, in the eyes of the city people, like a way-worn ancestry returning from a pilgrimage on which they had set out a century ago. Just then it was the hardy, scant-feeding peasant-women from the mountains of Pistoia, who were entering with a year's labour in a moderate bundle on their backs, and in their hearts that meagre hope of good and that wide dim fear of harm, which were somehow to be cared for by the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous image, painted by the angels, was to have the curtain drawn away from it on this Eve of her Nativity, that its potency might stream forth without obstruction.

At another moment he was forced away towards the boundary of the piazza, where the more stationary candidates for attention and small coin had judiciously placed themselves, in order to be safe in their rear. Among these Tito recognized his acquaintance Bratti, who stood with his back against a pillar and his mouth pursed up in disdainful silence, eyeing every one who approached him with a cold glance of superiority, and keeping his hand fast on a serge covering, which concealed the contents of the basket slung before him. Rather surprised at a deportment so unusual in an anxious trader, Tito went nearer and saw two women go up to Bratti's basket with a look of curiosity, whereupon the pedlar drew the covering tighter, and looked another way. It was quite too provoking, and one of the women was fain to ask what there was in his basket?

"Before I answer that, Monna, I must know whether you mean to buy. I can't show such wares as mine in this fair for every fly to settle on and pay nothing. My goods are a little too choice for that. Besides, I've only two left, and I've no mind to sell them; for with the chances of the pestilence that wise men talk of, there is likelihood of their being worth their weight in gold. No, no: *andate con Dio.*"

The two women looked at each other.

"And what may be the price?" said the second.

"Not within what you are likely to have in your purse, buona donna," said Bratti, in a compassionately supercilious tone. "I recommend you to trust in Messer Domeneddio and the saints: poor people can do no better for themselves."

"Not so poor!" said the second woman, indignantly, drawing out her money-bag. "Come, now! what do you say to a *grossa*?"

"I say you may get twenty-one *quattrini* for it," said Bratti, coolly; "but not of me, for I haven't got that small change."

"Come; two, then?" said the woman, getting exasperated, while her companion looked at her with some envy. "It will hardly be above two, I think."

After further bidding, and further mercantile coquetry, Bratti put on an air of concession.

"Since you've set your mind on it," he said, slowly raising the cover, "I should be loth to do you a mischief; for Maestro Gabbadeo used to say, when a woman sets her mind on a thing and doesn't get it, she's in worse danger of the pestilence than before. *Ecco!* I have but two left; and let me tell you, the fellow to them is on the finger of Maestro Gabbadeo, who is gone to Bologna—as wise a doctor as sits at any door."

The precious objects were two clumsy iron rings, beaten into the fashion of old Roman rings such as were sometimes disinterred. The rust on them, and the entirely hidden character of their potency, were so satisfactory, that the *grossi* were paid without grumbling, and the first woman, destitute of those handsome coins, succeeded after much show of reluctance on Bratti's part in driving a bargain with some of her yarn, and carried off the remaining ring in triumph. Bratti covered up his basket, which was now filled with miscellanies, probably obtained under the same sort of circumstances as the yarn, and moving from his pillar, came suddenly upon Tito, who, if he had had time, would have chosen to avoid recognition.

"By the head of San Giovanni, now," said Bratti, drawing Tito back to the pillar; "this is a piece of luck. For I was talking of you this morning, Messer Greco; but, I said, he is mounted up among the *signori* now—and I'm glad of it, for I was at the bottom of his fortune—but I can rarely get speech of him, for he's not to be caught lying on the stones now—not he! But it's your luck, not mine, Messer Greco, save and except some small trifles to satisfy me for my trouble in the transaction."

"You speak in riddles, Bratti," said Tito. "Remember, I don't sharpen my wits, as you do, by driving hard bargains for iron rings: you must be plain."

"By the Holy 'Vangels! it was an easy bargain I gave them. If a Hebrew gets thirty-two per cent., I hope a Christian may get a little more. If I had not borne a conscience, I should have got twice the money and twice the yarn. But, talking of rings, it is your ring—that very ring you've got on your finger—that I could get you a purchaser for—ay, and a purchaser with a deep money-bag."

"Truly?" said Tito, looking at his ring, and listening.

"A Genoese who is going straight away into Hungary, as I understand. He came and looked all over my shop to see if I had any old things I didn't know the price of; I warrant you, he thought I had a pumpkin on my shoulders. He had been rummaging all the shops in Florence. And he had a ring in—not like yours, but something of the same fashion; and as he was talking of rings, I said I knew a fine young man, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, who had a ring of that sort. And he said, 'Who is he, pray? Tell him I'll give him his price for it.' And I thought of going after you to Nello's to-morrow; for it's my opinion of you, Messer Greco, that you're not one who'd see the Arno run broth, and stand by without dipping your finger."

Tito had lost no word of what Bratti had said, yet his mind had been very busy all the while. Why should he keep the ring? It had been a mere sentiment, a mere fancy, that had prevented him from selling it with the other gems; if he had been wiser and had sold it, he might perhaps have escaped that identification by Fra Luca. It was true that it had been taken from Baldassarre's finger and put on his as soon as his young hand had grown to the needful size; but there was really no valid good to anybody in those superstitious scruples about inanimate objects. The ring had helped towards the recognition of him. Tito had begun to dislike recognition, which was a claim from the past. This foreigner's offer, if he would really give a good price, was an opportunity for getting rid of the ring without the trouble of seeking a purchaser.

"You speak with your usual wisdom, Bratti," said Tito. "I have no objection to hear what your Genoese will offer. But when and where shall I have speech of him?"

"To-morrow, at three hours after sunrise, he will be at my shop, and if your wits are of that sharpness I have always taken them to be, Messer Greco, you will ask him a heavy price. For he minds not money; it's my belief he's buying for somebody else, and not for himself—perhaps for some great signor."

"*Sta bene*," said Tito. "I will be at your shop if nothing hinders."

"And you will doubtless deal nobly by me for old acquaintance' sake, Messer Greco, so I will not stay to fix the small sum you will give me in token of my service in the matter. It seems to me a thousand years now till I get out of the piazza, for a fair is a dull, not to say a wicked thing, when one has no more goods to sell."

Tito made a hasty sign of assent and adieu, and moving away from the pillar, again found himself pushed towards the middle of the piazza and back again, without the power of determining his own course. In this zigzag way he was carried along to the end of the piazza opposite the church, where, in a deep recess formed by an irregularity in the line of houses, an entertainment was going forward which seemed to be especially attractive to the crowd. Loud bursts of laughter interrupted a monologue



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which was sometimes slow and oratorical, at others rattling and buffoonish. Here a girl was being pushed forward into the inner circle with apparent reluctance, and there a loud laughing minx was finding a way with her own elbows. It was a strange light that was spread over the piazza. There were the pale stars breaking out above, and the dim waving lanterns below, leaving all objects indistinct except when they were seen close under the fitfully moving lights; but in this recess there was a stronger light, against which the heads of the encircling spectators stood in dark relief as Tito was gradually pushed towards them, while above them rose the head of a man wearing a white mitre with yellow cabalistic figures upon it.

"Behold, my children!" Tito heard him saying, "behold your opportunity! neglect not the holy sacrament of matrimony when it can be had for the small sum of a white quattrino—the cheapest matrimony ever offered, and dissolved by special bull beforehand at every man's own will and pleasure. Behold the bull!" Here the speaker held up a piece of parchment with huge seals attached to it. "Behold the Indulgence granted by his Holiness Alexander the Sixth, who, being newly elected Pope for his peculiar piety, intends to reform and purify the Church, and wisely begins by abolishing that priestly abuse which keeps too large a share of this privileged matrimony to the clergy and stints the laity. Spit once, my sons, and pay a white quattrino! This is the whole and sole price of the indulgence. The quattrino is the only difference the Holy Father allows to be put any longer between us and the clergy—who spit and pay nothing."

Tito thought he knew the voice, which had a peculiarly sharp ring, but the face was too much in shadow from the lights behind for him to be sure of the features. Stepping as near as he could, he saw within the circle behind the speaker an altar-like table raised on a small platform, and covered with a red drapery stitched all over with yellow cabalistical figures. Half-a-dozen thin tapers burned at the back of this table, which had a conjuring apparatus scattered over it, a large open book in the centre, and at one of the front angles a monkey fastened by a cord to a small ring and holding a small taper, which in his incessant fidgety movements fell more or less aslant, while an impish boy in a white surplice occupied himself chiefly in cuffing the monkey, and adjusting the taper. The man in the mitre also wore a surplice, and over it a chasuble on which the signs of the zodiac were rudely marked in black upon a yellow ground. Tito was sure now that he recognized the sharp upward-tending angles of the face under the mitre: it was that of Maestro Vaiano, the *cerretano*, from whom he had rescued Tessa. Pretty little Tessa! Perhaps she too had come in among the troops of *contadine*?

"Come, my maidens! This is the time for the pretty who can have many chances, and for the ill-favoured who have few. Matrimony to be had hot, eaten, and done with as easily as *berlingozzi*! And see!" here the conjuror held up a cluster of tiny bags. "To every bride I give a

Breve with a secret in it—the secret alone worth the money you pay for the matrimony. The secret how to — no, no, I will not tell you what the secret is about, and that makes it a double secret. Hang it round your neck if you like, and never look at it; I don't say *that* will not be the best, for then you will see many things you don't expect: though if you open it (you may break your leg—*è vero*), but you will know a secret! Something nobody knows but me! And mark—I give you the *Breve*, I don't sell it, as many another holy man would: the quattrino is for the matrimony, and the *Breve* you get for nothing. *Orsi, giovanetti*, come like dutiful sons of the church and buy the indulgence of his Holiness Alexander the Sixth."

This buffoonery just fitted the taste of the audience: the *fierucola* was but a small occasion, so the townsmen might be contented with jokes that were rather less indecent than those they were accustomed to hear at every carnival, put into easy rhyme by the Magnifico and his poetic satellites; while the women, over and above any relish of the fun, really began to have an itch for the *Brevi*. Several couples had already gone through the ceremony, in which the conjuror's solemn gibberish and grimaces over the open book, the antics of the monkey, and even the preliminary spitting, had called forth peals of laughter; and now a well-looking, merry-eyed youth of seventeen, in a loose tunic and a red cap, pushed forward, holding by the hand a plump brunette, whose scanty ragged dress displayed her round arms and legs very picturesquely.

"Fetter us without delay, maestro!" said the youth, "for I have got to take my bride home and paint her under the light of a lantern."

"Ha! Mariotto, my son, I commend your pious observance. . . ." The conjuror was going on, when a loud chattering behind warned him that an unpleasant crisis had arisen with his monkey.

The temper of that imperfect acolyth was a little tried by the over-active discipline of his colleague in the surplice, and a sudden cuff administered as his taper fell to a horizontal position, caused him to leap back with a violence that proved too much for the slackened knot by which his cord was fastened. His first leap was to the other end of the table, from which position his remonstrances were so threatening that the imp in the surplice took up a wand by way of an equivalent threat, whereupon the monkey leaped on to the head of a tall woman in the foreground, dropping his taper by the way, and chattering with increased emphasis from that eminence. Great was the screaming and confusion, not a few of the spectators having a vague dread of the Maestro's monkey, as capable of more hidden mischief than mere teeth and claws could inflict; and the conjuror himself was in some alarm lest any harm should happen to his familiar. In the scuffle to seize the monkey's string, Tito got out of the circle, and, not caring to contend for his place again, he allowed himself to be gradually pushed towards the church of the Nunziata, and to enter amongst the worshippers.

The brilliant illumination within seemed to press upon his eyes with

palpable force after the pale scattered lights and broad shadows of the piazza, and for the first minute or two he could see nothing distinctly. That yellow splendour was in itself something supernal and heavenly to some of the peasant-women, for whom half the sky was hidden by mountains, and who went to bed in the twilight; and the uninterrupted chant from the choir was repose to the ear after the hellish hubbub of the crowd outside. Gradually the scene became clearer, though still there was a thin yellow haze from incense mingling with the breath of the multitude. In a chapel on the left hand of the nave, wreathed with silver lamps, was seen unveiled the miraculous fresco of the Annunciation, which, in Tito's oblique view of it from the right-hand side of the nave, seemed dark with the excess of light around it. The whole area of the great church was filled with peasant-women, some kneeling, some standing; the coarse bronzed skins, and the dingy clothing of the rougher dwellers on the mountains, contrasting with the softer-lined faces and white or red head-drapery of the well-to-do dwellers in the valley, who were scattered in irregular groups. And spreading high and far over the walls and ceiling there was another multitude, also pressing close against each other, that they might be nearer the potent Virgin: it was the crowd of votive waxen images, the effigies of great personages, clothed in their habit as they lived: Florentines of high name in their black silk *lucco*, as when they sat in council; popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, and famous condottieri with plumed morion seated on their chargers; all notable strangers who passed through Florence or had aught to do with its affairs—Mahometans, even, in well-tolerated companionship with Christian cavaliers; some of them with faces blackened and robes tattered by the corroding breath of centuries, others fresh and bright in new red mantle or steel corselet, the exact doubles of the living. And wedged in with all these were detached arms, legs, hands, and other members, with only here and there a gap where some image had been removed for public disgrace, or had fallen ominously, as Lorenzo's had done six months before. It was a perfect resurrection-swarm of remote mortals and fragments of mortals, reflecting, in their varying degrees of freshness, the sombre dinginess and sprinkled brightness of the crowd below.

Tito's glance wandered over the wide multitude in search of something. He had already thought of Tessa, and the white hoods suggested the possibility that he might detect her face under one of them. It was at least a thought to be courted, rather than the vision of Romola looking at him with changed eyes. But he searched in vain; and he was leaving the church, weary of a scene which had no variety, when, just against the doorway, he caught sight of Tessa, only two yards off him. She was kneeling with her back against the wall, behind a group of peasant-women, who were standing and looking for a spot nearer to the sacred image. Her head hung a little aside with a look of weariness, and her blue eyes were directed rather absently towards an altar-piece where the Archangel Michael stood in his armour, with young face and floating hair, amongst bearded and tonsured saints. Her right hand, holding a bunch of cocoons,

fell by her side listlessly, and her round cheek was paled, either by the light or by the weariness that was expressed in her attitude: her lips were pressed poutingly together, and every now and then her eyelids half fell: she was a large image of a sweet sleepy child. Tito felt an irresistible desire to go up to her and get her pretty trusting looks and prattle: this creature who was without moral judgments that could condemn him, whose little loving ignorant soul made a world apart, where he might feel in freedom from suspicions and exacting demands, had a new attraction for him now. She seemed a refuge from the threatened isolation that would come with disgrace. He glanced cautiously round, to assure himself that Monna Ghita was not near, and then, slipping quietly to her side, kneeled on one knee, and said, in the softest voice, "Tessa!"

She hardly started, any more than she would have started at a soft breeze that fanned her gently when she was needing it. She turned her head and saw Tito's face close to her, very much more beautiful than the Archangel Michael, who was so mighty and so good that he lived with the Madonna and all the saints, and was prayed to along with them. She smiled in happy silence, for that nearness of Tito quite filled her mind.

"My little Tessa! you look very tired. How long have you been kneeling here?"

She seemed to be collecting her thoughts for a minute or two, and at last she said—

"I'm very hungry."

"Come, then; come with me."

He lifted her from her knees, and led her out under the cloisters surrounding the atrium, which were then open, and not yet adorned with the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto.

"How is it you are all by yourself, and so hungry, Tessa?"

"The *madre* is ill; she has very bad pains in her legs, and sent me to bring these cocoons to the Santissima Nunziata, because they're so wonderful; see!"—she held up the bunch of cocoons, which were arranged with fortuitous regularity on a stem,—"and she had kept them to bring them herself, but she couldn't, and so she sent me because she thinks the Holy Madonna may take away her pains; and somebody took my bag with the bread and chestnuts in it, and the people pushed me back, and I was so frightened coming in the crowd, and I couldn't get anywhere near the Holy Madonna, to give the cocoons to the *padre*, but I must—oh, I must."

"Yes, my little Tessa, you shall take them; but come first and let me give you some *berlingozzi*. There are some to be had not far off."

"Where did you come from?" said Tessa, a little bewildered. "I thought you would never come to me again, because you never came to the Mercato for milk any more. I set myself *Aves* to say, to see if they would bring you back, but I left off, because they didn't."

"You see I come when you want some one to take care of you, Tessa. Perhaps the *Aves* fetched me, only it took them a long while. But what shall you do if you are here all alone? Where shall you go?"

"Oh, I shall stay and sleep in the church—a great many of them do—in the church and all about here—I did once when I came with my mother; and the *patrigno* is coming with the mules in the morning."

They were out in the piazza now, where the crowd was rather less riotous than before, and the lights were fewer, the stream of pilgrims having ceased. Tessa clung fast to Tito's arm in satisfied silence, while he led her towards the stall where he remembered seeing the eatables. Their way was the easier because there was just now a great rush towards the middle of the piazza, where the masqued figures on stilts had found space to execute a dance. It was very pretty to see the guileless thing giving her cocoons into Tito's hand and then eating her *berlingozzi* with the relish of a hungry child. Tito had really come to take care of her, as he did before, and that wonderful happiness of being with him had begun again for her. Her hunger was soon appeased, all the sooner for the new stimulus of happiness that had roused her from her languor, and as they turned away from the stall, she said nothing about going into the church again, but looked round as if the sights in the piazza were not without attraction to her now she was safe under Tito's arm.

"How can they do that?" she exclaimed, looking up at the dancers on stilts. Then, after a minute's silence, "Do you think Saint Christopher helps them?"

"Perhaps. What do you think about it, Tessa?" said Tito, slipping his right arm round her, and looking down at her fondly.

"Because Saint Christopher is so very tall; and he is very good: if anybody looks at him he takes care of them all day. He is on the wall of the church—too tall to stand up there—but I saw him walking through the streets one San Giovanni, carrying the little *Gesù*."

"You pretty pigeon! Do you think anybody could help taking care of *you*, if you looked at them?"

"Shall you always come and take care of me?" said Tessa, turning her face up to him, as he crushed her cheek with his left hand. "And shall you always be a long while first?"

Tito was conscious that some bystanders were laughing at them, and though the licence of street fun among artists and young men of the wealthier sort, as well as among the populace, made few adventures exceptional, still less disreputable, he chose to move away towards the end of the piazza.

"Perhaps I shall come again to you very soon, Tessa," he answered, rather dreamily, when they had moved away. He was thinking that when all the rest had turned their backs upon him, it would be pleasant to have this little creature adoring him and nestling against him. The absence of presumptuous self-conceit in Tito made him feel all the more defenceless under prospective obloquy: he needed soft looks and caresses too much ever to be impudent.

"In the Mercato?" said Tessa. "Not to-morrow morning, because the *patrigno* will be there, and he is so cross. Oh! but you have money,

and he will not be cross if you buy some salad. And there are some chesnuts. Do you like chesnuts?"

He said nothing, but continued to look down at her with a dreamy gentleness, and Tessa felt herself in a state of delicious wonder; every thing seemed as new as if she were being carried on a chariot of clouds.

"*Santissima Vergine!*" she exclaimed again, presently; "there is a holy father like the Bishop I saw at Prato."

Tito looked up too, and saw that he had unconsciously advanced to within a few yards of the conjuror, Maestro Vaiano, who, for the moment, was forsaken by the crowd. His face was turned away from them, and he was occupied with the apparatus on his altar or table, preparing a new diversion by the time the interest in the dancing should be exhausted. The monkey was imprisoned under the red cloth, out of reach of mischief, and the youngster in the white surplice was holding a sort of dish or salver, from which his master was taking some ingredient. The altar-like table, with its gorgeous cloth, the row of tapers, the sham episcopal costume, the surpliced attendant, and even the very movements of the mitred figure, as he alternately bent his head and then raised something before the lights, were a sufficiently near parody of sacred things to rouse poor little Tessa's veneration; and there was some additional awe produced by the mystery of their apparition in this spot, for when she had seen an altar in the street before, it had been on Corpus Christi Day, and there had been a procession to account for it. She crossed herself, and looked up at Tito, but then, as if she had had time for reflection, said, "It is because of the *Natività*."

Meanwhile Vaiano had turned round, raising his hands to his mitre with the intention of changing his dress, when his quick eye recognized Tito and Tessa who were both looking at him, their faces being shone upon by the light of his tapers, while his own was in shadow.

"Ha! my children!" he said, instantly, stretching out his hands in a benedictory attitude, "you are come to be married. I command your penitence—the blessing of Holy Church can never come too late."

But whilst he was speaking, he had taken in the whole meaning of Tessa's attitude and expression, and he discerned an opportunity for a new kind of joke which required him to be cautious and solemn.

"Should you like to be married to me, Tessa?" said Tito, softly, half enjoying the comedy, as he saw the pretty childish seriousness on her face, half prompted by hazy previsions which belonged to the intoxication of despair.

He felt her vibrating before she looked up at him and said, timidly, "Will you let me?"

He answered only by a smile, and by leading her forward in front of the *cerretano*, who seeing an excellent jest in Tessa's evident delusion, assumed a surpassing sacerdotal solemnity, and went through the mimic ceremony with a liberal expenditure of *lingua furbesca* or thieves' Latin. But some symptoms of a new movement in the crowd urged him to bring

it to a speedy conclusion and dismiss them with hands outstretched in a benedictory attitude over their kneeling figures. Tito, disposed always to cultivate goodwill, though it might be the least select, put a piece of four *grossi* into his hand as he moved away, and was thanked by a look which, the conjuror felt sure, conveyed a perfect understanding of the whole affair.

But Tito himself was very far from that understanding, and did not, in fact, know whether, the next moment, he should tell Tessa of the joke and laugh at her for a little goose, or whether he should let her delusion last, and see what would come of it—see what she would say and do next.

"Then you will not go away from me again," said Tessa, after they had walked a few steps, "and you will take me to where you live." She spoke meditatively, and not in a questioning tone. But, presently, she added, "I must go back once to the *madre*, though, to tell her I brought the cocoons, and that I'm married, and shall not go back again."

Tito felt the necessity of speaking now; and, in the rapid thought prompted by that necessity, he saw that by undesigning Tessa he should be robbing himself of some at least of that pretty trustfulness which might, by-and-by, be his only haven from contempt. It would spoil Tessa to make her the least particle wiser or more suspicious.

"Yes, my little Tessa," he said, caressingly, "you must go back to the *madre*; but you must not tell her you are married—you must keep that a secret from everybody; else some very great harm would happen to me, and you would never see me again."

She looked up at him with pale fear in her face.

"You must go back and feed your goats and mules, and do just as you have always done before, and say no word to any one about me."

The corners of her mouth fell a little.

"And then, perhaps, I shall come and take care of you again when you want me, as I did before. But you must do just what I tell you, else you will not see me again."

"Yes, I will, I will," she said, in a loud whisper, frightened at that blank prospect.

They were silent a little while; and then Tessa, looking at her hand, said,—

"The *madre* wears a betrothal ring. She went to church and had it put on, and then after that, another day, she was married. And so did the cousin Nannina. But then *she* married Gollo," added the poor little thing, entangled in the difficult comparison between her own case and others within her experience.

"But you must not wear a betrothal ring, my Tessa, because no one must know you are married," said Tito, feeling some insistence necessary. "And the *buona fortuna* I gave you did just as well for betrothal. Some people are betrothed with rings and some are not."

"Yes, it is true, they would see the ring," said Tessa, trying to convince herself that a thing she would like very much was really not good for her.

They were now near the entrance of the church again, and she remembered her cocoons which were still in Tito's hand.

"Ah, you must give me the *boto*," she said; "and we must go in, and I must take it to the *padre*, and I must tell the rest of my beads, because I was too tired before."

"Yes, you must go in Tessa; but I will not go in. I must leave you now," said Tito, too fevered and weary to re-enter that stifling heat, and feeling that this was the least difficult way of parting with her.

"And not come back? Oh, where do you go?" Tessa's mind had never formed an image of his whereabouts or his doings when she did not see him: he had vanished, and her thought, instead of following him, had stayed in the same spot where he was with her.

"I shall come back some time, Tessa," said Tito, taking her under the cloisters to the door of the church. "You must not cry—you must go to sleep, when you have said your beads. And here is money to buy your breakfast. Now kiss me, and look happy; else I shall not come again."

She made a great effort over herself as she put up her lips to kiss him, and submitted to be gently turned round, with her face towards the door of the church. Tito saw her enter; and then, with a shrug at his own resolution, leaned against a pillar, took off his cap, rubbed his hair backward, and wondered where Romola was now, and what she was thinking of him. Poor little Tessa had disappeared behind the curtain among the crowd of *contadine*; but the love which formed one web with all his worldly hopes—with the ambitions and pleasures that must make the solid part of his days—the love that was identified with his larger self—was not to be banished from his consciousness. Even to the man who presents the most elastic resistance to whatever is unpromising, there will come moments when the pressure from without is too strong for him, and he must feel the smart and the bruise in spite of himself. Such a moment had come to Tito. There was no possible attitude of mind, no scheme of action, by which the uprooting of all his newly-planted hopes could be made otherwise than painful.

Does Alcohol act as Food?

IN a recent Article I tried to explain the essential difference which exists between the action of small and of large doses of alcohol respectively upon the nervous system. We saw that, although alcohol undoubtedly deserves the name of a Poison (as respects its action in large doses), yet it is also a valuable medicine—a medicine which is applicable not only in trifling ailments, but in serious diseases. At present I should like to put in as short a way as I can the evidence which we possess, so far, on the more difficult question, Does Alcohol act as a Food?

We have already seen that there is nothing impossible or unlikely in the fact of a substance being meat in one dose and poison in another. We have got our heads clear of that prejudice, which, if we allowed it to influence us impartially, would prevent our eating common salt—a food without which we should soon die. The considerations which I shall now have to adduce will partly consist of chemical and physiological observations, partly practical remarks on the habits and health of drunkards and of moderate drinkers. Perhaps it will be better to take the chemical part first, because it is in this direction that the holders of extreme anti-alcoholic views are just now turning their arguments with the greatest confidence; in fact, they profess to be able to establish the non-nutritive character of alcohol by chemical proofs, from which there is no appeal. If we should find this way of demonstration prove somewhat dubious and feeble in its results, we can afterwards appeal to practical facts and experience to confirm or to condemn the doctrines which our teetotal philosophers preach.

Until very lately, the theory of Liebig, or some modification of it, held the highest ground in European opinion. Alcohol was considered to be one of the combustible foods (like oil, fat, starch, sugar, &c.), the chief object of which is to unite in the system with the oxygen which the lungs take in, and by this chemical union give out heat, which may support the temperature of the body. This combustion, which generates animal heat, *must* always go on in our bodies, or life would stop; if no combustible food is presented to the system it begins to devour itself; using up the fatty tissues first, and then destroying the muscular, and fibrous, and other tissues, down to a point at which life is no longer possible. Liebig said that alcohol was a food which could most efficiently and economically supply the place of sugary and starchy matters, inasmuch as its composition enabled it to combine with a greater quantity of oxygen than the above-named foods, and thus generate a greater quantity of heat. Now if this really were the case it would seem that there ought to be something to show for all this increased combustion. Carbonic acid gas and water, which, according to Liebig, are the ultimate results of the oxida-

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tion of alcohol in the body, naturally find their exit from the system by the *lungs*; we should expect, then, to find that animals, after taking alcohol, breathed out more carbonic acid gas and watery vapour than usual. So far, however, from this being the case, it was established by the researches of Prout, of Vierordt, of Lehmann, and of Böcker, that during a few hours immediately subsequent to taking the dose of alcohol, the animal breathes out *less* carbonic acid and water than the normal quantity. Duchek surmounted this difficulty by declaring that during the earlier stages of the sojourn of alcohol in the body, it was converted only to aldehyde, or acetic acid, which are lower degrees of oxidation than that represented by carbonic acid and water, and that as part of the oxygen taken in by the lungs was used up for this purpose, it was impossible so much carbonic acid gas could appear in the breath as usual, and the carbonaceous matter produced by the waste of the tissues was left in the blood.

The theory of Duchek was always received with a considerable hesitation, in spite of its accordance with the exigencies of Liebig's doctrines, which had found so many disciples. Rudolph Masing almost immediately attacked it, publishing a series of observations in which he showed that Duchek had persuaded himself far too easily of the presence of aldehyde and oxalic acid in the blood of alcoholized animals. Moreover, various observers have announced, during the last ten or fifteen years, without any one giving them much credit, that alcohol passes off unchanged in various secretions; but it was reserved for the Frenchmen, Lallemand, Duroy and Perrin, to show that the common notion that, except a minute proportion exhaled in the breath, alcohol is altogether transformed in the body, was erroneous. These chemists searched repeatedly, but vainly, in the tissues, the blood, and the secretions of alcoholized animals for any trace of aldehyde, or any other of the oxides which would be formed by the union of alcohol with oxygen; and their researches certainly throw the greatest doubts on the accuracy of those of Duchek and those of Bouchardat, referred to in my former paper. But MM. Lallemand and Perrin found plenty of *unchanged alcohol*, and this not merely in the breath, but in the secretions of the kidneys and skin, and in the tissues and blood, hours after the dose had been taken. The latter point has been also established by Dr. E. Smith.

Another very important fact which has been elicited by the observations of Böcker and Lehmann is, that the amount of urea is notably diminished under the use of alcohol. Urea is the principal constituent of the kidney secretion, and represents by far the largest part of the waste of the nitrogenous tissues; in fact, it is the great outlet for the nitrogen of the body. Böcker goes so far as to say that both solid and fluid matters of the kidney secretion are diminished under the persistent use of alcohol in moderate doses several times a day; and the general impression among experimenters seems to be, that the secretions generally are diminished notably. If this statement be correct, it would appear that the transforma-

tion of tissues—the waste of the body—is altogether at a lower rate under the use of alcohol, and the diminished carbonic acid of the air breathed out from the lungs may find a simple explanation in the fact that there is less carbon than usual waiting to be cast off from the system. Medical opinion in this country seems to lean at present to this view, rejecting altogether, upon Lallemand's evidence, the idea of any transformation of alcohol in the body, and *therefore* concluding that it can in no way act as a food, but merely as a poisonous or medicinal agent, depressing the nervous system to such a degree that all the vital operations are lowered, and the individual, in fact, leads a lower kind of existence than in health.

It is necessary, however, to observe that the chemical proofs of the non-transformation of alcohol are very incomplete, and that even were they perfect, the inference could by no means necessarily follow that alcohol might not, in some other way than that of transformation, act as a food to the body.

I. The chemical proofs of the passage of the entire dose of alcohol through the body without change are by no means complete. We may freely concede that MM. Lallemand and Perrin, and Dr. E. Smith, have proved that a large portion of the alcohol taken, especially when the dose has been large, does pass out unchanged by the skin, lungs, and kidneys. But nothing like a quantitative demonstration that the *whole* passes through the system can possibly be made: it can only be matter of more or less probable surmise that this is the case. And there are certain features in the experiments of Lallemand which must be carefully borne in mind before committing ourselves to his theory. (a) In the first place, in every instance in which this gentleman analyzed the blood and tissues of an alcoholized animal the alcohol had been administered in a very large dose. (These experiments were made on dogs, and the quantity given ranged from 90 to 300 grammes, or from 3 to 9 ounces. These are enormous doses in proportion to the size of the animals experimented on.) (b) In no case was it proved that the whole of the alcohol had left the body. (c) On the contrary, although it was repeatedly observed that after from eight to fourteen hours alcohol could no longer be detected as passing off in the secretions, yet in one instance, when death occurred sixteen hours after the administration of the alcohol, a considerable quantity of the latter was found in the brain, liver, &c., which apparently was not about to be eliminated. (d) It is open to doubt, therefore, whether this residual portion of alcohol might not be destined, eventually, to transformation in the body.

With regard to the experiments of Dr. Edward Smith, already mentioned, it may be remarked that though they were carried out with great ingenuity and perseverance, they are fatally vitiated by the abnormal conditions under which they were performed. The doses were invariably too large to be taken on an empty stomach by a healthy man, and the consequence was that the nervous system was at once poisoned. What influence this may have on the behaviour of alcohol within the system we

cannot tell, but it is evidently impossible to draw from such experiments any sound conclusions, either as to the action of small doses in health, or of large doses in disease, when, owing to the temporary condition of things, a large dose will not intoxicate.

It appears, then, that there is no chemical proof that alcohol passes through the system (except partially) unchanged: for all we know, what passes over from minute to minute in the secretions is only the surplusage which is not required for use in the body. That the presence of the intermediate oxides of alcohol, which, upon Duchek's theory of its transformation, should be found in the blood, has not been sufficiently clearly demonstrated. But that it is quite possible that the alcohol which is not thrown off as surplusage, is, after some time, transformed directly into carbonic acid and water, and is then dismissed, having served a temporary food purpose.

II. Even if it were demonstrated that in a certain number of hours the whole of the alcohol which we take passes through our body unchanged and disappears from it by means of the secretions, this would by no means prove that alcohol was not a "food." "Food," I take it, means anything which taken into the body will, unaided, keep it from perishing so quickly as it must in the absence of *all* sustenance; and does not by any means necessarily imply something which becomes *transformed*, either with the effect of building up tissue, or of generating heat. Water is not transformed at all in the body, yet it is the most important food of all. And although the use of water in the body is a permanent one, for which there is a constant need,—yet, for all we know to the contrary, the constant presence of a small residuum of alcohol in the tissues, particularly of the nervous system, may be as great a necessity for the fullest health under the circumstances of civilized life. It is to me, however, inconceivable that its sole action upon the nervous system is that of limiting those incessant changes of waste and repair by which the development of vital force (I ask pardon for the necessary looseness of the phrase) is accompanied, if not caused. This seems to be the idea held by Dr. Chambers, one of the ablest writers upon the alcohol question, and I believe by many others: and I shall defer its discussion to a later stage.

But let us leave the region of direct experiments of a chemical or physiological kind: experiments which, after all, are sure to be most imperfect, considering our imperfect knowledge of the conditions under which alone they will give trustworthy results. Let us turn to the unmistakable facts which we can see with our own eyes,—to the actual habits and state of health of drinkers, moderate and excessive.

And first, as to the effect of long-continued habits of alcoholic excess upon the general health of the body,—these may be summed up in brief by one word—Degeneration. Degeneration of structure and chemical composition is the inevitable fate of the tissues of a drunkard: for example, the highly organized substance of muscle gives place to fat—the complicated and closely packed follicles of secreting glands are replaced by fibrous tissue, mixed sometimes with fat—the peculiar cells which dis-

tinguish the nervous centres give place to a granular matter which is chiefly composed of oil. Apart from moral influences, all that we see of physical misery, of weakened intellect, of shortened life, in the habitual drunkard, is due to this degeneration of tissue, which is gradually but infallibly brought about by continual alcoholic excess. Even the very blood, the beginning of all tissues, is affected in a similar way, as indeed we might expect. There is no doubt, that in excessive doses, alcohol, if it be a food at all, is a very bad one: and we must remember that the drunkard does, in fact, test its capacity to act as a food, for by his habits he so impairs his appetite that he can take very little, if any, ordinary food.

So far there is no room for dispute: all physiologists would agree that this is a substantially correct account of the results of chronic drunkenness. But many physiologists strangely overlook a set of facts which I am now about to mention, and to which I particularly solicit attention, viz. the frequent instances which are to be met with, among regular dram-drinkers, *of almost total abstinence, for years together, from any food except alcohol and water.* The fact above mentioned of the degeneration of tissue, caused by long-continued excesses, proves nothing more than that alcohol alone is a bad and insufficient food; but it does not explain the fact that it is capable, almost unaided, of supporting life for years; and yet of this fact I myself, and doubtless many others, have had the clearest evidence. Among about 7,000 hospital out-patients who annually come under my care, there are a very large number of persons who indulge in habitual alcoholic excess; and I have taken particular care, in many instances, to arrive at the real truth as to their habits of life. The revelations which are thus sometimes brought about are sufficiently astonishing. With regard to tavern waiters and potmen, I am in a position to state that a great many of them live almost entirely upon drink, that they rarely get intoxicated in a high degree, but that they eat almost no solid food. Of this number a considerable proportion succumb, in from a few months to two or three years, to diseases of which the starting point is mal-nutrition—degeneration of tissue. But a very considerable minority remains which comes to no such tragic end; the individuals who compose it drag on a sodden and degraded existence, some of them even to an advanced age. I know also, personally, of one case, in which a gentleman, who was afflicted with an intermittent mania for drink, repeatedly abstained from any nutriment except spirit and water for two or three weeks together, without even becoming perceptibly emaciated, much less starved.

These are striking facts. And facts which are not less remarkable may be gathered from the experience of physicians in the modern treatment of acute diseases. It is now a recognized truth that a large number of these diseases have a natural tendency to run a definite course, extending over a certain number of days or weeks, and to end in recovery; but that in a certain per-cent-age of cases the unaided powers of Nature are unequal to carry out fully the task which she sets herself; and hence, in some instances death results; in others, protracted illness, and a slow convalescence, with

great weakness and emaciation. The work of the physician is almost wholly confined to aiding the processes of nutrition, which, owing to the impairment of digestion which is usually present, are often seriously interfered with. When the doctor finds that the stomach will not digest solid food, he tries beef-tea, or milk, or arrow-root; and when even these simple substances cannot be taken, or can only be taken in insufficient quantity, he administers alcohol at short intervals. I have myself the notes of four cases which came under my care, in which circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary to depend, solely, during several days, upon nothing but spirit, or wine and water, for all the purposes of nutrition. In every one of these cases the disease ran a favourable course, and the patients convalesced rapidly, and with but slight emaciation. The most remarkable of these was the case of a child only fourteen months old, whose stomach was so irritable that it would retain nothing but port wine, or port wine with a little water. During twelve days this infant subsisted entirely upon the wine and water, which it drank greedily from a teaspoon. The case was one of severe inflammation of the lungs; the progress of it was favourable, and the convalescence remarkably quick; there was scarcely any wasting, and throughout the illness, the child, though taking large quantities of wine, never lost its consciousness or intelligence for a moment.

Now such cases as these cannot be explained by any theory with which we are acquainted, which does not admit the possibility of alcohol acting in the same way as a food. The reply which the teetotaler would probably make to them is this: During acute disease, there is no need for food in the system; or, at least, there is much less need than usual,—a fact which is plainly indicated by the failure of the appetite which almost always occurs. Such is not the fact, however. It is true, that owing to the enforced absence of voluntary movements, and the suspension of some of the functions of the brain, certain ordinary causes of waste of tissue are wanting, and therefore life is not so likely to be rapidly cut short, even by the total absence of food as in a state of health, in which the muscles and brain are always acting. But it is simply absurd to suppose that because the appetite is wanting the system does not therefore require food. If any proof were needed of the rapid wasting which goes on during acute disease, notwithstanding the muscular and intellectual inactivity, I would point to the great feebleness and protracted convalescence of these patients who in the foreign hospitals have been treated for acute diseases simply by expectation—*dîète sévère*.

The idea that there is no necessity for food during the height of acute diseases is erroneous, then, even in the case of adults, who lie still in bed, in a collapsed, moveless stupor, and exert neither muscles nor brains. But still more erroneous would it be to apply it to the case of a child like the patient above mentioned. During the whole of the twelve days, while it was living solely on wine and water, this child never lay down, and only dozed for short periods in its mother's arms; and whilst awake it was in continual fidgeting movement, and it was obliged to use great muscular

efforts owing to a harassing cough. Moreover, it never lost its intelligence, and being naturally a very lively child, it followed every movement of people in the room, and exhibited the greatest curiosity about everything. It was impossible to suppose that the alcohol only checked the progress of waste in the body, for there was no diminution of the excretions of skin, lungs, or kidneys; rather the contrary. I may add, that since this case occurred to me, two of my medical friends have related others to me, which are nearly as remarkable. Of course, however, such cases are rare, because in the majority of instances we are able to give a certain quantity of ordinary food, such as broth, or milk, simultaneously with the alcohol; it is seldom that we are driven perforce to rely upon alcohol *only*. To prove that it is impossible to suppose that there is small need for nutrition in acute disease, it is only necessary to recall the fact, now familiar to physicians, that the mistaken compassion of a nurse who allows a patient to sleep through several hours without his wine or beef-tea not unfrequently proves immediately fatal.

But to turn from these medical matters, which I have only unwillingly introduced as a necessary illustration of one aspect of the action of alcohol, let us examine the case of moderate drinkers. Let us take the case of a labouring man, for instance, who drinks, in ordinary times, two pints of beer per diem, of a strength of from four or five to seven per cent. alcohol. I think there can be no doubt whatever that Liebig's remark as to the *economy* of using alcohol derives support from the common experience of people situated like this labourer. It is hardly too much to say that the labourer who takes no beer must eat half as much again of bread or potatoes as he would if he took a moderate allowance of beer. This diminution of the daily food allowance must be ascribed to one of two things, either the appetite is morbidly depressed by the action of the alcohol, or beer is itself a nutriment.

Considering the magnificent bodily health of many of the persons to whom our remarks would apply, the notion of a dyspepsia caused by drink must be at once dismissed. Beer, then, is nutritious; but does it depend for this quality on the alcohol or on the other matters which are mixed with it? The teetotalers say that the latter is the case; that the glycose, the dextrine, and various other nourishing matters which are present, account for the supporting qualities of beer. Clearly, however, they only do this in part, and not a large part; for a *litre* of good beer (nearly two pints) contains, according to the analysis of M. Payen, only about the equivalent of an ounce and a half of bread, so far as these extraneous matters are concerned. This will not nearly account for the diminution which takes place in the peasant's daily food without his suffering loss of health. The fact which I am here referring to is a very well-known one, and there is nothing more common than to hear the newly-made teetotal convert boast, as of a great personal virtue, of the increased amount of puddings and bread that he can eat since his deliverance from the "slavery" of alcohol.

If we put together such facts as these, with the circumstance already referred to, that cases are not very uncommon of persons living for years upon almost nothing but alcohol and water, what can we say to our friends the chemists, who endeavour to force us to admit that alcohol is not transformed in the body—that it passes through it quickly in an unchanged state—that it cannot therefore be a food? Perhaps my opponents will question the value of the argument from the habits of dram-drinkers. They will say that, even admitting it to be true that the amount of other nourishment which these people take is quite inconsiderable, and utterly inadequate to explain the long continuance of life, still the existence which is prolonged under such circumstances is one of a lower grade than that of a healthy man: in fact, it is one long living death, retarded by the anaesthetic action of alcohol upon the tissues, which prevents their wasting rapidly, and prevents at the same time any high development or manifestation of mental or physical force. This sounds plausible, but it really does *not* explain the fact. I have known one instance where a person had, for twenty years or more, been in the habit of taking *a bottle of gin per diem*. Gin, of course, contains the minimum of nutriment extraneous to the alcohol, and this regular gin-sot took nothing in the way of ordinary food but a small finger-length of bread or toast in the course of the day. He lived in this way to the age of eighty-four, and then died, apparently not of alcohol, but for sufficiently obvious natural reasons; and most assuredly, however low his *moral* life may have been, his physical existence was not perceptibly below the average of vigour.

Of course I know well enough that these are the exceptions, and that the ordinary result of such habits is calamitous in every way, physically as well as morally. But I must be allowed to remind my readers that there are some rules which, if they are true, admit of no exceptions; the existence of a single instance in opposition to them destroys their authority at once. If the dictum that "alcohol is not a food" be a rule at all, it must be a rule of this kind, and therefore the production of a single case in which life has been prolonged and vigour tolerably preserved, by the unaided agency of alcohol, ought to be fatal to it. For assuredly there is no exception to that other rule, which declares that if an animal abstains altogether from food, in a very limited period of time it will perish, more especially if the slightest muscular or mental exertion be made.

I say this last rule is infallible: there is no denying this with our knowledge of physiological laws; therefore, the cases of ever so few dram-drinkers, who have been known to subsist for long periods upon practically nothing but alcohol, are fatal to the theory that alcohol cannot act as a food; and it would be a mere dishonesty to shut our eyes to a fact which we are perfectly competent to understand, because chemical and physiological researches and speculations, which are necessarily conducted in ignorance, and with a prodigious amount of blundering, seem for the moment to point in the opposite direction. And, after all, what a "proof" is that offered by MM. Lallemand and Perrin, and by Dr. Edward

Smith ! The former gentlemen, excellent observers as they are, allowed themselves to be betrayed into such an eminently unscientific procedure as the attempt to estimate the amount of a substance present by the tinge of colour given to the reagent, and guessed by the eye ! The latter gentleman, a grave physician and a most able physiological experimenter, permitted himself so seriously to vitiate the worth of his researches as to undertake them in the early morning, upon a fasting stomach, and in doses, which, under these circumstances, must necessarily produce only the confessedly poisonous effects of alcohol. It is not to " proofs " like these that we are to yield, in presence of facts like those above mentioned, about which there is not the room for doubt or fallacy.

And besides, I cannot help pointing out the fact that our chemical anti-alcoholists are by no means easy in their mind, or consistent in the doctrine which they teach. If alcohol, in any and every dose, be nothing but a poison which runs swiftly through the body, which even in the smallest quantities is resented by the system, and is cast out again with such haste as may be, how comes it that we find MM. Lallemand and Perrin returning at last, after all said and done, to the admission that the effect of small doses is quite different from that of large, and is, in fact, harmless, or even beneficial ? If one glass of wine can in any sense act as a poison, it is surely not the part of the sound physiologist to recommend it or to excuse its use under the pretext that it is "*réconfortant !*" The fact is, that here, for once, the instinct of common sense overpowers the influence of even a chemist's obstinate theorizing tendency. In his own temperate country of France, M. Lallemand must have known a great many worthy folk who took daily their bottle of some unspeakably meagre wine, diluted with large quantities of water, and who presented not the least appearance of being poisoned in consequence thereof. And he might have seen, if he had ever travelled through the marshy districts of France, the workmen engaged in excavations compelled to use rum or brandy in large quantities as part of their daily food, or else to suffer from the attacks of the marsh-fever, and curiously enough exhibiting, under these circumstances, a singular resistance to the intoxicating effect of these spirits. It was clear, then, even to the most formidable of the opponents of the claims of alcohol to be considered as a food, that the effect of large and of small doses, and of doses given in health and in sickness, differed widely from each other. With this uncertainty even among the opponents of alcohol, and with the absence of anything like conclusive proofs, even on their narrow basis, are we to surrender the evidence of well-authenticated facts ?

And certainly I cannot see any reason for accepting Dr. Chambers' theory, that alcohol acts altogether as an anæsthetic ; that is to say, that the good effects produced by the smaller doses are due to the fact that they just suffice to still the misery of wearing mental pain or bodily uneasiness. It is contrary to all that we know of true anæsthetic agents to suppose that they could operate in this way, and yet set the tired brain free to work harder and to better purpose than before ; and yet there are

many persons with whom the effect of wine is this. The fact is, I believe, that the similarity of the poisonous action of alcohol and that of chloroform has misled scientific men into forgetfulness of the fact, that in doses which are proportionably as small as what we call "moderate" ones in speaking of alcohol, chloroform itself ceases to have that power of lulling acute pain for which it is so valued, and which we think of as its peculiar attribute. If an adult man takes about five drops of chloroform, he is conscious of a pleasant, genial warmth, which spreads itself from the stomach rapidly over the whole body. But there is not a trace of *anæsthesia*.

Moreover, I am entirely unable to reconcile this theory with the fact, so well understood in these days, and which no one has more forcibly taught than Dr. Chambers himself, that disease implies an abnormally low condition of the vital functions. If the latter opinion be a sound one, how could it advantage a patient, already depressed to death's door, to administer an *anæsthetic* medicine, which might, indeed, lull pain, but which must simultaneously lower the vital power? It cannot be that alcohol, in small doses, is an *anæsthetic*, because in many instances where it is given with the greatest advantage the slightest *anæsthetic* effect would be fatal to the patient, by depressing his already enfeebled nervous system. Again, it is a very well-known fact that many of our greatest intellectual workers have habitually, so to speak, steeped their brains in alcohol; nay, so very general has been this tendency with brain-workers of a certain class, that it assumes the aspect of an instinct, however misguided. How could it possibly be that so many men should go on devouring, so to speak, such enormous quantities of the hardest intellectual labour, if all the time they were taking into their brains a substance which would only petrify them and arrest the natural changes which appear always to accompany the exercise of the function of any organ? Moreover, the experiments of Hammond seem to make this explanation impossible. The latter gentleman, having placed himself on a wholly insufficient allowance of food, took daily, with each meal, half-an-ounce of alcohol, and found that under this regimen he rather gained than lost weight, while meantime he preserved the highest mental and bodily vigour. On the other hand, when he added the same quantity of alcohol to a full or superabundant diet, then resulted stupor, headache, feverishness, &c.

It cannot be too clearly understood, by everybody, that *anæsthesia*, properly so called, is a distinct step on the road to death. The sort of effect which is in fact produced by chloroform when the substance is administered for surgical purposes is a *bond side* poisoning, though a very necessary and beneficial poisoning, and hence the great care that ought always to be taken lest it be pushed too far. But such an effect as this is a totally different one from that by which a small dose of chloroform (in the shape of chloric ether), or of opium, or of alcohol, will subdue the kind of *malaise* which results from weariness and harassment. The latter is, in fact, a case of true stimulation, the brain, which was suffering under

a languid inefficient circulation, and that consequent inability to perform its task which expresses itself in the sense of painful fatigue, has had that circulation quickened, and all goes well, for the time at any rate. The effect of an anaesthetic dose, on the other hand, would have been to lower circulation, not only in the brain, but everywhere else, after a very few moments; that is to say, as soon as it had fairly entered the nervous system.

One more practical observation. Dr. Brinton,* who is by no means unreasonably prejudiced in favour of alcohol, has given it as the result of his very large experience, that persons who abstain altogether from alcohol, break down, almost invariably, after a certain number of years, if they are constantly employed in any severe intellectual or physical labour. Either their minds or their bodies give way suddenly, and the mischief once done is very hard to repair. This is quite in accordance with what I have myself observed, and with what I can gather from other medical men: and it speaks volumes concerning the way in which we ought to regard alcohol. If indeed it be a fact that in a certain high state of civilization men require to take alcohol every day, in some shape or other, under penalty of breaking down prematurely in their work, it is idle to appeal to a set of imperfect chemical or physiological experiments, and to decide, on their evidence, that we ought to call alcohol a medicine or a poison, but not a food. In the name of common sense, why should we retain these ridiculous distinctions for any other purpose than to avoid catastrophes? If it be well understood that a glass of good wine will relieve a man's depression and fatigue sufficiently to enable him to digest his dinner, and that a pint of gin taken at once will probably kill him stone dead, why haggle about words? On the part of the medical profession, I think I may say that we have long since begun to believe that those medicines which really do benefit our patients act in one way or another as foods, and that some of the most decidedly poisonous substances are those which offer, in the form of small doses, the strongest example of a true food action.

On the part of alcohol, then, I venture to claim that though we all acknowledge it to be a poison, if taken during health in any but quite restricted doses; it is also a most valuable medicine-food. I am obliged to declare that the chemical evidence is as yet insufficient to give any complete explanation of its exact manner of action upon the system; but that the practical facts are as striking as they could well be, and that there can be no mistake about them. And I have thought it proper that, while highly-coloured statements of the results of the new French researches are being somewhat disingenuously placed before the lay public, there should not be a total silence on the part of those members of the profession who do not see themselves called upon to yield to the mere force of agitation, and become the obsequious mouthpieces of the teetotal party.

* On Food and Digestion.

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART I.

THIS is the story of a foolish woman, who, through her own folly, learnt wisdom at last; whose troubles—they were not very great, they might have made the happiness of some less eager spirit—were more than she knew how to bear. The lesson of life was a hard lesson to her. She would not learn, she revolted against the wholesome doctrine. And while she was crying out that she would not learn, and turning away and railing and complaining against her fate; days, hours, fate, went on their course. And they passed unmoved; and it was she who gave way, she who was altered, she who was touched and torn by her own complaints and regrets.

Elizabeth had great soft eyes and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet flitting smile, which came out like sunlight over her face, and lit up yours and mine, and any other it might chance to fall upon. She used to smile at herself in the glass, as many a girl has done before her; she used to dance about the room, and think, “Come life, come life, mine is going to be a happy one. Here I am a-waiting, and I was made handsome to be admired, and to be loved, and to be hated by a few, and worshipped by a few, and envied by all. I am handsomer than Lætitia a thousand times. I am glad I have no money as she has, and that I shall be loved for myself, for my *beaux yeux*. One person turns pale when they look at him. Tra la la, tra la la!” and she danced along the room singing. There was no carpet, only a smooth polished floor. Three tall windows looked out into a busy Paris street paved with stones, over which carriages, and cabs, and hand-trucks were jolting. There was a clock, and artificial flowers in china vases on the chimney, a red velvet sofa, a sort of *étagère* with ornaments, and a great double-door wide open, through which you could see a dining-room, also bare, polished, with a round table and an oil-cloth cover, and a white china stove, and some waxwork fruit on the sideboard, and a maid in a white cap at work in the window.

Presently there came a ring at the bell. Elizabeth stopped short in her dance, and the maid rose, put down her work, and went to open the door; and then a voice, which made Elizabeth smile and look handsomer than ever, asked if Mrs. and Miss Gilmour were at home?

Elizabeth stood listening, with her fair head a little bent, while the maid said, “*No, sare*,” and then Miss Gilmour flushed up quite angrily in the inner room, and would have run out. She hesitated only for a minute, and then it was too late; the door was shut, and Clementine sat down again to her work.

"Clementine, how dare you say I was not at home?" cried Elizabeth, suddenly standing before her.

"Madame desired me to let no one in in her absence," said Clementine, primly. "I only obeyed my orders. There is the gentleman's card."

"Sir John Dampier" was on the card, and then, in pencil, "I hope you will be at home in Chester Street next week. Can I be your *avant-courier* in any way? I cross to-night."

Elizabeth smiled again, shrugged her shoulders and said to herself, "Next week; I can afford to wait better than he can, perhaps. Poor man! After all, *il y en a bien d'autres*;" and she went to the window, and, by leaning out, she just caught a glimpse of the Madeleine and of Sir John Dampier walking away; and then presently she saw her mother on the opposite side of the street, passing the stall of the old apple-woman, turning in under the archway of the house. *

Elizabeth's mother was like her daughter, only she had black eyes and black hair, and where her daughter was wayward and yielding, the elder woman was wayward and determined. They did not care much for one another, these two. They had not lived together all their lives, or learnt to love one another, as a matter of course; they were too much alike, too much of an age: Elizabeth was eighteen, and her mother thirty-six. If Elizabeth looked twenty, the mother looked thirty, and she was as vain, as foolish, as fond of admiration as her daughter. Mrs. Gilmour did not own it to herself, but she had been used to it all her life—to be first, to be much made of; and here was a little girl who had sprung up somehow, and learnt of herself to be charming—more charming than she had ever been in her best days; and now that they had slid away, those best days, the elder woman had a dull, unconscious discontent in her heart. People whom she had known, and who had admired her but a year or two ago, seemed to neglect her now and to pass her by, in order to pay a certain homage to her daughter's youth and brilliance: John Dampier, among others, whom she had known as a boy, when she was a young woman. Good mothers, tender-hearted women, brighten again and grow young over their children's happiness and success. Caroline Gilmour suddenly became old, somehow, when she first witnessed her daughter's triumphs, and she felt that the wrinkles were growing under her wistful eyes, and that the colour was fading from her cheeks, and she gasped a little sigh and thought, "Ah! how I suffer! What is it? what can have come to me?" As time passed on, the widow's brows grew darker, her lips set ominously. One day she suddenly declared that she was weary of London and London ways, and that she should go abroad; and Elizabeth, who liked everything that was change, that was more life and more experience—she had not taken into account that there was any other than the experience of pleasure in store for her—Elizabeth clapped her hands and cried, "Yes, yes, mamma; I am *quite* tired of London and all this excitement. Let us go to Paris for the winter, and lead a quiet life."

"Paris is just the place to go to for quiet," said Mrs. Gilmour, who was smoothing her shining locks in the glass, and looking intently into her own dark, gloomy eyes.

"The Dampiers are going to Paris," Elizabeth went on; "Lady Dampier and Sir John, and old Miss Dampier and Lætitia. He was saying how he wished you would go. We could have such fun! *Do go, dear, pretty mamma!*"

As Elizabeth spoke, Mrs. Gilmour's dark eyes brightened, and suddenly her hard face melted; and, still looking at herself in the glass, she said, "We will go if you wish it, Elly. I thought you had had enough of balls."

But the end of the Paris winter came, and even then Elly had not had enough: not enough admiration, not enough happiness, not enough new dresses, not enough of herself, not enough time to suffice her eager, longing desires, not enough delights to fill up the swift flying days. I cannot tell you—she could not have told you herself—what she wanted, what perfection of happiness, what wonderful thing. She danced, she wore beautiful dresses, she flirted, she chattered nonsense and sentiment, she listened to music; her pretty little head was in a whirl. John Dampier followed her from place to place; and so, indeed, did one or two others. Though she was in love with them all, I believe she would have married this Dampier if he had asked, but he never did. He saw that she did not really care for him; opportunity did not befriend him. His mother was against it; and then, her mother was there, looking at him with her dark, reproachful eyes—those eyes which had once fascinated and then repelled him, and that he mistrusted so and almost hated now. And this is the secret of my story; but for this, it would never have been written. He hated, and she did not hate, poor woman! It would have been better, a thousand times, for herself and for her daughter, had she done so. Ah me! what cruel perversion was it, that the best of all good gifts should have turned to trouble, to jealousy and wicked rancour; that this sacred power of faithful devotion, by which she might have saved herself and ennobled a mean and earthly spirit, should have turned to a curse instead of a blessing!

There was a placid, pretty niece of Lady Dampier, called Lætitia, who had been long destined for Sir John. Lætitia and Elizabeth had been at school together for a good many dreary years, and were very old friends. Elizabeth all her life used to triumph over her friend, and to bewilder her with her careless, gleeful ways, and yet win her over to her own side, for she was irresistible, and she knew it. Perhaps it was because she knew it so well that she was so confident and so charming. Lætitia, although she was sincerely fond of her cousin, used to wonder that her aunt could be against such a wife for her son.

"She is a sort of princess," the girl used to say; "and John *ought* to have a beautiful wife for the credit of the family."

"Your fifty thousand pounds would go a great deal further to promote the credit of the family, my dear," said old Miss Dampier, who was a fat,

plain-spoken, kindly old lady. "I like the girl, though my sister-in-law does not; and I hope that some day she will find a very good husband. I confess that I had rather it were not John."

And so one day John was informed by his mother, who was getting alarmed, that she was going home, and that she could not think of crossing without him. And Dampier, who was careful, as men are mostly, and wanted to think about his decision, and who was anxious to do the very best for himself in every respect—as is the way with just, and good, and respectable gentlemen—was not at all loth to obey her summons.

Here was Lætitia, who was very fond of him—there was no doubt of that—with a house in the country and money at her bankers'; there was a wayward, charming, beautiful girl, who didn't care for him very much, who had little or no money, but whom he certainly cared for. He talked it all over dispassionately with his aunt—so dispassionately that the old woman got angry.

"You are a model young man, John. It quite affects me, and makes me forget my years to see the admirable way in which you young people conduct yourselves. You have got such well-regulated hearts, it's quite a marvel. You are quite right; Tishy has got 50,000*l.*, which will all go into your pocket, and respectable connections, who will come to your wedding, and Elly Gilmour has not a penny except what her mother will leave her—a mother with a bad temper, and who is sure to marry again; and though the girl is the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes on, and though you care for her as you never cared for any other woman before, men don't marry wives for such absurd reasons as that. You are quite right to have nothing to do with her; and I respect you for your noble self-denial." And the old lady began to knit away at a great long red comforter she had always on hand for her other nephew the clergyman.

"But, my dear aunt Jean, what is it you want me to do?" cried John.

"Drop one, knit two together," said the old lady, cliquetting her needles.

She really wanted John to marry his cousin, but she was a spinster still and sentimental; and she could not help being sorry for pretty Elizabeth; and now she was afraid that she had said too much, for her nephew frowned, put his hands in his pockets, and walked out of the room.

He walked downstairs, and out of the door into the Rue Royale, the street where they were lodging; then he strolled across the Place de la Concorde, and in at the gates of the Tuileries, where the soldiers were pacing, and so along the broad path, to where he heard a sound of music, and saw a glitter of people. Tum te tum, bom, bom, bom, went the military music; twittering busy little birds were chirping up in the branches; buds were bursting; colours glimmering; tinted sunshine flooding the garden, and the music, and the people; old gentlemen were reading newspapers on the benches; children were playing at hide-and-seek behind the statues; nurses gossiping, and nodding their white caps, and dandling their white babies; and there on chairs, listening to the music, the mammae

were sitting in grand bonnets and parasols, working, and gossiping too and ladies and gentlemen went walking up and down before them. All the windows of the Tuileries were ablaze with the sun; the terraces were beginning to gleam with crocuses and spring flowers.

As John Dampier was walking along, scarcely noting all this, he heard his name softly called, and turning round he saw two ladies sitting under a budding horse-chestnut tree. One of them he thought looked like a fresh spring flower herself smiling pleasantly, all dressed in crisp light grey, with a white bonnet, and a quantity of bright yellow crocus hair. She held out a little grey hand and said,

"Wont you come and talk to us? Mamma and I are tired of listening to music. We want to hear somebody talk."

And then mamma, who was Mrs. Gilmour, held out a straw-coloured hand, and said, "Do you think sensible people have nothing better to do than to listen to you chatter, Elly? Here is your particular friend, M. de Vaux, coming to us. You can talk to him."

Elizabeth looked up quickly at her mother, then glanced at Dampier, then greeted M. de Vaux as pleasantly almost as she had greeted him.

"I am afraid I cannot stay now," said Sir John to Elizabeth. "I have several things to do. Do you know that we are going away immediately?"

Mrs. Gilmour's black eyes seemed to flash into his face as he spoke. He felt them, though he was looking at Elizabeth, and he could not help turning away with an impatient movement of dislike.

"Going away! Oh, how sorry I am," said Elly. "But, mamma, I forgot—you said we were going home, too, in a few days; so I don't mind so much. You will come and say good-by, won't you?" Elizabeth went on, while M. de Vaux, who had been waiting to be spoker to, turned away rather provoked, and made some remark to Mrs. Gilmour. And then Elizabeth seeing her opportunity, and looking up, frank, fair, and smiling, said quickly, "To-morrow at *three*, mind——and give my love to Lætitia," she went on, much more deliberately, "and my best love to Miss Dampier; and oh, dear! why does one ever have to say good-by to one's friends? Are you sure you are all really going?"

"Alas!" said Dampier, looking down at the kind young face with strange emotion and tenderness, and holding out his hand. He had not meant it as good-by yet, but so Elly and her mother understood it.

"Good-by, Sir John; we shall meet again in London," said Mrs. Gilmour.

"Good-by," said Elly, wistfully raising her sweet eyes. And this was the last time he ever saw her thus.

As he walked away, he carried with him a bright picture of the woman he loved, looking at him kindly, happy, surrounded with sunshine and budding green leaves, smiling and holding out her hand; and so he saw her in his dreams sometimes; and so she would appear to him now and then in the course of his life; so he sometimes sees her now, in spring-

time, generally when the trees are coming out, and some little chirp of a sparrow or some little glistening green bud conjures up all these old bygone days again.

Mrs. Gilmour did not sleep very sound all that night. While Elizabeth lay dreaming in her dark room, her mother, with wild-falling black hair, and wrapped in a long red dressing-gown, was wandering restlessly up and down, or flinging herself on the bed or the sofa, and trying at her bedside desperately to sleep, or falling on her knees with clasped outstretched hands. Was she asking for her own happiness at the expense of poor Elly's. I don't like to think so—it seems so cruel, so wicked, so unnatural. But remember, here was a passionate selfish woman, who for long years had had one dream, one idea; who knew that she loved this man twenty times—twenty years—more than did Elizabeth, who was but a little child when this mad fancy began.

"She does not care for him a bit," the poor wretch said to herself over and over again. "He likes her, and he would marry her if—if I chose to give him the chance. She will be as happy with anybody else. I could not bear this—it would kill me. I never suffered such horrible torture in all my life. He hates me. It is hopeless; and I—I do not know whether I hate him or I love him most. How dare she tell him to come to-morrow, when she knew I would be out. She shall not see him. We will neither of us see him again; never—oh! never. But I shall suffer, and she will forget. Oh! if I could forget!" And then she would fall down on her knees again; and because she prayed, she blinded herself to her own wrong-doings, and thought that heaven was on her side.

And so the night went on. John Dampier was haunted with strange dreams, and saw Caroline Gilmour more than once coming and going in a red gown and talking to him, though he could not understand what she was saying; sometimes she was in his house at Guildford; sometimes in Paris; sometimes sitting with Elly up in a chestnut-tree, and chattering like a monkey; sometimes gliding down interminable rooms and opening door after door. He disliked her worse than ever when he woke in the morning. Is this strange? It would have seemed to me stranger had it not been so. We are not blocks of wax and putty with glass eyes, like the people at Madame Tussaud's; we have souls, and we feel and we guess at more than we see round about us, and we influence one another for good or for evil from the moment we come into the world. Let us be humbly thankful if the day comes for us to leave it before we have done any great harm to those who live their lives alongside with ours.

And so the next morning Caroline asked her daughter if she would come with her to M. le Pasteur Tourneur's at two. "I am sure you would be the better for listening to a good man's exhortation," said Mrs. Gilmour.

"I don't want to go, mamma. I hate exhortations," said Elizabeth, pettishly; "and you know how ill it made me last Tuesday. How can

you like it—such dreary, sleepy talk. It gave me the most dreadful headache."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Gilmour, "perhaps the day may come when you find out that a headache is not the most terrible calamity. But you understand that if you do not choose to come with me, you must stay at home. I will not have you going about by yourself, or with any chance friends—it is not respectable."

Elly shrugged her shoulders, but resigned herself with wonderful good grace. Mrs. Gilmour prepared herself for her expedition : she put on a black silk gown, a plain bonnet, a black cloak. I cannot exactly tell you what change came over her. It was not the lady of the Tuilleries the day before ; it was not the woman in the red dressing-gown. It was a respectable, quiet personage enough, who went off primly with her prayer-book in her hand, and who desired Clementine on no account to let anybody in until her return.

"Miss Elizabeth is so little to be trusted," so she explained quite unnecessarily to the maid, "that I cannot allow her to receive visits when I am from home."

And Clementine, who was a stiff, ill-humoured woman, pinched her lips and said, "Bien, madame."

And so when Elizabeth's best chance for happiness came to the door, Clementine closed it again with great alacrity, and shut out the good fortune, and sent it away. I am sure that if Dampier had come in that day and seen Elly once more, he could not have helped speaking to her and making her and making himself happy in so doing. I am sure that Elly, with all her vanities and faults, would have made him a good wife, and brightened his dismal old house ; but I am not sure that happiness is the best portion after all, and that there is not something better to be found in life than mere worldly prosperity.

Dampier walked away, almost relieved, and yet disappointed too. "Well, they will be back in town in ten days," he thought, "and we will see then. But why the deuce did the girl tell me three o'clock, and then not be at home to see me ?" And as ill-luck would have it, at this moment, up came Mrs. Gilmour. "I have just been to see you, to say good-by," said Dampier. "I was very sorry to miss you and your daughter."

"I have been attending a meeting at the house of my friend the Pasteur Tourneur," said Mrs. Gilmour ; "but Elizabeth was at home—would not she see you ?" She blushed up very red as she spoke, and so did John Dampier ; her face glowed with shame, and his with vexation.

"No ; she would not see me," cried he. "Good-by, Mrs. Gilmour."

"Good-by," she said, and looked up with her black eyes ; but he was staring vacantly beyond her, busy with his own reflections, and then she felt it was good-by for ever.

He turned down a wide street, and she crossed mechanically and came along the other side of the road, as I have said ; past the stall of the old apple-woman ; advancing demurely, turning in under the archway of the house.

She had no time for remorse. "He does not care for me," was all she could think; "he scorns me —— he has behaved as no gentleman would behave." (Poor John!—in justice to him I must say that this was quite an assumption on her part.) And at the same time John Dampier, at the other end of the street, was walking away in a huff, and saying to himself that "Elly is a little heartless flirt; she cares for no one but herself. I will have no more to do with her. Letitia would not have served me so."

Elly met her mother at the door. "Mamma, how *could* you be so horrid and disagreeable?—*why* did you tell Clementine to let no one in?" She shook back her curly locks, and stamped her little foot, as she spoke, in her childish anger.

"You should not give people appointments when I am out of the way," said Mrs. Gilmour, primly. "Why did you not come with me? Dear M. Tourneur's exposition was quite beautiful.

"I hate Monsieur Tourneur!" cried Elizabeth; "and I should not do such things if you were kind, mamma, and liked me to amuse myself and to be happy; but you sit there, prim and frowning, and thinking everything wrong that is harmless; and you spoil all my pleasure; and it is a shame—and a shame—and you will make me hate you too;" and she ran into her own room, banged the door, and locked it.

I suppose it was by way of compensation to Elly that Mrs. Gilmour sat down and wrote a little note, asking Monsieur de Vaux to tea that evening to meet M. le Pasteur Tourneur and his son.

Elizabeth sat sulking in her room all the afternoon, the door shut; the hum of a busy city came in at her open window; then the glass panes blazed with light, and she remembered how the windows of the Tuilleries had shone at that time the day before, and she thought how kind and how handsome Dampier looked, as he came walking along, and how he was worth ten Messieurs de Vaux and twenty foolish boys like Anthony Tourneur. The dusky shadows came creeping round the room, dimming a pretty picture.

It was a commonplace little *tableau de genre* enough—that of a girl sitting at window, with clasped hands, dreaming dreams more or less silly, with the light falling on her hair, and on the folds of her dress, and on the blazing petals of the flowers on the balcony outside, and then overhead a quivering green summer sky. But it is a little picture that nature is never tired of reproducing; and, besides nature, every year, in the Royal Academy, I see half-a-dozen such representations.

In a quiet, unconscious sort of way, Elly made up her mind, this summer afternoon—made up her mind, knowing not that perhaps it was too late, that the future she was accepting, half-glad, half-reluctant, was, may-be, already hers no more, to take or to leave. Only a little stream, apparently easy to cross, lay, as yet, between her and the figure she seemed to see advancing towards her. She did not know that every day this little stream would widen and widen, until in time it would be a

great ocean lying between them. Ah! take care, my poor Elizabeth, that you don't tumble into the waters, and go sinking down, down, down, while the waves close over your curly yellow locks.

"Will you come to dinner, mademoiselle?" said Clementine, rapping at the door with the finger of fate which had shut out Sir John Dampier only a few hours ago.

"Go away!" cries Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth! dinner is ready," says her mother, from outside, with unusual gentleness.

"I don't want any dinner," says Elly; and then feels very sorry and very hungry the minute she has spoken. The door was locked, but she had forgotten the window, and Mrs. Gilmour, in a minute, came along the balcony, with her silk dress rustling against the iron bars.

"You silly girl! come and eat," said her mother, still strangely kind and forbearing. "The Vicomte de Vaux is coming to tea, and Monsieur Tourneur and Anthony; you must come and have your dinner, and then let Clementine dress you; you will catch cold if you sit here any longer;" and she took the girl's hand gently and led her away.

For the first time in her life, Elizabeth almost felt as if she really loved her mother; and, touched by her kindness, and with a sudden impulse, and melting and blushing, and all ashamed of herself, she said, almost before she knew what she had spoken, "Mamma, I am very silly, and I've behaved very badly, but I did so want to see him again."

Mrs. Gilmour just dropped the girl's hand. "Nonsense, Elizabeth; your head is full of silly school-girl notions. I wish I had had you brought up at home instead of at Miss Straightboard's."

"I wish you had, mamma," said Elly, speaking coldly and quietly; Lætitia and I were both very miserable there." And then she sat down at the round table to break bread with her mother, hurt, wounded, and angry. Her face looked hard and stern, like Mrs. Gilmour's; her bread choked her; she drank a glass of water, and it tasted bitter, somehow. Was Caroline more happy? did she eat with better appetite? She ate more, she looked much as usual, she talked a good deal. Clementine was secretly thinking what a good-for-nothing, ill-tempered girl mademoiselle was; what a good woman, what a good mother was madame. Clementine revenged some of madame's wrongs upon Elizabeth, by pulling her hair after dinner, as she was plaiting and pinning it up. Elly lost her temper, and violently pushed Clementine away, and gave her warning to leave.

Clementine, furious, and knowing that some of the company had already arrived, rushed into the drawing-room with her wrongs. "Mademoiselle m'a poussée, madame; mademoiselle m'a dit des injures; mademoiselle m'a congédiée ——" But, in the middle of her harangue, the door flew open, and Elizabeth, looking like an empress, bright cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling, hair crisply curling, and all dressed in shining pink silk, stood before them.

I don't think they had ever seen anybody like her before, those two MM. Tourneurs, who had just arrived; they both rose, a little man and a tall one, father and son; and besides these gentlemen, there was an old lady in a poke bonnet sitting there too, who opened her shrewd eyes and held out her hand. Clementine was crushed, eclipsed, forgotten. Elizabeth advanced, tall, slim, stately, with wide-spread petticoats; but she began to blush very much when she saw Miss Dampier. For a few minutes there was a little confusion of greeting, and voices, and chairs moved about, and then—

"I came to say good-by to you," said the old lady, "in case we should not meet again. I am going to Scotland in a month or two—perhaps I may be gone by the time you get back to town."

"Oh, no, no! I hope not," said Elizabeth. She was very much excited, the tears almost came into her eyes.

"We shall most likely follow you in a week or ten days," said Mrs. Gilmour, with a sort of laugh; "there is no necessity for any sentimental leave-taking."

"Does that woman mean what she says," thought the old lady, looking at her; and then turning to Elizabeth again, she continued: "There is no knowing what may happen to any one of us, my dear. There is no harm in saying good-by, is there? Have you any message for Lætitia or Catherine?"

"Give Lætitia my very best love," said Elly, grateful for the old lady's kindness; "and—and I was very, very sorry that I could not see Sir John when he came to-day so good-naturedly."

"He must come and see you in London," said Miss Dampier, very kindly still. (She was thinking, "She does care for him, poor child.")

"Oh, yes! in London, repeated Mrs. Gilmour; so that Elly looked quite pleased, and Miss Dampier again said to herself, "She is decidedly not coming to London. What can she mean? Can there be anything with that Frenchman, De Vaux? Impossible!" And then she got up, and said aloud, "Well, good-by. I have all my old gowns to pack up, and my knitting, Elly. Write to me, child, sometimes!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Elizabeth, flinging her arms round the old lady's neck, and kissing her, and whispering, "Good-by, dear, dear Miss Dampier."

At the door of the apartment, Clementine was waiting, hoping for a possible five-franc piece. "Bon soir, madame," said she.

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Dampier, staring at her, and she passed out with a sort of sniff, and then she walked home quietly through the dark back-streets, only, as she went along, she said to herself every now and then, she hardly knew why, "Poor Elly—poor child!"

Meanwhile, M. Tourneur was taking Elizabeth gently to task. Elizabeth was pouting her red lips and sulking, and looking at him defiantly from under her drooped eyelids; and all the time Anthony Tourneur sat admiring her, with his eyes wide open, and his great mouth open too.

He was a big young man, with immense hands and feet, without any manners to speak of, and with thick hair growing violently upon end. There was a certain distinction about his father which he had not inherited. Young Frenchmen of this class are often singularly rough and unpolished in their early youth; they tone down with time, however, as they see more of men and of women. Anthony had never known much of either till now; for his young companions at the Protestant college were rough cubes like himself; and as for women, his mother was dead (she had been an Englishwoman, and died when he was ten years old), and old Françoise, the *cuisinière*, at home, was almost the only woman he knew. His father was more used to the world and its ways: he fancied he scorned them all, and yet the pomps and vanities and the pride of life had a horrible attraction for this quiet pasteur. He was humble and ambitious: he was tender-hearted, and hard-headed, and narrow-minded. Though stern to himself, he was weak to others, and yet feebly resolute when he met with opposition. He was not a great man; his qualities neutralized one another, but he had a great reputation. The Oratoire was crowded on the days when he was expected to preach, his classes were thronged, his pamphlets went through three or four editions. Popularity delighted him. His manner had a great charm, his voice was sweet, his words well chosen; his head was a fine melancholy head, his dark eyes flashed when he was excited. Women especially admired and respected Stephen Tourneur.

Mrs. Gilmour was like another person when she was in his presence. Look at her to-night, with her smooth black hair, and her grey silk gown, and her white hands busied pouring out his tea. See how she is appealing to him, deferentially listening to his talk. I cannot write his talk down here. Certain allusions can have no place in a little story like this one, and yet they were allusions so frequently in his thoughts and in his mouth that it was almost unconsciously that he used them. He and his brethren like him have learnt to look at this life from a loftier point of view than Elly Gilmour and worldlings like her, who feel that to-day they are in the world and of it, not of their own will, indeed—though they are glad that they are here—but waiting a further dispensation. Tourneur, and those like him, look at this life only in comparison with the next, as though they had already passed beyond, and had but little concern with the things of to-day. They speak chiefly of sacred subjects; they have put aside our common talk, and thought, and career. They have put them away, and yet they are men and women after all. And Stephen Tourneur, among the rest, was a soft-hearted man. To-night, as indeed often before, he was full of sympathy for the poor mother who had spoken of her grief and care for her daughter, of her loneliness. He understood her need; her want of an adviser, of a friend whom she could reverence and defer to. How meekly she listened to his words, with what kindling interest she heard him speak of what was in his heart always, with what gentleness she attended to his wants. How womanly she was, how much

more pleasant than any of the English, Scotch, Irish old maids who were in the habit of coming to consult him in their various needs and troubles. He had never known her so tender, so gentle, as to-night. Even Elly, sulking, and beating the tattoo with her satin shoes, thought that her mother's manner was very strange. How could any one of the people sitting round that little tea-table guess at the passion of hopelessness, of rage, of despair, of envy, that was gnawing at the elder woman's heart? at the mad, desperate determination she was making? And yet every now and then she said odd, imploring things—she seemed to be crying wildly for sympathy—she spoke of other people's troubles with a startling earnestness.

De Vaux, who arrived about nine o'clock, and asked for a *soupson de thé*, and put in six lumps of sugar, and so managed to swallow the mixture, went away at ten, without one idea of the tragedy with which he had been spending his evening—a tragical farce, a comedy—I know not what to call it.

Elly was full of her own fancies; Monsieur Tourneur was making up his mind; Anthony's whole head was rustling with pink silk or dizzy with those downcast, bright, bewildering blue eyes of Elly's, and he sat stupidly counting the little bows on her skirt, or watching the glitter of the rings on her finger, and wishing that she would not look so cross when he spoke to her. She had brightened up considerably while De Vaux was there; but now, in truth, her mind was travelling away, and she was picturing to herself the Dampiers at their tea-table—Tishy, pale and listless, over her feeble cups; Lady Dampier, with her fair hair and her hook nose, lying on the sofa; and John in the arm-chair by the fire, cutting dry jokes at his aunt. Elly's spirits had travelled away like a ghost, and it was only her body that was left sitting in the little gaudy drawing-room; and, though she did not know it, there was another ghost flitting alongside with hers. Strangely enough, the people of whom she was thinking were assembled together very much as she imagined them to be. Did they guess at the two pale phantoms that were hovering about them? Somehow or other, Miss Dampier, over her knitting, was still muttering, "Poor child!" to the click of her needles; and John Dampier was haunted by the woman in red, and by a certain look in Elly's eyes, which he had seen yesterday when he found her under the tree.

Meanwhile, at the other side of Paris, the other little company was assembled round the fire; and Mrs. Gilmour, with her two hands folded tightly together, was looking at M. Tourneur with her great soft eyes, and saying, "The woman was never yet born who could stand alone, who did not look for some earthly counsellor and friend to point out the road to better things—to help her along the narrow thorny way. Wounded, and bruised, and weary, it is hard, hard for us to follow our lonely path." She spoke with a pathetic passion, so that Elizabeth could not think what had come to her. Mrs. Gilmour was generally quite capable

of standing, and going, and coming, without any assistance whatever. In her father's time, Elly could remember that there was not the slightest need for his interference in any of their arrangements. But the mother was evidently in earnest to-night, and the daughter quite bewildered. Later in the evening, after Monsieur de Vaux was gone, Mrs. Gilmour got up from her chair and flung open the window of the balcony. All the stars of heaven shone splendidly over the city. A great, silent, wonderful night had gathered round about them unawares; a great calm had come after the noise and business of the careful day. Caroline Gilmour stepped out with a gasping sigh, and stood looking upwards; they could see her grey figure dimly against the darkness. Monsieur Tourneur remained sitting by the fire, with his eyes cast down and his hands folded. Presently he too rose and walked slowly across the room, and stepped out upon the balcony; and Elizabeth and Anthony remained behind, staring vacantly at one another. Elizabeth was yawning and wondering when they would go.

"You are sleepy, miss," said young Tourneur, in his French-English.

Elly yawned in a very unmistakable language, and showed all her even white teeth:—"I always get sleepy when I have been cross, Mr. Anthony. I have been cross ever since three o'clock to-day, and now it is long past ten, and time for us all to go to bed: don't you think so?"

"I am waiting for my father," said the young man. "He watches late at night, but we are all sent off at ten."

"We!—you and old Françoise?"

"I and the young Christians who live in our house, and study with my father and read under his direction. There are five, all from the south, who are, like me, preparing to be ministers of the gospel."

Another great wide yawn from Elly.

"Do you think your father will stop much longer—if so, I shall go to bed. Oh, dear me!" and with a sigh she let her head fall back upon the soft cushioned chair, and then, somehow, her eyes shut very softly, so as not to wake her, and her hands fell loosely, and a little quiet dream came, something of a garden and peace, and green trees, and Miss Dampier knitting in the sunshine. Click, click, click, she heard the needles, but it was only the clock ticking on the mantel-piece. Anthony was almost afraid to breathe, for fear he should wake her. It seemed to him very strange to be sitting by this smouldering fire, with the stars burning outside, while through the open window the voices of the two people talking on the balcony came to him in a low murmuring sound. And there opposite him Elly asleep, breathing so softly, and looking so wonderfully pretty in her slumbera. Do you not know the peculiar peaceful feeling which comes to any one sitting alone by a sleeping person? I cannot tell which of the two was for a few minutes the most tranquil and happy.

Elly was still dreaming her quiet, peaceful dreams, still sitting with Miss Dampier in her garden, under a chestnut-tree, with Dampier coming towards them, when suddenly some voice whispered "Elizabeth" in her ear, and she awoke with a start of chill surprise. It was not Anthony who had called her, it was only fancy; but as she woke he said,—

"Ah! I was just going to wake you."

What had come to him. He seemed to have awakened too—to have come to himself suddenly. One word which had reached him—he had very big sharp ears—one word distinctly uttered amid the confused murmur on the balcony, brought another word of old Françoise's to his mind. And then in a minute—he could not tell how it was—it was all clear to him. Already he was beginning to learn the ways of the world. Elly saw him blush up, saw his eyes light with intelligence, and his ears grow very red; and then he sat up straight in his chair, and looked at her in a quick, uncertain sort of way.

"You would not allow it," said he, suddenly, staring at her fixedly with his great flashing eyes. "I never thought of such a thing till this minute. Who ever would?"

"Thought of what? What are you talking about?" said Elly, startled.

"Ah! that is it." And then he turned his head impatiently: "How stupid you must have been. What can have put such a thing into his head and hers. Ah, it is so strange, I don't know what to think or to say;" and he sank back in his chair. But, somehow or other, the idea which had occurred to him was not nearly so disagreeable as he would have expected it to be. The notion of some other companionship besides that of the five young men from the south, instead of shocking him, filled him with a vague, delightful excitement. "Ah! then she would come and live with us in that pink dress," he thought. And meanwhile Elizabeth turned very pale, and she too began dimly to see what he was thinking of, only she could not be quite sure. "Is it that I am to marry him?" she thought; "they cannot be plotting that."

"What is it, M. Anthony?" said she, very fierce. "Is it—they do not think that I would ever—ever dream or think of marrying you?" She was quite pale now, and her eyes were glowing.

Anthony shook his head again. "I know that," said he; "it is not you or me."

"What do you dare to imply?" she cried, more and more fiercely. "You can't mean—you would never endure, never suffer that—that—" The words failed on her lips.

"I should like to have you for a sister, Miss Elizabeth," said he, looking down; "it is so triste at home."

Elly half started from her chair, put up her white hands, scarce knowing what she did, and then suddenly cried out, "Mother! mother!" in a loud shrill, thrilling voice, which brought Mrs. Gilmour back into the room. And Monsieur Tourneur came too. Not one of them spoke

for a minute. Elizabeth's horror-stricken face frightened the pasteur, who felt as if he was in a dream, who had let himself drift along with the feeling of the moment, who did not know even now if he had done right or wrong, if he had been carried away by mere earthly impulse and regard for his own happiness, or if he had been led and directed to a worthy helpmeet, to a Christian companion, to one who had the means and the power to help him in his labours. Ah, surely, surely he had done well, he thought, for himself, and for those who depended on him. It was not without a certain dignity at last, and nobleness of manner, that he took Mrs. Gilmour's hand, and said,—

“ You called your mother just now, Elizabeth; here she is. Dear woman, she has consented to be my best earthly friend and companion, to share my hard labours; to share a life poor and arduous, and full of care, and despised perhaps by the world; but rich in eternal hope, blessed by prayer, and consecrated by a Christian's faith.” He was a little man, but he seemed to grow tall as he spoke. His eyes kindled, his face lightened with enthusiasm. Elizabeth could not help seeing this, even while she stood shivering with indignation and sick at heart. As for Anthony, he got up, and came to his father and took both his hands, and then suddenly flung his arms round his neck. Elizabeth found words at last :

“ You can suffer this?” she said to Anthony. “ You have no feelings, then, of decency, of fitness of memory for the dead. You, mamma, can degrade yourself by a second marriage? Oh! for shame, for shame!” and she burst into passionate tears, and flung herself down on a chair. Monsieur Tourneur was not used to be thwarted, to be reproved; he got very pale, he pushed Anthony gently aside, and went up to her. “ Elizabeth,” said he, “ is this the conduct of a devoted daughter; are these the words of good-will and of peace, with which your mother should be greeted by her children? I had hoped that you would look upon me as a friend. If you could see my heart, you would know how ready I am; how gladly I would love you as my own child,” and he held out his hand. Elly Gilmour dashed it away.

“ Go,” she said; “ you have made me wretched; I hate your life and your ways, and your sermons, and we shall all be miserable, every one of us; I know well enough it is for her money you marry her. Oh, go away out of my sight.” Tourneur had felt doubts. Elizabeth's taunts and opposition reassured him and strengthened him in his purpose. This is only human nature, as well as pasteur nature in particular. If everything had gone smoothly, very likely he would have found out a snare of the devil in it, and broken it off, not caring what grief and suffering he caused to himself in so doing. Now that the girl's words brought a flush into his pale face and made him to wince with pain, he felt justified, nay, impelled to go on—to be firm. And now he stood up like a gentleman, and spoke :

“ And if I want your mother's money, is it hers, is it mine, was it

given to me or to her to spend for our own use? Was it not lent, will not an account be demanded hereafter? Unhappy child! where have you found already such sordid thoughts, such unworthy suspicions? Where is your Christian charity?"

"I never made any pretence of having any," cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot and tossing her fair mane. "You talk and talk about it and about the will of heaven, and suit yourselves, and break my heart, and look up quite scandalized, and forgive me for my wickedness. But I had rather be as wicked as I am than as good as you."

"Allons, taisez-vous, Mademoiselle Elizabeth!" said Anthony, who had taken his part; "or my father will not marry your mother, and then *you* will be in the wrong, and have made everybody unhappy. It is very, very sad and melancholy in our house; be kind and come and make us happy. If I am not angry, why should you mind; but see here, I will not give my consent unless you do, and I know my father will do nothing against my wishes and yours."

Poor Elizabeth looked up, and then she saw that her mother was crying too; Caroline had had a hard day's work. No wonder she was fairly harassed and worn out. Elizabeth herself began to be as bewildered, as puzzled, as the rest. She put her hand wearily to her head. She did not feel angry any more, but very tired and sad. "How can I say I think it right when I think it wrong. It is not me you want to marry, M. Tourneur; mamma is old enough to decide. What need you care for what a silly girl like me says and thinks. Good-night, mamma; I am tired and must go to bed. Good-night, Monsieur Tourneur. Good-night, M. Anthony. Oh, dear!" sighed Elizabeth, as she went out of the room with her head hanging, and with pale cheeks and dim eyes. You could hardly have believed it was the triumphant young beauty of an hour ago. But it had always been so with this impetuous, sensitive Elizabeth, she suffered, as she enjoyed, more keenly than anybody else I ever knew; she put her whole heart into her life without any reserve, and then, when failure and disappointment came, she had no more heart left to endure with.

I am sure it was with a humble spirit that Tourneur that night, before he left, implored a benediction on himself and on those who were about to belong to him. He went away at eleven o'clock with Anthony, walking home through the dark, long streets to his house, which was near one of the gates of the city. And Caroline sat till the candles went out, till the fire had smouldered away, till the chill night breezes swept round the room, and then went stupefied to bed, saying to herself, "Now he will learn that others do not despise me, and I—I will lead a good life."

Manoli.

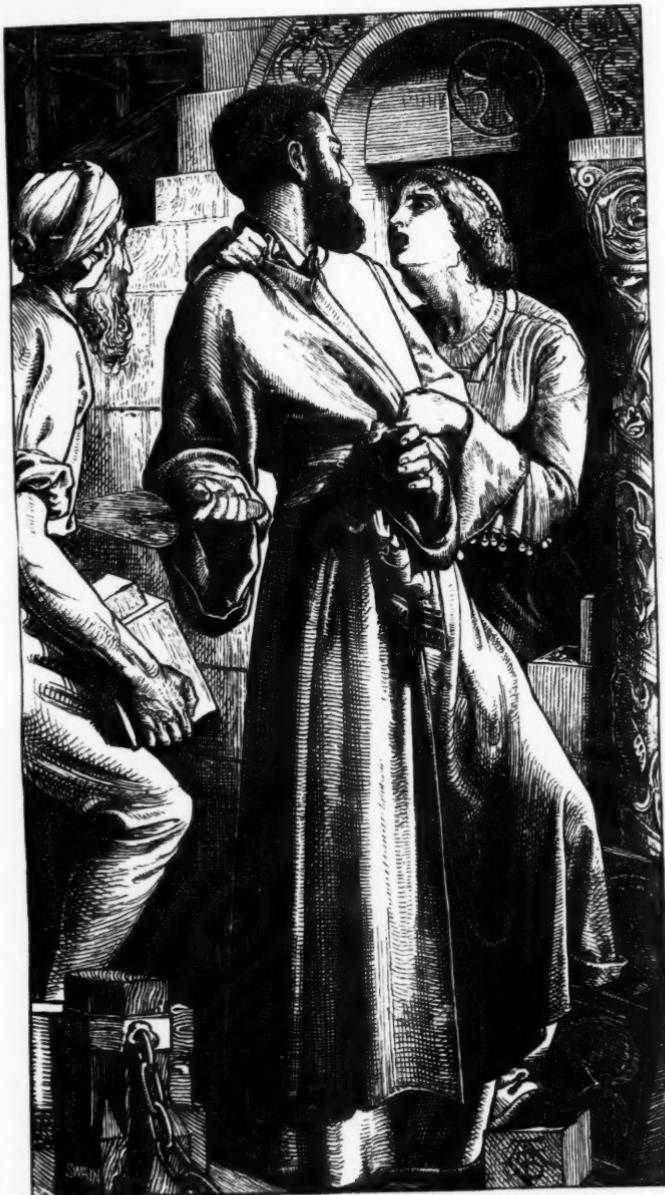
A MOLDO-WALLACHIAN LEGEND.

ALL day they built, and wall and tower stood crown'd
 Among the sunbeams. Here some column grew
 To perfect shape, here some thin minaret
 Soared to the clouds; here dome or massy roof
 Swelled to completion, or ethereal arch
 Sprang like a sudden rainbow into air,
 A wonder and a joy, till all the work
 Looked glorious, and the angels called it good.

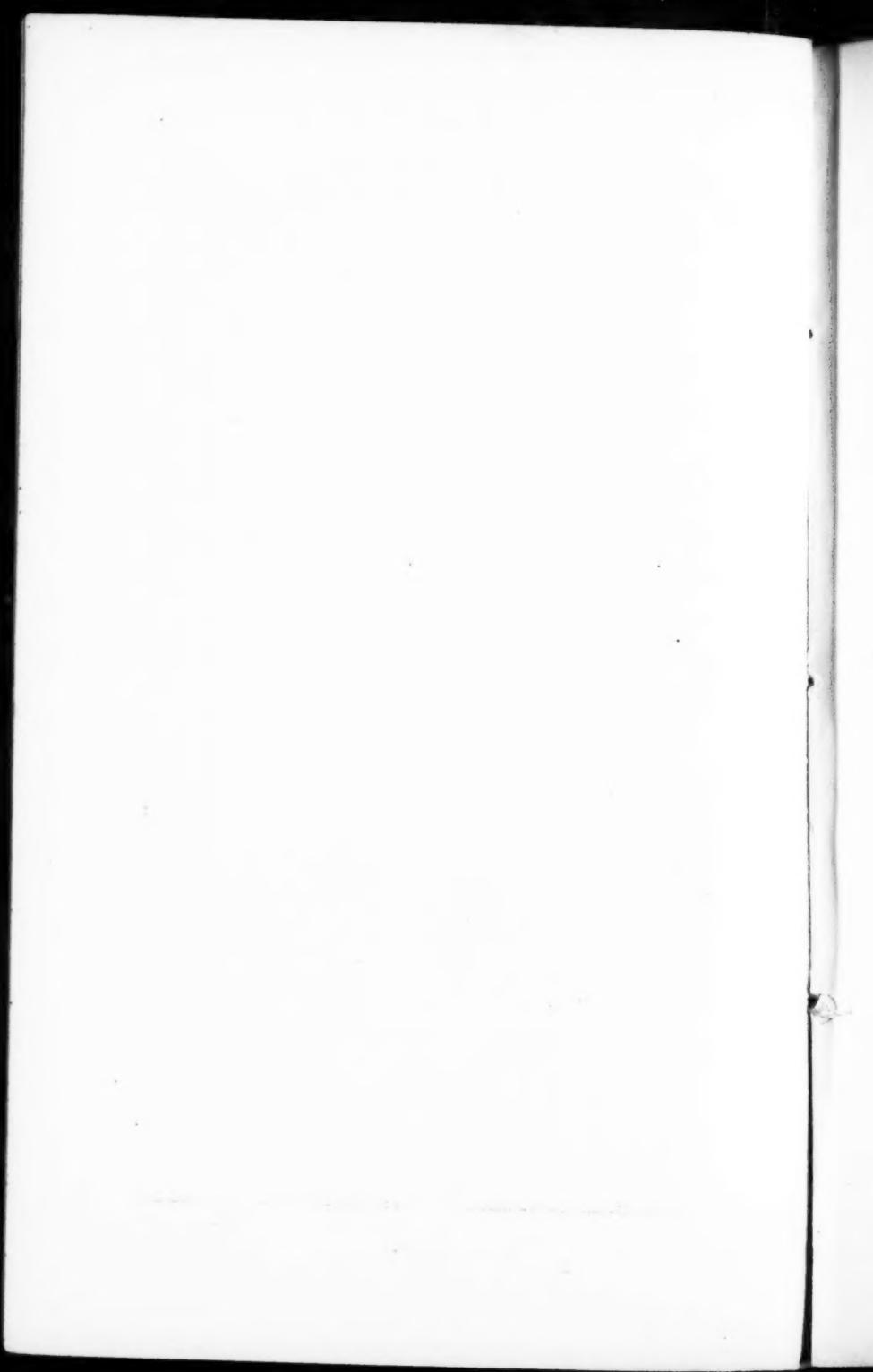
Strong limb, fine hand, true eye, and subtle brain
 Had toiled, thro' glowing noons and starry nights,
 For nine long years at their imperial task;
 And now the work its crowning finish took,
 The workmen smiled, then whispered to their hearts
 Soft flattering words, and paused amid their toil,
 Like men who feel that they have greatly done.

So pausing, under the large star of day,
 For they all night, and till the dawn had wrought,
 What saw they, or what felt they, that they looked
 Helpless, bewildered, like to men that wake
 Dashed out of sleep by some mysterious woe?
 Was it a dream, or did their labour fade,
 Dreamlike, away? Did stone from stone withdraw,
 And all that mighty fabric which o'erhung
 The day and night, like some frail vision pass?
 They looked, they touched, they moved, they called aloud.
 It was no dream, no dream; the solid walls
 Were vanished, and their nine years' labour lost.

With the new day did they their task renew,
 For noble hearts should fight for evermore,
 And conquer Fate; and lo! the hands that shape
 The temples of the gods, and down all Time
 Transmit the perfect beauty they create,
 Are pliant, strong, fine-fingered, ample-palmed,
 Instinct with hope and courage as with art.



MANOLI.



So thrice three days the master-masons wrought,
 And thrice three nights the uncreating Powers
 That love not Order which makes strong the world,
 Nor Beauty that gives gladness to all life,
 Undid what they had done. The angels looked
 Forth from their silver bowers, at morn and eve,
 And wept, and broke their harpstrings, but no strength
 Was in their hands, for evil is of God *
 Who makes a nobler good grow out of ill,
 From old disorder calls new order up,
 And crowns the sons of Chaos, bearing palms.

So thrice three days they toiled, but when the night,
 Following the tenth fair morn, with opiate wand
 Closed the tired eyes of men, Manoli slept,
 And a dream came, and with the dream a voice :
 " Cease ! cease ! Manoli ! " so the vision said,
 " Cease ; for your solid-seeming walls and towers
 Shall fade, and fade, until the victim come,
 Whom the dark lords demand. Swear, therefore, swear,
 Swear thou and all ; and secret be the oath ;
 Swear that the first sweet woman whom ye see,
 The first sweet woman that with morning comes
 To cheer and serve you, be it wife or maid,
 Sister or daughter, ere her tender life
 Have opened all its blossoms to the sun,
 Shall perish ; housed with Death ere yet she die."

Manoli heard and took the deadly oath,
 Scarce knowing what he did ; so much the hearts
 Of men who live for some o'ermastering thought
 That shapes, or seems to shape the age anew,
 Forget the world that is ; still loving more
 The far-off image of a faultless life,
 Some fair ideal world without a tear,
 Than common men, with common griefs and joys.

Till sunrise slept Manoli ; with the sun
 He rose, and, wind-like, clomb the neighbouring height,
 And with great eyes far travelling o'er the fields,
 Far o'er the fields and o'er the level road,
 Looked left, then right, then left, then right again.
 O fear ! O sorrow ! whom does he behold ?

* "I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."—*Isaiah* xlvi. 7.

Whom sees he coming ? Through the dewy fields,
 Amid the lily flowers, a lily too,
 She comes ; he sees her ; he beholds her come,
 His darling of one summer, his sweet wife !
 Manoli clasped his hands, he looked to heaven,
 As men do ever when sharp peril calls.
 He prayed. What *can* men do when they are weak,
 And God alone in all the world is strong—
 What can men do but pray ? “ O God,” he cried,
 “ Send Thou the foaming rain-flood, let it scoop
 The earth away, and ye, O rivers ! flow,
 And hurl the boiling wave o'er thundering rocks,
 To stay my darling, my beloved, my wife ! ”

And the Lord heard him, and the rain-floods walked
 Broad-trampling over earth, and rivers rose,
 And smoking waves fell thundering o'er the rocks ;
 But she went onward—nearer to her fate !
 Manoli knelt, and clasped his hands again :
 “ O God ! ” he cried, “ send Thou a conquering wind,
 Whose passionate breath shall root up pine and oak.
 O wind ! heap rock on rock, and hill on hill,
 To stay my friend, my darling, my sweet wife ! ”
 God heard, and pitied, and the obedient wind
 Came down, and with its wild and panting breath
 Uprooted pine and oak, heaped rock on rock,
 Piled hill on hill, to stay Manoli’s wife ;
 But in long mazes, round and round she went
 Still onward, onward, nearer to her fate.

Meanwhile the master-masons saw her come,—
 The lords of art that, throned above all life,
 Make thought and fancy blossom out of stone,
 And live for them—them only. Far away
 They saw her come, and as a sudden breeze
 Creeps o'er still waters, shivering as it creeps,
 So ran the sharp delight thro’ every soul ;
 For Hope rose glittering like some pilot star,
 And the large lust of beauty that demands
 All sacrifice of child, or wife, or self,
 Looked now for ripe fulfilment.* So they stood
 With open, breathless lips, and lifted hands,
 And full-orbed eyes, quivering with eager joy,

* “ The affections, even in the affectionate, are powerless against the tyranny of ideas.”—*Lewes’ Life of Goethe*, vol. i. p. 146.

Expectant, silent. But Manoli came,
And raised his wife and bore her in his arms,
And said—as any child in sport might say:
“ Rest, O my noble love, rest, rest, awhile !
Rest, royal heart, until we raise thee here
A dainty pleasure-hall, where marble blooms
Into all fairy shapes of lily and rose,
Far from rude sights and sounds here rest, love, rest,
And sleep as men who sleep in Paradise ! ”
Then as she stood the marble tower grew up,
With bloom of rose and lily. Swift and calm,
As men that mean to do a dreadful deed,
The master-masons built, and with them built
Manoli ; and the walls rose high and higher,
From dainty ankle up to dainty knee,
Till all that childlike pleasure left her face,
And, “ Ah,” she cried, “ enough, enough, my love !
Enough ! Manoli, master, stop the work !
Stop it ; your sport grows deadly. Hear my cry !
Oh ! hear your little one—your pet—your wife !
By that first kiss you gave me when we sat
Among the violets by the mossy tree,
And by the timid kiss that answered yours,
Hear, hear, Manoli—husband—master—hear ! ”

Manoli heard. But they went building on,
And the wall rose from ankle fair to knee
Yet fairer ; and from knee to fairest waist,
Up to her roseate breast—Love's proper home.
Then fear came o'er her, and she cried again :
“ Manoli ! O Manoli—husband—friend !
Enough, enough ! Cease, cease, your building, love !—
You frighten me, more timid now than wont,
Oh ! think of the sweet babe that shall be born—
My child and thine ! Oh ! think of his meek smile,
And of his twining fingers catching yours,
His father—O my lord ! Manoli ! cease,
Cease ere you kill the child ; the walls close round
My little one, thy child, thy child and mine ! ”

He heard her, but he still went building on,
And the wall rose from ankle fair to knee
Yet fairer, from fair knee to fairest waist,
From fairest waist to breast more fair than all,
Love's proper home, till o'er her pleading eyes,
And lovely, lifted, hands, the marble bower

Rose, covering all her beauty from the day,
While thus her loving voice came mixed with tears,—
“ Now, now the walls close round. I die, I die.
My lord, farewell ! I kiss thee ere I die ;
Forgive me if with deed, or thought of mine
Not knowing it, I have offended thee.
Manoli ! master ! now the darkness comes ;
I feel for thy dear hand amid the gloom,
My lord, my love, my master, give it me,
Oh ! give it me, Manoli, ere I die,
Oh ! give it, give it !” Thus she wailed and praye^l,
Till all that love and sorrow from the world
Had passed for ever, and amid the fear
And gloom of the great shadow men call Death,
She slept as those who sleep in Paradise.

But they went building on, and stone on stone
Was reared, and the great fabric touched the sky,
As days clasped hand with days. Supreme it stood,
Majestic, massive, silent, beautiful !
And men came there, and wondered while they gazed,
And thronged around the masters, as they told
Of the true, noble life that passed away,
To round their labour to full-sphered success :—
For always the great conquest of the world
Is won with blood. 'Twas so in elder years,
The splendid yesterdays our fathers knew :
'Tis so in these pale faded years of ours ;
And when these busy hands and brains are still,
And mightier builders work with lordlier aims,
The same old doom will reign, and men will die,
To crown their age with beauty, and to bring
Imperial days while *they* go building on.

W. M. W. CALL.

The State Trials.

CRIMINAL trials are always interesting, but there is no country in the world in which they either excite or deserve so much interest as our own, for there is none in which they have played so conspicuous and important a part in history. It is no doubt a consequence of this that no country possesses such accurate reports of the most important of the trials which have occurred in it. The collection known as the *State Trials*, which fills thirty-two octavo volumes, closely printed in double columns, is one of the most extensive, far the most entertaining, nearly the most instructive, and much the most authentic historical collection that exists in the English language. It combines the liveliness of plays and novels, with the variety of a newspaper, and all the authenticity which can be attached to scrupulously accurate reports of sworn testimony and to the literal reproduction of legal documents. Should any one be unfortunate enough to be shut up alone with a law library, they would form nearly the only solace of his confinement, and many a lawyer owes to it relaxation in the intervals of study, and consolation in the intervals of business.

The collection begins from the reign of Henry I., but it becomes copious and authentic when it reaches the middle of the sixteenth century, the first report which resembles that of modern shorthand writers being that of the case of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton in 1554. Nearly the last lines of the collection set forth with grim calmness how, "On Monday, May 1st, 1820, Arthur Thistlewood, William Davidson, James Ings, John Thomas Brunt, and Richard Tidd were brought out to a platform, erected in front of the debtor's door, Newgate, where they were hanged until they were dead and their heads were severed from their bodies; his Majesty being graciously pleased to remit that part of the sentence which directed that their bodies should be divided into four quarters, and to direct that the bodies and heads should be forthwith privately buried." It is greatly to be wished that the collection could be continued to the present time. No one can doubt the legal and constitutional importance of such a publication. The object of the present article is to illustrate, by reference to the cases already published, the great general interest which would attach to it.

Few of the earlier State Trials are of much interest in themselves, though they are in many cases of great historical importance. Here and there, however, a report occurs which calls up with strange distinctness the features of a past age. The trial of Throckmorton is a good instance of this. The charge against him was that he had been concerned in Wyatt's insurrection, and had sent a messenger (Winter) to him in Kent, and conspired to take the Tower of London. The management of the

case was altogether unlike what we are at present accustomed to, and the report shows how much the view of criminal justice then current differed from that which prevails in the present day. There appears to have been no such distribution of parts (as it may be called) as prevails in modern trials. The counsel for the Crown did not open the case, and call their witnesses to support it, nor did the judge sum up. The form which the trial assumed was that of a constant wrangle between the prisoner and the counsel for the Crown, not altogether dissimilar either in spirit or in manner to the discussions which take place in the present day in French courts between the president and the prisoner. In the present day we avoid, almost prudishly, the practice of questioning the prisoner, even when it would be for his advantage that he should be questioned, but this is a habit of very modern date. Throckmorton was directly and emphatically called upon for an explanation of every item of the evidence brought against him. Much is to be said on the propriety of our present practice. The evidence afforded by the *State Trials* is certainly not in favour of it. Notwithstanding the denunciations which have been so often lavished upon the trials under the Tudors, any fair reader of Throckmorton's case must admit that in that instance, at least, the truth was fully brought to light, and that by perfectly fair means. The liveliness of the discussion between the prisoner and his questioners puts in a more forcible light than almost any other document of the time the substantial similarity of the ordinary pursuits of life at different periods. Putting aside a little quaintness in the phraseology, every incident mentioned, and every feeling expressed, might have belonged to our own time quite as well as to the sixteenth century.

Most of the trials reported in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. belong to the general and well-known history of the country, and the same is true of most of those which occur in the time of Charles I., though two or three record scandals which certainly illustrate private life; but the subjects to which they relate are not such as could properly be referred to on the present occasion.

One singular exception occurs in the 4th of Charles I. (A.D. 1629), which deserves notice both on account of its curiosity, and also because it is nearly the first instance in which there is anything like a report of circumstantial evidence. This is the case* of the murder of Jane Norkott, for which her mother, her brother-in-law, and her sister were tried and acquitted at Hertford assizes, and were afterwards tried on an appeal of murder in the King's Bench at Westminster. The evidence against the prisoners was, that they were in the house alone with the murdered woman all night, and that no one else came in; and that the state of the body (the neck was broken and the throat cut), and other circumstances, showed that she could not have killed herself. Hence it was argued they

* 11 S. T. 1324. This case is reported from the MS. notes of Sergeant Maynard, who lived to extreme old age, and died about the beginning of the eighteenth century. He must have been a very young man when the trial occurred.

must have killed her. In the present day such evidence would be held to establish no more than an alternative case, that is, to prove that, as in the famous instance of the Road murder, some one of several persons was guilty. What the result of the trial then was does not appear. The most singular point about it was the evidence given by two clergymen—brothers, and ministers of the parish in which the murder happened and of the one next adjoining it. Sergeant Maynard says that he heard their evidence, took it down at the time, and would be ready to swear to the accuracy of his report. The first clergyman "was a very reverend person, as I guessed, of about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration" (*i. e. wonder*) "of the auditory. He said: 'The body, being taken up out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants being present, were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife' (the sister) 'fell upon her knees and prayed God to show tokens of her innocence. The appellant' (the woman's child) 'did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew, or gentle sweat, arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass.' " The witness added, that "he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood." The other clergyman confirmed this account in every particular. One of the odd parts of the story is that, assuming the truth of the evidence, it is impossible to make out whether it proves that a miracle was worked in answer to Mrs. Okeman's prayer; or that the bleeding of the body showed (according to the common superstition) the presence of the murderer, and, if so, which of the three defendants it pointed at. There is something grotesque in the production of an ambiguous miracle for the purpose of clearing up ambiguous evidence.

During, and after the Civil War, the practice of reporting trials at length appears to have become much more common than it had previously been. A pretty full collection still remains of the principal trials of those remarkable times, most of which are amongst the commonplaces of our history. The case of ship-money, the impeachment of Lord Strafford, the trial of Charles I., the trials for the Popish plot, the trials for Monmouth's insurrection on the Western Circuit, and the trial of the seven Bishops, are familiar to those who have even the most popular acquaintance with English history. Their historical importance, and the strong political bias with which every reader regards them, according to his own political opinions, frequently, perhaps generally, conceal the fact that they were, for the most part, real judicial proceedings, and that those who were the principal actors in them viewed them as much in a professional as in

a political spirit, if not more. On reading the full reports contained in the *State Trials*, this side of the matter is brought conspicuously forward, and we thus get a much better notion of the men who were concerned in these memorable acts, than is to be had from mere political histories. Men are never so much themselves as when they are actively engaged in the practice of their professions ; for, of all the influences by which character is moulded, the influence of a profession is the widest and the most searching.

The reports of the trials of the regicides throw a new and unexpected light on their personal character. Under the influence of modern picturesque writers, we look, for the most part, on the men who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. as a set of iron enthusiasts, glorying in what they did, and incapable of resorting to any defence which would admit their conduct to be criminal. This impression is confirmed as to some of them by the reports of their trials, but not as to the majority. General Harrison behaved with the most unflinching audacity, avowing and justifying all that he had done. Scroop and Carew also behaved with great courage; but Cook, who had acted as counsel against the king, resorted to every sort of quibble in his defence, and went so far as to say, “I acted as a counsellor in my own particular for my fee; it was *avaritia*, but not *malitia*, not *falso*, nor *malitiose*, nor *proditorie*.” Hugh Peters, who had preached fanatically violent sermons against the king, equivocated, begged for mercy, and quibbled about unimportant details in a very pitiful manner. Axtell also, who commanded the guard during the trial, and, according to the direct testimony of several eye-witnesses, forced his soldiers, by beating them with his cane, to cry out for justice and afterwards for execution, denied that he had done so, and declared that he struck them to keep them quiet, saying, “I will justice, I will execution you.” The differences in the behaviour of these men are evidence that it was only in a few instances that the enthusiasm of the times carried those whom it affected out of the ordinary range of character and feeling. Several of the actors in this the most memorable incident in our history seem to have taken a thoroughly commonplace view of it, and Cook in particular argued the whole subject as if he had been arguing on any ordinary point of law. The readiness with which the counsel on the other side, and the judges on the bench, struck into the same view, are highly characteristic.

It is remarkable that hardly any of the prisoners failed to show the most perfect courage at their execution, where all of them avowed and justified their conduct. No doubt the trial was a far harder test of courage than the execution, where nothing that they might say would make any difference. At a trial there is more at stake than at an execution, and there is less opportunity for acting.

Almost every one of the celebrated causes just referred to would afford matter for curious observation. It will be sufficient in this place to notice one or two. Of all the historical personages of the seventeenth century, none has acquired so permanent and horrible a reputation as

Jeffreys, and there is no character on which the *State Trials* throw more light. To most persons he is a mere monster, stained with every possible form of infamy, and actuated in all his conduct by none but the most wretched personal motives. The reports of his proceedings contained in the *State Trials* do not materially alter this view of his character. Probably he was, upon the whole, the worst man whose actions form part of the history of England; but, bad as he was, he was a man, and not a mere monster. With the exception of a certain indecency of language and demeanour, which were collateral to his chief offences, he did little more than any thoroughly unscrupulous lawyer might do in the present day; indeed, any one who has had the honour of knowing the sort of barrister who is regarded by the respectable part of his profession as a black sheep, and is known to the public as a brazen-faced bully, whose trade it is to badger witnesses, to insult judges, and to bluster and rant before juries, will have no sort of difficulty in forming a clear conception of Judge Jeffreys. In the worst scenes he always conducted himself with plausibility, and had more or less of an excuse for what he said and did.

The famous case of Lady Lisle, known to every reader of Lord Macaulay's History, supplies a good illustration of this. She was tried for harbouring rebels after the battle of Sedgemoor, and the main question was, whether she knew the persons whom she entertained to be rebels. The only witness upon this point was one Dunne, who had guided the persons in question to her house. He was of course a most unwilling witness, and the counsel for the Crown asked the judge "to examine him a little the more strictly." The scene which followed is well known. Lord Macaulay's genius has made all his innumerable readers familiar with the furious execrations of Jeffreys, the terror of Dunne, the reluctance of the jury to convict, and the violence by which they were forced to do so.

There is, however, another side of the question, which is not so well known. It was not merely by cursing, swearing, and ranting that Jeffreys obtained his object. According to the practice of the times, it was beyond all doubt his duty to examine Dunne, and no one accustomed to the examination of witnesses can read the report of Dunne's evidence without seeing, that apart from the swearing and raging, the examination of Dunne was most skilful, and extorted the truth from him notwithstanding a long series of prevarications and falsehoods. It is quite true that Jeffreys behaved, at times, like a wild beast, but it is also true that Dunne was a most artful liar, and that he gave the greatest possible provocation. In order to screen the prisoner he wilfully suppressed the very evidence which he was called to give, and Jeffreys screwed the truth out of him, with infinite brutality no doubt, but still with consummate ability.

In our own times, if such work had to be done at all, it would be done, not by the judge, but by the counsel; nor would the jury be asked

to convict upon the unconfirmed evidence of a man who was obviously perjured ; but the whole course of proceeding in the seventeenth century was different, and if Jeffreys had done in a dignified way what he did with frantic declamations and profane oaths,* he would have done his duty and done it well.

There are one or two instances in the *State Trials* in which Jeffreys appears to have behaved harmlessly, and even creditably. When Recorder of London, he tried a man named Giles, for an attempt to murder, reasonably enough.†

The name of Jeffreys suggests, by way of contrast, that of Lord Hale. Considering the immense reputation which he acquired, it is strange that the *State Trials* should contain so few memorials of him as they do. There are only two reports of trials in which he presided. Each of them is remarkable in its way. The first is the case of the Suffolk witches, who were tried at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1665. The case is not well reported; but the report, such as it is, does little credit to Lord Hale, even when regard is had to the opinions prevalent in his time. Two women were accused of bewitching, at Lowestoft, certain children who used to have fits, in which they declared that they saw the alleged witches, and that they were tormenting them. The reporter says upon this: "Mr. Sergeant Keeling seemed much unsatisfied with it, and thought it not sufficient to convict the prisoners; for admitting the children were in truth bewitched, yet, said he, it can never be applied to the prisoners upon the imagination only of the parties afflicted; for if that might be allowed, no person whatsoever can be in safety, for perhaps they might fancy another person who might altogether be innocent in such matters." This view of the case seems to have been far too reasonable for Lord Hale, though he had further grounds for caution. "Lord Cornwallis, Sir Edmund Bacon, Mr. Sergeant Keeling, and some other gentlemen there in court" were desired by the judge to try by experiment whether the children really could tell, when their eyes were blinded, whether the witches touched them. They returned from their experiments, openly protesting that "they did believe the whole transaction of this business was a mere imposture." The judge, however, had the timidity to abstain from summing up. "In giving his direction to the jury, he told them that he would not repeat the evidence unto them, lest by so doing he should wrong the evidence on the one side or on the other." The women were convicted and hanged. Chief Justice North's conduct, on a similar occasion, as related by his brother, favourably contrasts with

* e. g.—"I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carriage of this fellow, and also that you cannot but observe the spirit of that sort of people" (viz. the Presbyterians), "what a villainous and devilish one it is." "Jesus God, was ever such a fellow in the world as thou art!" "Good God! was there ever such an impudent rascal!" Nothing can excuse this; but Dunne certainly did lie, and concealed the truth most obstinately.—10 *S. T.*, 345-6.

† 7 *S. T.*, 1130.

this. Without offending the prejudices of the jury, or appearing to discredit the notion of witchcraft in general, he dwelt upon the improbabilities of the particular story in such a way as to procure the acquittal of the prisoner; but a shade of pedantry and superstition mixed with Lord Hale's eminent qualities, and inclined him to take a certain degree of pleasure in treating an accusation of witchcraft with the same respect as he would have shown for any other accusation.

The only other case in which Lord Hale's name appears in the *State Trials* is that of a man named Hawkins*—a clergyman who was tried for theft at Aylesbury. The case is interesting, because it is a good specimen of the manner in which, in those days, criminal justice was administered in ordinary cases. Celebrated trials, which are of great historical importance, throw far less light upon the common course of things than those which are of a common everyday character. In Hawkins's case the evidence was exactly such as might be heard in the present day in any assize court, and brings before the mind, with strange distinctness, a variety of petty incidents in everyday life two hundred years ago. The person accused succeeded in establishing his innocence beyond a doubt, and showing that he had been made the victim of a gross conspiracy. The judge does not appear to have done much to help him towards this, though the prosecutor's evidence contained several gross improbabilities, which, in our own days, would have speedily been made to destroy his credit.

The trials subsequent to the Revolution of 1688 are numerous and exceedingly interesting. Many of them are well known on account of the constitutional principles which were debated in them; as, for example, the series of trials for libel which ended in the Act of Parliament by virtue of which the jury, and not the judge, decide whether or not a writing is to be treated as a libel; the cases which decided the illegality of general warrants; the trial of Hardy and others for high treason, and the numerous prosecutions for seditious words and libels on the Government, which were occasioned by the alarm excited by the French revolution. It is a curious proof of the rate at which we live, that such prosecutions as these should have become so completely obsolete. They were carried to strange lengths. Perhaps the most absurd of the whole number was the prosecution of Mr. Reeves,†—the author of a well-known history of English Law—for a high Tory pamphlet, in which he asserted that, "with the exception of the advice and consent of the two Houses of Parliament, and the interposition of juries, the Government, and the administration of it, may be said to rest wholly and solely on the king and those appointed by him." This, and other matter of the same kind, was called a libel on the Constitution, and was prosecuted in pursuance of a resolution of the House of Commons. Mr. Reeves was, however, acquitted, though the jury described his pamphlet in their verdict as "a very improper publication." It

* 6 S. T., 921-952.

† 26 S. T., 529.

required great discretion in those days to discuss public affairs at all; for whilst Mr. Reeves narrowly escaped punishment for saying a little too much in favour of the prerogative of the Crown, an unlucky preacher, named Winterbotham,* was fined 100*l.*, and imprisoned for two years, for saying, "I highly approve of the revolution in France, and I do not doubt but that it has opened the eyes of the people of England;" for speaking of the "oppressive laws and taxes," and denying that the sinking fund reduced the national debt, and some other expressions of the same sort.

Besides political trials, a great number of cases occurred in the course of the last century which excited the greatest possible attention, and which preserve many strikingly vivid pictures of habits which have now become obsolete. The career of Lord Mohun is a striking instance of this. He would appear to have been one of the most reckless and violent of the Mohawks, whose doings are described in the *Spectator*. He was twice tried for murder by the House of Lords: in 1692† for the murder of an actor named Mountford, and in 1699‡ for the murder of a Mr. Corte. In the first case he agreed to assist his friend Captain Hill in carrying off, by force, the celebrated actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle. In this they were prevented, and Hill, who suspected Mountford of being her lover, waited for him with his companion, Lord Mohun, in the open street, with their swords drawn, for nearly two hours. When he arrived, Hill ran him through the body, Mohun standing by. It was not clearly proved that Mohun intended to assist Hill in anything further than in the abduction, and there was contradictory evidence about the details of the fray. He was accordingly acquitted by a considerable majority. The other case, which happened in 1699, arose out of a quarrel at a tavern, ending in a strange midnight duel, in which, besides Lord Mohun, Lord Warwick (Addison's stepson), and four other persons, were engaged. There was no clear evidence in this case as to the way in which the act was done, and for the second time Mohun was acquitted. Some years afterwards, he was killed in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton, who also lost his life on the occasion, being stabbed, it was said treacherously, after the fight was over. There is always something strange in reading the minute details of incidents long since past; and those who are familiar with our own courts will have these old scenes vividly called before them by a thousand little touches. For example, it is very odd to find that one hundred and seventy years ago there was just the same difficulty in making witnesses speak out as there is now. In Lord Mohun's first trial, the Lord High Steward said, "I do not hear one word. That boy can speak out if he pleases. I warrant him he could make noise enough if he was in another place. Speak out, that my Lords may all hear you." There is a sort of melancholy satisfaction in the reflection that for six generations at least judges have been telling witnesses to speak out, in precisely the same words.

The lawless habits of all classes are impartially set forth in the pages

* 22 *S. T.*, 823.

† 12 *S. T.*, 949.

‡ 13 *S. T.*, 1033.

of the *State Trials*. A century ago the smugglers of the south coast were quite as fierce and as little subject to the law as Lord Mohun and his associates had been half a century before. A strange illustration of the desperate acts of vengeance which they executed on revenue officers* who ventured to interfere with them may be seen in the trials of a gang of them under a special commission at Chichester, in 1749, for the murder of Galley and Chater, two Custom-house officers. The unhappy men were taken prisoners in a lonely public-house on the Sussex downs, and were tied on to a horse, which was led by the smugglers for many miles along the coast. They were mercilessly flogged with cart whips the whole way. One of them died on the spot, and the other, after being chained up for some days in a hovel, was put to death by being hanged over a well. Six persons were executed for this crime. Such offences hardly seem to belong to our own country, but instances of still greater barbarism occur in later times. One of the last volumes of the collection contains the reports of the trials of the Caravats and Shanavests, two parties who appear to have carried on a sort of private war by means of reciprocal murders and robberies in the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny, in 1810.†

The darker incidents of the *State Trials* are sometimes relieved by cases which excited intense interest, though they did not involve crimes of the same atrocity as those mentioned above. One of the most remarkable of these is the extraordinary case of Annesley *v.* Anglesea, which was an action of ejectment brought by a young man of thirty against his uncle, who claimed the title and enjoyed the estates of his deceased brother, Lord Altham. The claimant's case was that he was the true heir, being the legitimate son of the last Lord Altham. He had, according to his account, been brought up away from his home and grossly neglected, on account of quarrels between his father and mother. When his father died his uncle, who professed to consider him as the illegitimate son of his father's mistress, contrived to get him kidnapped and sent to America, where he was sold as a slave. He went through a variety of romantic adventures, and at last, after many years, got back to England, intending to assert his rights. In England he had the misfortune to kill a man, accidentally, near Staines, upon which his uncle, who had heard of his arrival, spent large sums in prosecuting him for murder, and used every means in his power to get him convicted and executed. He was, however, acquitted, went over to Ireland, and after a trial which lasted for several days, and excited the greatest attention, succeeded in establishing his rights. Probably no real incident ever resembled fiction more closely, and the poetical justice of the story was complete, for one of the most cogent parts of the evidence against the wicked uncle was the zeal which he had shown in the prosecution of his nephew. This is one of the standard illustrations of the maxim, "Omnia præsumuntur contra spolia-

* 18 *S. T.*, 1069.

† 31 *S. T.*, 413, &c.

torem." The construction most unfavourable to himself is to be put on the acts of a wrong-doer.*

A case which may be classed with this on account of the interest which it excited by its mere curiosity, was that of Betsy Canning.† She was a girl of about twenty, who disappeared one day from her home, and was missing for a considerable time. After about a month she returned, asserting that she had been carried off by certain gipsies, and imprisoned in a house at Enfield Wash, whence she had at last contrived to make her escape and return home. One of the persons whom she mentioned was arrested, tried for stealing her clothes—which was then a capital offence—and sentenced to be hung. Great doubts, however, being entertained as to Canning's story, she was indicted for perjury; a number of witnesses were called, who traced the gipsies' movements from Abbotsbury to Dorsetshire at the time when, according to Canning, they were kidnapping her in the neighbourhood of London. She was convicted and sentenced to transportation. The case excited incredible interest, and produced parties of Canningites and anti-Canningites, who denied or asserted her innocence. It is interesting in the present day, as it gives a sort of Dutch picture of many scenes in common life a century ago—the witnesses called to prove the innocence of the gipsies having had occasion to describe all the little incidents by which they recollect the fact that they passed through particular places, such as a dance at a public-house, lending a horse to cross a flooded river, &c.

One of the most interesting pieces of knowledge to be derived from the *State Trials* is a knowledge of the different manners in which trials were conducted at different periods of our history. The mode of trying prisoners with which we are familiar in the present day is the result of a vast quantity of experience, and is in reality a most refined and elaborate process, though it may not at first sight appear to be so. In the earliest cases which are fully reported, the general character of the proceedings appears to have been by no means unlike the present French system. The prisoner was questioned by the court upon every item of the evidence as it was produced, and had to make a distinct defence to every part of it. Throckmorton's case, as already observed, is a perfect illustration of this; so also is the case of a man named Udale, who was tried in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for being the author of the books of *Martin Marprelate*. At a later period, the practice of direct interrogation of the prisoner became less common, though it still continued. There are constant instances of the practice all through the seventeenth century; for example, in the trials of Twin,‡ for printing treasonable books, in 1663; of Colonel Turner, § for burglary; of Count Coningsmark,||

* See *Annesley v. Anglesea*, 17 *S. T.*, 1139; and *R. v. Annesley and Redding*, 17 *S. T.*, 1093.

† 19 *S. T.*, 283.

‡ 6 *S. T.*, 560.

§ 6 *S. T.*, 515.

|| 9 *S. T.*

for the murder of Mr. Thynne ; and of Harrison,* for the murder of Dr. Clench ; and throughout all this time the judges took a much more conspicuous and personal part in the proceedings than would be considered proper at present, though it is remarkable that the summing up appears to have been less important and to have been more nearly confined to a mere repetition of the evidence than is now the case. The rules of evidence were exceedingly loose ; not only was hearsay evidence admitted to almost any extent, but evidence of the previous bad character of the prisoner was put in to prejudice the jury against him. For example, in the case of Hawkins, the clergyman tried before Lord Hale, evidence was given to show that he had committed other thefts besides the one for which he was on trial.

The informality of the proceedings was, no doubt, due, in a considerable degree, to the rigour with which persons accused were denied the benefit of counsel : unless they could manage to raise a point of law which the court thought it worth while to have argued, they were deprived of all legal assistance. This rule was first relaxed in the case of high treason, in which, by an Act passed in the reign of William III., persons accused were allowed to make their defence by counsel. Afterwards a practice was introduced—it does not appear how or when—of allowing prisoners to have counsel for the purpose of examining their witnesses and cross-examining the witnesses for the Crown. It is one of the most curious circumstances in the history of English legal proceedings, that there is nothing to show how that change came about, or by what authority it was introduced. Up to a certain period, the practice was rigorously prohibited. Even in the extreme case of all, the case where the defence was insanity, the prisoner was obliged to examine his own witnesses in order to prove his own madness. This course was taken in the case of Arnold, who shot at Lord Onslow, and in that of Lord Ferrers. Suddenly, however, without any particular reason, the practice changed. In the second half of the eighteenth century the witnesses for the Crown were always examined by the prisoner's counsel. Early instances of this are the trials of Barnard, in 1758, for sending a threatening letter to the Duke of Marlborough;† and of Mary Blandy, for the murder of her father, at Oxford, in 1752.‡ Both of these cases preceded the trial of Lord Ferrers, which occurred in 1760.

When this practice was established, the counsel for the defence used it as a means of evading the rule which prevented them from addressing the jury. They would throw observations intended for the jury into the form of questions to the witnesses. Thus in Barnard's case the following question was asked :—“ *Q.* It has been said, he went away with a smile. Pray, my lord duke, might not that smile express the consciousness of innocence as well as anything else? *A.* I leave that to the Great Judge.” This practice continued till our own times, and was the cause

* 12 *S. T.*, 833.

† 19 *S. T.*, 815.

‡ 18 *S. T.*, 1117.

of much useless waste of time and of irritating discussions between the bench and the bar. It was not till the year 1836 that counsel were allowed to address the jury for the prisoner in cases of felony. They used, however, sometimes to write defences which were read by their clients, or by the officers of the court for them. Whilst the mouths of the counsel for the prisoner were shut, a great deal of unnecessary speaking was allowed on the other side. It seems at one time to have been usual for each of the counsel for the Crown to make a speech, and an extraordinary number of them were employed. In Miss Blandy's trial there were five counsel for the Crown and three for the prisoner. Two out of the five made speeches, before the witnesses were called, in a style which is quite unknown at present. "Who ever beheld the ghastly corpse of the murdered innocent writhing in its blood, and did not feel his own blood run slow and cold through all his veins?" asked Mr. Bathurst. Sergeant Hayward was even more flowery. "Innocence, celestial virgin, always has her guard about her; she dares look the frowns, the resentments, and the persecutions of the world in the face; *is able to stand the test of the strictest inquiry*," &c.

The examination of witnesses, which is now conducted with the greatest care, and forms an art in itself, is also modern. It is a very difficult matter to get a man's story out of him, clearly and consecutively, without asking questions which suggest the answers, and without going into matters which the various rules of evidence exclude. In former times no attempt was made to do so. The witness told his own story. The only question put to him was—"Give an account to my lord and the jury of what you know of the matter," and thereupon he was allowed to say what he had to say in his own way, and with all sorts of collateral remarks which in the present day would be excluded. It was in the latter part of the last century that the change was made. The present practice is peculiar to this country, and is the best of all illustrations of the excessive closeness of the logic which is characteristic of almost all our judicial proceedings.

One remarkable difference between ancient and modern trials is the extreme length and elaboration which they have reached in our days. It is a matter of everyday occurrence at present for a trial of any importance to last for more than a day. In some cases they have lasted for much more. Palmer's trial occupied twelve days, and Smethurst's four or five. This is altogether a novelty. In the trial of Hardy, for treason, in 1794, after the court had sat from eight A.M. till past midnight, there was a solemn debate, whether or not they could legally adjourn till the following morning, and it was said that, except in the case of Betsy Canning (which was a trial for misdemeanor), such a thing had never been done. The court, however, took the responsibility; but to show their sense of the solemnity of such a measure, they sat for sixteen hours a day for upwards of a week. How the jury, the judges, or the counsel managed, under such circumstances, to understand or remember what

passed, is a wonder—perhaps they forgot most of it; and as the better part of the evidence was mere rubbish, it did not much matter if they did. The feats of strength recorded in the *State Trials* are wonderful in their way. At Despard's trial, for high treason, Lord Ellenborough sat for twenty hours: but the most extraordinary performance recorded in the whole collection was that of an unhappy Scotch jury, who appear to have sat for forty-nine hours, and to have been then locked up over the Sunday to consider their verdict. This happened in the case of James Stewart, who was tried at Inverary in 1752, for the murder of Colin Campbell, of Glenure. This case was a very memorable and most scandalous one. The judge who presided was the Duke of Argyll, Lord Justice General, whose office in general was purely titular, and who exercised it in this instance because he was the head of the clan to which the murdered man belonged; and of the fifteen jurymen no less than eleven were Campbells.*

One great cause of the length of modern trials, and of the shortness of modern sittings, which seldom last much above nine hours at a time, is the extreme care with which circumstances are sifted. A modern trial, if the facts are complicated, is like a piece of cabinet-work. All the different little facts are carefully put together in their proper places, and proved by the appropriate evidence; and if scientific questions arise (as often happens), a law-court becomes a sort of lecture-room. This system, no doubt, has its inconveniences, but it affords, on the whole, the most perfect system of administering justice which has yet been devised in any part of the world.

* 19 *S. T.*, 1,

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER I.

THE SQUIRE OF ALLINGTON.



Of course there was a Great House at Allington. How otherwise should there have been a Small House? Our story will, as its name imports, have its closest relations with those who lived in the less dignified domicile of the two; but it will have close relations also with the more dignified, and it may be well that I should, in the first instance, say a few words as to the Great House and its owner.

The squires of Allington had been squires of Allington since squires, such as squires are now, were first known in England. From father to son, and from uncle to nephew, and, in

one instance, from second cousin to second cousin, the sceptre had descended in the family of the Dales; and the acres had remained intact growing in value, and not decreasing in number, though guarded by no entail and protected by no wonderful amount of prudence or wisdom. The estate of Dale of Allington had been coterminous with the parish of Allington for some hundreds of years; and though, as I have said, the race of squires had possessed nothing of superhuman discretion, and had perhaps been guided in their walks through life by no very distinct principles, still there had been with them so much of adherence to a sacred law, that no acre of the property had ever been parted from the hands of the existing squire. Some futile attempts had been made to increase the territory, as indeed had been done by Kit Dale, the father of Christopher Dale who will appear as our



Please Ma'am, can we have the Peas to shell ?



squire of Allington when the persons of our drama are introduced. Old Kit Dale, who had married money, had bought outlying farms,—a bit of ground here and a bit there,—talking, as he did so, much of political influence and of the good old Tory cause. But these farms and bits of ground had gone again before our time. To them had been attached no religion. When old Kit had found himself pressed in that matter of the majority of the Nineteenth Dragoons, in which crack regiment his second son made for himself quite a career, he found it easier to sell than to save—seeing that that which he sold was his own and not the patrimony of the Dales. At his death the remainder of these purchases had gone. Family arrangements required completion, and Christopher Dale required ready money. The outlying farms flew away, as such new purchases had flown before; but the old patrimony of the Dales remained untouched, as it had ever remained.

It had been a religion among them; and seeing that the worship had been carried on without fail, that the vestal fire had never gone down upon the hearth, I should not have said that the Dales had walked their ways without high principle. To this religion they had all adhered, and the new heir had even entered in upon his domain without other encumbrances than those with which he himself was then already burdened. And yet there had been no entail. The idea of an entail was not in accordance with the peculiarities of the Dale mind. It was necessary to the Dale religion that each squire should have the power of wasting the acres of Allington,—and that he should abstain from wasting them. I remember to have dined at a house, the whole glory and fortune of which depended on the safety of a glass goblet. We all know the story. If the luck of Edenhall should be shattered the doom of the family would be sealed. Nevertheless I was bidden to drink out of the fatal glass, as were all guests in that house. It would not have contented the chivalrous mind of the master to protect his doom by lock and key and padded chest. And so it was with the Dales of Allington. To them an entail would have been a lock and key and a padded chest; but the old chivalry of their house denied to them the use of such protection.

I have spoken something slightly of the acquirements and doings of the family; and indeed their acquirements had been few and their doings little. At Allington, Dale of Allington had always been known as a king. At Guestwick, the neighbouring market town, he was a great man—to be seen frequently on Saturdays, standing in the market-place, and laying down the law as to barley and oxen among men who knew usually more about barley and oxen than did he. At Hamersham, the assize town, he was generally in some repute, being a constant grand juror for the county, and a man who paid his way. But even at Hamersham the glory of the Dales had, at most periods, begun to pale, for they had seldom been widely conspicuous in the county, and had earned no great reputation by their knowledge of jurisprudence in the grand jury room. Beyond Hamersham their fame had not spread itself.

They had been men generally built in the same mould, inheriting each from his father the same virtues and the same vices,—men who would have lived, each, as his father had lived before him, had not the new ways of the world gradually drawn away with them, by an invisible magnetism, the upcoming Dale of the day,—not indeed in any case so moving him as to bring him up to the spirit of the age in which he lived, but dragging him forward to a line in advance of that on which his father had trodden. They had been obstinate men; believing much in themselves; just according to their ideas of justice; hard to their tenants—but not known to be hard even by the tenants themselves, for the rules followed had ever been the rules on the Allington estate; imperious to their wives and children, but imperious within bounds, so that no Mrs. Dale had fled from her lord's roof, and no loud scandals had existed between father and sons; exacting in their ideas as to money, expecting that they were to receive much and to give little, and yet not thought to be mean, for they paid their way, and gave money in parish charity and in county charity. They had ever been steady supporters of the Church, graciously receiving into their parish such new vicars as, from time to time, were sent to them from King's College, Cambridge, to which establishment the gift of the living belonged;—but, nevertheless, the Dales had ever carried on some unpronounced warfare against the clergyman, so that the intercourse between the lay family and the clerical had seldom been in all respects pleasant.

Such had been the Dales of Allington, time out of mind, and such in all respects would have been the Christopher Dale of our time, had he not suffered two accidents in his youth. He had fallen in love with a lady who obstinately refused his hand, and on her account he had remained single; that was his first accident. The second had fallen upon him with reference to his father's assumed wealth. He had supposed himself to be richer than other Dales of Allington when coming in upon his property, and had consequently entertained an idea of sitting in Parliament for his county. In order that he might attain this honour he had allowed himself to be talked by the men of Hamersham and Guestwick out of his old family politics, and had declared himself a liberal. He had never gone to the poll, and, indeed, had never actually stood for the seat. But he had come forward as a liberal politician, and had failed; and, although it was well known to all around that Christopher Dale was in heart as thoroughly conservative as any of his forefathers, this accident had made him sour and silent on the subject of politics, and had somewhat estranged him from his brother squires.

In other respects our Christopher Dale was, if anything, superior to the average of the family. Those whom he did love he loved dearly. Those whom he hated he did not ill-use beyond the limits of justice. He was close in small matters of money, and yet in certain family arrangements he was, as we shall see, capable of much liberality. He endeavoured to do his duty in accordance with his lights, and had succeeded in

weaning himself from personal indulgences, to which during the early days of his high hopes he had become accustomed. And in that matter of his unrequited love he had been true throughout. In his hard, dry, unpleasant way he had loved the woman ; and when at last he learned to know that she would not have his love he had been unable to transfer his heart to another. This had happened just at the period of his father's death, and he had endeavoured to console himself with politics, with what fate we have already seen. A constant, upright, and by no means insincere man was our Christopher Dale,—thin and meagre in his mental attributes, by no means even understanding the fulness of a full man, with power of eye-sight very limited in seeing aught which was above him, but yet worthy of regard in that he had realized a path of duty and did endeavour to walk therein. And, moreover, our Mr. Christopher Dale was a gentleman.

Such in character was the squire of Allington, the only regular inhabitant of the Great House. In person, he was a plain, dry man, with short grizzled hair and thick grizzled eyebrows. Of beard, he had very little, carrying the smallest possible gray whiskers, which hardly fell below the points of his ears. His eyes were sharp and expressive, and his nose was straight and well formed,—as was also his chin. But the nobility of his face was destroyed by a mean mouth with thin lips ; and his forehead, which was high and narrow, though it forbade you to take Mr. Dale for a fool, forbade you also to take him for a man of great parts, or of a wide capacity. In height, he was about five feet ten ; and at the time of our story was as near to seventy as he was to sixty. But years had treated him very lightly, and he bore few signs of age. Such in person was Christopher Dale, Esq., the squire of Allington, and owner of some three thousand a year, all of which proceeded from the lands of that parish.

And now I will speak of the Great House of Allington. After all, it was not very great ; nor was it surrounded by much of that exquisite nobility of park appurtenance which graces the habitations of most of our old landed proprietors. But the house itself was very graceful. It had been built in the days of the early Stuarts, in that style of architecture to which we give the name of the Tudors. On its front it showed three pointed roofs, or gables, as I believe they should be called ; and between each gable a thin tall chimney stood, the two chimneys thus raising themselves just above the three peaks I have mentioned. I think that the beauty of the house depended much on those two chimneys ; on them, and on the mullioned windows with which the front of the house was closely filled. The door, with its jutting porch, was by no means in the centre of the house. As you entered, there was but one window on your right hand, while on your left there were three. And over these there was a line of five windows, one taking its place above the porch. We all know the beautiful old Tudor window, with its stout stone mullions and its stone transoms, crossing from side to side at a point much

nearer to the top than to the bottom. Of all windows ever invented it is the sweetest. And here, at Allington, I think their beauty was enhanced by the fact that they were not regular in their shape. Some of these windows were long windows, while some of them were high. That to the right of the door, and that at the other extremity of the house, were among the former. But the others had been put in without regard to uniformity, a long window here, and a high window there, with a general effect which could hardly have been improved. Then above, in the three gables, were three other smaller apertures. But these also were mullioned, and the entire frontage of the house was uniform in its style.

Round the house there were trim gardens, not very large, but worthy of much note in that they were so trim,—gardens with broad gravel paths, with one walk running in front of the house so broad as to be fitly called a terrace. But this, though in front of the house, was sufficiently removed from it to allow of a coach road running inside it to the front door. The Dales of Allington had always been gardeners, and their garden was perhaps more noted in the county than any other of their properties. But outside the gardens no pretensions had been made to the grandeur of a domain. The pastures round the house were but pretty fields, in which timber was abundant. There was no deer-park at Allington; and though the Allington woods were well known, they formed no portion of a whole of which the house was a part. They lay away, out of sight, a full mile from the back of the house; but not on that account of less avail for the fitting preservation of foxes.

And the house stood much too near the road for purposes of grandeur, had such purposes ever swelled the breast of any of the squires of Allington. But I fancy that our ideas of rural grandeur have altered since many of our older country seats were built. To be near the village, so as in some way to afford comfort, protection, and patronage, and perhaps also with some view to the pleasantness of neighbourhood for its own inmates, seemed to be the object of a gentleman when building his house in the old days. A solitude in the centre of a wide park is now the only site that can be recognized as eligible. No cottage must be seen, unless the cottage orné of the gardener. The village, if it cannot be abolished, must be got out of sight. The sound of the church bells is not desirable, and the road on which the profane vulgar travel by their own right must be at a distance. When some old Dale of Allington built his house, he thought differently. There stood the church and there the village, and, pleased with such vicinity, he sat himself down close to his God and to his tenants.

As you pass along the road from Guestwick into the village you see the church near to you on your left hand; but the house is hidden from the road. As you approach the church, reaching the gate of it which is not above two hundred yards from the high road, you see the full front of the Great House. Perhaps the best view of it is from the churchyard. The lane leading up to the church ends in a gate, which is the entrance

into Mr. Dale's place. There is no lodge there, and the gate generally stands open,—indeed, always does so, unless some need of cattle grazing within requires that it should be closed. But there is an inner gate, leading from the home paddock through the gardens to the house, and another inner gate, some thirty yards farther on, which will take you into the farm-yard. Perhaps it is a defect at Allington that the farm-yard is very close to the house. But the stables, and the straw-yards, and the unwashed carts, and the lazy lingering cattle of the homestead, are screened off by a row of chestnuts, which, when in its glory of flower, in the early days of May, no other row in England can surpass in beauty. Had any one told Dale of Allington—this Dale or any former Dale—that his place wanted wood, he would have pointed with mingled pride and disdain to his belt of chestnuts.

Of the church itself I will say the fewest possible number of words. It was a church such as there are, I think, thousands in England—low, incommodious, kept with difficulty in repair, too often pervious to the wet, and yet strangely picturesque, and correct too, according to great rules of architecture. It was built with a nave and aisles, visibly in the form of a cross though with its arms clipped down to the trunk, with a separate chancel, with a large square short tower, and with a bell-shaped spire, covered with lead and irregular in its proportions. Who does not know the low porch, the perpendicular Gothic window, the flat-roofed aisles, and the noble old gray tower of such a church as this? As regards its interior, it was dusty; it was blocked up with high-backed ugly pews; the gallery in which the children sat at the end of the church, and in which two ancient musicians blew their bassoons, was all awry, and looked as though it would fall; the pulpit was an ugly useless edifice, as high nearly as the roof would allow, and the reading-desk under it hardly permitted the parson to keep his head free from the dangling tassels of the cushion above him. A clerk also was there beneath him, holding a third position somewhat elevated; and upon the whole things there were not quite as I would have had them. But, nevertheless, the place looked like a church, and I can hardly say so much for all the modern edifices which have been built in my days towards the glory of God. It looked like a church, and not the less so because in walking up the passage between the pews the visitor trod upon the brass plates which dignified the resting-places of the departed Dales of old.

Below the church, and between that and the village, stood the vicarage, in such position that the small garden of the vicarage stretched from the churchyard down to the backs of the village cottages. This was a pleasant residence, newly built within the last thirty years, and creditable to the ideas of comfort entertained by the rich collegiate body from which the vicars of Allington always came. Doubtless we shall in the course of our sojourn at Allington visit the vicarage now and then, but I do not know that any further detailed account of its comforts will be necessary to us.

Passing by the lane leading to the vicarage, the church and to the house, the high road descends rapidly to a little brook which runs through the village. On the right as you descend you will have seen the "Red Lion," and will have seen no other house conspicuous in any way. At the bottom, close to the brook, is the post-office, kept surely by the crossest old woman in all those parts. Here the road passes through the water, the accommodation of a narrow wooden bridge having been afforded for those on foot. But before passing the stream, you will see a cross street, running to the left, as had run that other lane leading to the house. Here, as this cross street rises the hill, are the best houses in the village. The baker lives here, and that respectable woman, Mrs. Frummage, who sells ribbons, and toys, and soap, and straw bonnets, with many other things too long to mention. Here, too, lives an apothecary, whom the veneration of this and neighbouring parishes has raised to the dignity of a doctor. And here also, in the smallest but prettiest cottage that can be imagined, lives Mrs. Hearn, the widow of a former vicar, on terms, however, with her neighbour the squire which I regret to say are not as friendly as they should be. Beyond this lady's modest residence, Allington Street, for so the road is called, turns suddenly round towards the church, and at the point of the turn is a pretty low iron railing with a gate, and with a covered way, which leads up to the front door of the house which stands there. I will only say here, at this fag end of a chapter, that it is the Small House at Allington. Allington Street, as I have said, turns short round towards the church at this point, and there ends at a white gate, leading into the churchyard by a second entrance.

So much it was needful that I should say of Allington Great House, of the squire, and of the village. Of the Small House, I will speak separately in a further chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO PEARLS OF ALLINGTON.

"BUT Mr. Crosbie is only a mere clerk."

This sarcastic condemnation was spoken by Miss Lilian Dale to her sister Isabella, and referred to a gentleman with whom we shall have much concern in these pages. I do not say that Mr. Crosbie will be our hero, seeing that that part in the drama will be cut up, as it were, into fragments. Whatever of the magnificent may be produced will be diluted and apportioned out in very moderate quantities among two or more, probably among three or four, young gentlemen,—to none of whom will be vouchsafed the privilege of much heroic action.

"I don't know what you call a mere clerk, Lily. Mr. Fanfaron is a mere barrister, and Mr. Boyce is a mere clergyman." Mr. Boyce was the vicar of Allington, and Mr. Fanfaron was a lawyer who had made his way

over to Allington during the last assizes. "You might as well say that Lord De Guest is a mere earl."

"So he is,—only a mere earl. Had he ever done anything except have fat oxen, one wouldn't say so. You know what I mean by a mere clerk? It isn't much in a man to be in a public office, and yet Mr. Crosbie gives himself airs."

"You don't suppose that Mr. Crosbie is the same as John Eames," said Bell, who, by her tone of voice, did not seem inclined to undervalue the qualifications of Mr. Crosbie. Now John Eames was a young man from Guestwick, who had been appointed to a clerkship in the Income-tax Office, with eighty pounds a year, two years ago.

"Then Johnny Eames is a mere clerk," said Lily; "and Mr. Crosbie is—— After all, Bell, what is Mr. Crosbie, if he is not a mere clerk? Of course, he is older than John Eames; and, as he has been longer at it, I suppose he has more than eighty pounds a year."

"I am not in Mr. Crosbie's confidence. He is in the General Committee Office, I know; and, I believe, has pretty nearly the management of the whole of it. I have heard Bernard say that he has six or seven young men under him, and that——; but, of course, I don't know what he does at his office."

"I'll tell you what he is, Bell; Mr. Crosbie is a swell." And Lilian Dale was right; Mr. Crosbie was a swell.

And here I may perhaps best explain who Bernard was, and who was Mr. Crosbie. Captain Bernard Dale was an officer in the corps of Engineers, was the first cousin of the two girls who have been speaking, and was nephew and heir presumptive to the squire. His father, Colonel Dale, and his mother, Lady Fanny Dale, were still living at Torquay,—an effete, invalid, listless couple, pretty well dead to all the world beyond the region of the Torquay card-tables. He it was who had made for himself quite a career in the Nineteenth Dragoons. This he did by eloping with the penniless daughter of that impoverished earl, the Lord De Guest. After the conclusion of that event circumstances had not afforded him the opportunity of making himself conspicuous; and he had gone on declining gradually in the world's esteem,—for the world had esteemed him when he first made good his running with the Lady Fanny,—till now, in his slumped years, he and his Lady Fanny were unknown except among those Torquay Bath chairs and card-tables. His elder brother was still a hearty man, walking in thick shoes, and constant in his saddle; but the colonel, with nothing beyond his wife's title to keep his body awake, had fallen asleep somewhat prematurely among his slippers. Of him and of Lady Fanny, Bernard Dale was the only son. Daughters they had had; some were dead, some married, and one living with them among the card-tables. Of his parents Bernard had latterly not seen much; not more, that is, than duty and a due attention to the fifth commandment required of him. He also was making a career for himself, having obtained a commission in the Engineers, and being known

to all his compeers as the nephew of an earl, and as the heir to a property of three thousand a year. And when I say that Bernard Dale was not inclined to throw away any of these advantages, I by no means intend to speak in his dispraise. The advantage of being heir to a good property is so manifest,—the advantages over and beyond those which are merely fiscal,—that no man thinks of throwing them away, or expects another man to do so. Moneys in possession or in expectation do give a set to the head, and a confidence to the voice, and an assurance to the man, which will help him much in his walk in life,—if the owner of them will simply use them, and not abuse them. And for Bernard Dale I will say that he did not often talk of his uncle the earl. He was conscious that his uncle was an earl, and that other men knew the fact. He knew that he would not otherwise have been elected at the Beaufort, or at that most aristocratic of little clubs called Sebright's. When noble blood was called in question he never alluded specially to his own, but he knew how to speak as one of whom all the world was aware on which side he had been placed by the circumstances of his birth. Thus he used his advantage, and did not abuse it. And in his profession he had been equally fortunate. By industry, by a small but wakeful intelligence, and by some aid from patronage, he had got on till he had almost achieved the reputation of talent. His name had become known among scientific experimentalists, not as that of one who had himself invented a cannon or an antidote to a cannon, but as of a man understanding in cannons and well fitted to look at those invented by others; who would honestly test this or that antidote; or, if not honestly, seeing that such thin-minded men can hardly go to the proof of any matter without some pre-judgment in their minds, at any rate with such appearance of honesty that the world might be satisfied. And in this way Captain Dale was employed much at home, about London; and was not called on to build barracks in Nova Scotia, or to make roads in the Punjab.

He was a small slight man, smaller than his uncle, but in face very like him. He had the same eyes, and nose, and chin, and the same mouth; but his forehead was better,—less high and pointed, and better formed about the brows. And then he wore moustaches, which somewhat hid the thinness of his mouth. On the whole, he was not ill-looking; and, as I have said before, he carried with him an air of self-assurance and a confident balance, which in itself gives a grace to a young man.

He was staying at the present time in his uncle's house, during the delicious warmth of the summer,—for, as yet, the month of July was not all past; and his intimate friend, Adolphus Crosbie, who was or was not a mere clerk as my readers may choose to form their own opinions on that matter, was a guest in the house with him. I am inclined to say that Adolphus Crosbie was not a mere clerk; and I do not think that he would have been so called, even by Lily Dale, had he not given signs to her that he was a “swell.” Now a man in becoming a swell,—a swell of such an

order as could possibly be known to Lily Dale,—must have ceased to be a mere clerk in that very process. And, moreover, Captain Dale would not have been Damon to any Pythias, of whom it might fairly be said that he was a mere clerk. Nor could any mere clerk have got himself in either at the Beaufort or at Sebright's. The evidence against that former assertion made by Lily Dale is very strong; but then the evidence as to her latter assertion is as strong. Mr. Crosbie certainly was a swell. It is true that he was a clerk in the General Committee Office. But then, in the first place, the General Committee Office is situated in Whitehall; whereas poor John Eames was forced to travel daily from his lodgings in Burton Crescent, ever so far beyond Russell Square, to his dingy room in Somerset House. And Adolphus Crosbie, when very young, had been a private secretary, and had afterwards mounted up in his office to some quasi authority and senior-clerkship, bringing him in seven hundred a year, and giving him a status among assistant secretaries and the like, which even in an official point of view was something. But the triumphs of Adolphus Crosbie had been other than these. Not because he had been intimate with assistant secretaries, and was allowed in Whitehall a room to himself with an arm-chair, would he have been entitled to stand upon the rug at Sebright's and speak while rich men listened,—rich men, and men also who had handles to their names! Adolphus Crosbie had done more than make minutes with discretion on the papers of the General Committee Office. He had set himself down before the gates of the city of fashion, and had taken them by storm; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, he had picked the locks and let himself in. In his walks of life he was somebody in London. A man at the West End who did not know who was Adolphus Crosbie knew nothing. I do not say that he was the intimate friend of many great men; but even great men acknowledged the acquaintance of Adolphus Crosbie, and he was to be seen in the drawing-rooms, or at any rate on the staircases, of Cabinet Ministers.

Lilian Dale, dear Lily Dale—for my reader must know that she is to be very dear, and that my story will be nothing to him if he do not love Lily Dale—Lilian Dale had discovered that Mr. Crosbie was a swell. But I am bound to say that Mr. Crosbie did not habitually proclaim the fact in any offensive manner; nor in becoming a swell had he become altogether a bad fellow. It was not to be expected that a man who was petted at Sebright's should carry himself in the Allington drawing-room as would Johnny Eames, who had never been petted by any one but his mother. And this fraction of a hero of ours had other advantages to back him, over and beyond those which fashion had given him. He was a tall, well-looking man, with pleasant eyes and an expressive mouth,—a man whom you would probably observe in whatever room you might meet him. And he knew how to talk, and had in him something which justified talking. He was no butterfly or dandy, who flew about in the world's sun, warmed into prettiness by a sunbeam. Crosbie had his opinion on things,—on politics, on religion, on the philanthropic tendencies

of the age, and had read something here and there as he formed his opinion. Perhaps he might have done better in the world had he not been placed so early in life in that Whitehall public office. There was that in him which might have earned better bread for him in an open profession.

But in that matter of his bread the fate of Adolphus Crosbie had by this time been decided for him, and he had reconciled himself to fate that was now inexorable. Some very slight patrimony, a hundred a year or so, had fallen to his share. Beyond that he had his salary from his office, and nothing else; and on his income, thus made up, he had lived as a bachelor in London, enjoying all that London could give him as a man in moderately easy circumstances, and looking forward to no costly luxuries,—such as a wife, a house of his own, or a stable full of horses. Those which he did enjoy of the good things of the world would, if known to John Eames, have made him appear fabulously rich in the eyes of that brother clerk. His lodgings in Mount Street were elegant in their belongings. During three months of the season in London he called himself the master of a very neat hack. He was always well dressed, though never over-dressed. At his clubs he could live on equal terms with men having ten times his income. He was not married. He had acknowledged to himself that he could not marry without money; and he would not marry for money. He had put aside from him, as not within his reach, the comforts of marriage. But —— We will not, however, at the present moment inquire more curiously into the private life and circumstances of our new friend Adolphus Crosbie.

After the sentence pronounced against him by Lilian, the two girls remained silent for awhile. Bell was, perhaps, a little angry with her sister. It was not often that she allowed herself to say much in praise of any gentleman; and, now that she had spoken a word or two in favour of Mr. Crosbie, she felt herself to be rebuked by her sister for this unwonted enthusiasm. Lily was at work on a drawing, and in a minute or two had forgotten all about Mr. Crosbie; but the injury remained on Bell's mind, and prompted her to go back to the subject. "I don't like those slang words, Lily."

"What slang words?"

"You know what you called Bernard's friend."

"Oh; a swell. I fancy I do like slang. I think it's awfully jolly to talk about things being jolly. Only that I was afraid of your nerves I should have called him stunning. It's so slow, you know, to use nothing but words out of a dictionary."

"I don't think it's nice in talking of gentlemen."

"Isn't it? Well, I'd like to be nice—if I knew how."

If she knew how! There is no knowing how, for a girl, in that matter. If nature and her mother have not done it for her there is no hope for her on that head. I think I may say that nature and her mother had been sufficiently efficacious for Lilian Dale in this respect.

"Mr. Crosbie is, at any rate, a gentleman, and knows how to make himself pleasant. That was all that I meant. Mamma said a great deal more about him than I did."

"Mr. Crosbie is an Apollo; and I always look upon Apollo as the greatest—you know what—that ever lived. I mustn't say the word, because Apollo was a gentleman."

At this moment, while the name of the god was still on her lips, the high open window of the drawing-room was darkened, and Bernard entered, followed by Mr. Crosbie.

"Who is talking about Apollo?" said Captain Dale.

The girls were both stricken dumb. How would it be with them if Mr. Crosbie had heard himself spoken of in those last words of poor Lily's? This was the rashness of which Bell was ever accusing her sister, and here was the result! But, in truth, Bernard had heard nothing more than the name, and Mr. Crosbie, who had been behind him, had heard nothing.

"As sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair," said Mr. Crosbie, not meaning much by the quotation, but perceiving that the two girls had been in some way put out and silenced.

"What very bad music it must have made," said Lily; "unless, indeed, his hair was very different from ours."

"It was all sunbeams," suggested Bernard. But by that time Apollo had served his turn, and the ladies welcomed their guests in the proper form.

"Mamma is in the garden," said Bell, with that hypocritical pretence so common with young ladies when young gentlemen call; as though they were aware that mamma was the object specially sought.

"Picking peas, with a sun bonnet on," said Lily.

"Let us by all means go and help her," said Mr. Crosbie; and then they issued out into the garden.

The gardens of the Great House of Allington and those of the Small House open on to each other. A proper boundary of thick laurel hedge, and wide ditch, and of iron spikes guarding the ditch, there is between them; but over the wide ditch there is a foot-bridge, and at the bridge there is a gate which has no key; and for all purposes of enjoyment the gardens of each house are open to the other. And the gardens of the Small House are very pretty. The Small House itself is so near the road that there is nothing between the dining-room windows and the iron rail but a narrow edge rather than border, and a little path made with round fixed cobble stones, not above two feet broad, into which no one but the gardener ever makes his way. The distance from the road to the house is not above five or six feet, and the entrance from the gate is shut in by a covered way. But the garden behind the house, on to which the windows from the drawing-room open, is to all the senses as private as though there were no village of Allington, and no road up to the church within a hundred yards of the lawn. The steeple of the church, indeed,

can be seen from the lawn, peering, as it were, between the yew-trees which stand in the corner of the churchyard adjoining to Mrs. Dale's wall. But none of the Dale family have any objection to the sight of that steeple. The glory of the Small House at Allington certainly consists in its lawn, which is as smooth, as level, and as much like velvet as grass has ever yet been made to look. Lily Dale, taking pride in her own lawn, has declared often that it is no good attempting to play croquet up at the Great House. The grass, she says, grows in tufts, and nothing that Hopkins, the gardener, can or will do has any effect upon the tufts. But there are no tufts at the Small House. As the squire himself has never been very enthusiastic about croquet, the croquet implements have been moved permanently down to the Small House, and croquet there has become quite an institution.

And while I am on the subject of the garden I may also mention Mrs. Dale's conservatory, as to which Bell was strenuously of opinion that the Great House had nothing to offer equal to it—"For flowers, of course, I mean," she would say, correcting herself; for at the Great House there was a grapery very celebrated. On this matter the squire would be less tolerant than as regarded the croquet, and would tell his niece that she knew nothing about flowers. "Perhaps not, uncle Christopher," she would say. "All the same, I like our geraniums best;" for there was a spice of obstinacy about Miss Dale,—as, indeed, there was in all the Dales, male and female, young and old.

It may be as well to explain that the care of this lawn and of this conservatory, and, indeed, of the entire garden belonging to the Small House, was in the hands of Hopkins, the head gardener to the Great House; and it was so simply for this reason, that Mrs. Dale could not afford to keep a gardener herself. A working lad, at ten shillings a week, who cleaned the knives and shoes, and dug the ground, was the only male attendant on the three ladies. But Hopkins, the head gardener of Allington, who had men under him, was as widely awake to the lawn and the conservatory of the humbler establishment as he was to the grapery, peach-walls, and terraces of the grander one. In his eyes it was all one place. The Small House belonged to his master, as indeed did the very furniture within it; and it was lent, not let, to Mrs. Dale. Hopkins, perhaps, did not love Mrs. Dale, seeing that he owed her no duty as one born a Dale. The two young ladies he did love, and also snubbed in a very peremptory way sometimes. To Mrs. Dale he was coldly civil, always referring to the squire if any direction worthy of special notice as concerning the garden was given to him.

All this will serve to explain the terms on which Mrs. Dale was living at the Small House,—a matter needful of explanation sooner or later. Her husband had been the youngest of three brothers, and in many respects the brightest. Early in life he had gone up to London, and there had done well as a land surveyor. He had done so well that Government had employed him, and for some three or four years he had enjoyed a

large income. But death had come suddenly on him, while he was only yet ascending the ladder ; and, when he died, he had hardly begun to realize the golden prospects which he had seen before him. This had happened some fifteen years before our story commenced, so that the two girls hardly retained any memory of their father. For the first five years of her widowhood, Mrs. Dale, who had never been a favourite of the squire's, lived with her two little girls in such modest way as her very limited means allowed. Old Mrs. Dale, the squire's mother, then occupied the Small House. But when old Mrs. Dale died, the squire offered the place rent-free to his sister-in-law, intimating to her that her daughters would obtain considerable social advantages by living at Allington. She had accepted the offer, and the social advantages had certainly followed. Mrs. Dale was poor, her whole income not exceeding three hundred a year, and therefore her own style of living was of necessity very unassuming ; but she saw her girls becoming popular in the county, much liked by the families around them, and enjoying nearly all the advantages which would have accrued to them had they been the daughters of Squire Dale of Allington. Under such circumstances it was little to her whether or no she were loved by her brother-in-law, or respected by Hopkins. Her own girls loved her and respected her, and that was pretty much all that she demanded of the world on her own behalf.

And uncle Christopher had been very good to the girls in his own obstinate and somewhat ungracious manner. There were two ponies in the stables of the Great House, which they were allowed to ride, and which, unless on occasions, nobody else did ride. I think he might have given the ponies to the girls, but he thought differently. And he contributed to their dresses, sending them home now and again things which he thought necessary, not in the pleasantest way in the world. Money he never gave them, nor did he make them any promises. But they were Dales, and he loved them ; and with Christopher Dale to love once was to love always. Bell was his chief favourite, sharing with his nephew Bernard the best warmth of his heart. About these two he had his projects, intending that Bell should be the future mistress of the Great House of Allington ; as to which project, however, Miss Dale was as yet in very absolute ignorance.

We may now, I think, go back to our four friends, as they walked out upon the lawn. They were understood to be on a mission to assist Mrs. Dale in the picking of the peas ; but pleasure intervened in the way of business, and the young people, forgetting the labours of their elder, allowed themselves to be carried away by the fascinations of croquet. The iron hoops and the sticks were fixed. The mallets and the balls were lying about ; and then the party was so nicely made up ! "I haven't had a game of croquet yet," said Mr. Crosbie. It cannot be said that he had lost much time, seeing that he had only arrived before dinner on the preceding day. And then the mallets were in their hands in a moment.

"We'll play sides, of course," said Lily. "Bernard and I'll play together." But this was not allowed. Lily was well known to be the queen of the croquet ground; and as Bernard was supposed to be more efficient than his friend, Lily had to take Mr. Crosbie as her partner. "Apollo can't get through the hoops," Lily said afterwards to her sister; "but then how gracefully he fails to do it!" Lily, however, had been beaten, and may therefore be excused for a little spite against her partner. But it so turned out that before Mr. Crosbie took his final departure from Allington he could get through the hoops; and Lily, though she was still queen of the croquet ground, had to acknowledge a male sovereign in that dominion.

"That's not the way we played at —," said Crosbie, at one point of the game, and then stopped himself.

"Where was that?" said Bernard.

"A place I was at last summer,—in Shropshire."

"Then they don't play the game, Mr. Crosbie, at the place you were at last summer,—in Shropshire," said Lily.

"You mean Lady Hartletop's," said Bernard. Now, the Marchioness of Hartletop was a very great person indeed, and a leader in the fashionable world.

"Oh! Lady Hartletop's!" said Lily. "Then I suppose we must give in;" which little bit of sarcasm was not lost upon Mr. Crosbie, and was put down by him in the tablets of his mind as quite undeserved. He had endeavoured to avoid any mention of Lady Hartletop and her croquet ground, and her ladyship's name had been forced upon him. Nevertheless, he liked Lily Dale through it all. But he thought that he liked Bell the best, though she said little; for Bell was the beauty of the family.

During the game Bernard remembered that they had especially come over to bid the three ladies to dinner at the house on that day. They had all dined there on the day before, and the girls' uncle had now sent directions to them to come again. "I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Bell, who was out first. And then she returned, saying, that she and her sister would obey their uncle's behest; but that her mother would prefer to remain at home. "There are the peas to be eaten, you know," said Lily.

"Send them up to the Great House," said Bernard.

"Hopkins would not allow it," said Lily. "He calls that a mixing of things. Hopkins doesn't like mixings." And then when the game was over, they sauntered about, out of the small garden into the larger one, and through the shrubberies, and out upon the fields, where they found the still lingering remnants of the hay-making. And Lily took a rake, and raked for two minutes; and Mr. Crosbie, making an attempt to pitch the hay into the cart, had to pay half-a-crown for his footing to the hay-makers; and Bell sat quiet under a tree, mindful of her complexion; whereupon Mr. Crosbie, finding the hay-pitching not much to his taste,

threw himself under the same tree also, quite after the manner of Apollo, as Lily said to her mother late in the evening. Then Bernard covered Lily with hay, which was a great feat in the jocose way for him; and Lily in returning the compliment, almost smothered Mr. Crosbie,—by accident.

"Oh, Lily," said Bell.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Crosbie. It was Bernard's fault. Bernard, I never will come into a hay-field with you again." And so they all became very intimate; while Bell sat quietly under the tree, listening to a word or two now and then as Mr. Crosbie chose to speak them. There is a kind of enjoyment to be had in society, in which very few words are necessary. Bell was less vivacious than her sister Lily; and when, an hour after this, she was dressing herself for dinner, she acknowledged that she had passed a pleasant afternoon, though Mr. Crosbie had not said very much.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDOW DALE OF ALLINGTON.

As Mrs. Dale, of the Small House, was not a Dale by birth, there can be no necessity for insisting on the fact that none of the Dale peculiarities should be sought for in her character. These peculiarities were not, perhaps, very conspicuous in her daughters, who had taken more in that respect from their mother than from their father; but a close observer might recognize the girls as Dales. They were constant, perhaps obstinate, occasionally a little uncharitable in their judgment, and prone to think that there was a great deal in being a Dale, though not prone to say much about it. But they had also a better pride than this, which had come to them as their mother's heritage.

Mrs. Dale was certainly a proud woman,—not that there was anything appertaining to herself in which she took a pride. In birth she had been much lower than her husband, seeing that her grandfather had been almost nobody. Her fortune had been considerable for her rank in life, and on its proceeds she now mainly depended; but it had not been sufficient to give any of the pride of wealth. And she had been a beauty; according to my taste, was still very lovely; but certainly at this time of life, she, a widow of fifteen years' standing, with two grown-up daughters, took no pride in her beauty. Nor had she any conscious pride in the fact that she was a lady. That she was a lady, inwards and outwards, from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet, in head, in heart, and in mind, a lady by education and a lady by nature, a lady also by birth in spite of that deficiency respecting her grandfather, I hereby state as a fact—meo periculo. And the squire, though he had no special love for her, had recognized this, and in all respects treated her as his equal,

But her position was one which required that she should either be very proud or else very humble. She was poor, and yet her daughters moved in a position which belongs, as a rule, to the daughters of rich men only. This they did as nieces of the childless squire of Allington, and as his nieces she felt that they were entitled to accept his countenance and kindness, without loss of self-respect either to her or to them. She would have ill done her duty as a mother to them had she allowed any pride of her own to come between them and such advantage in the world as their uncle might be able to give them. On their behalf she had accepted the loan of the house in which she lived, and the use of many of the appurtenances belonging to her brother-in-law; but on her own account she had accepted nothing. Her marriage with Philip Dale had been disliked by his brother the squire, and the squire, while Philip was still living, had continued to show that his feelings in this respect were not to be overcome. They never had been overcome; and now, though the brother-in-law and sister-in-law had been close neighbours for years, living as one may say almost in the same family, they had never become friends. There had not been a word of quarrel between them. They met constantly. The squire had unconsciously come to entertain a profound respect for his brother's widow. The widow had acknowledged to herself the truth of the affection shown by the uncle to her daughters. But yet they had never come together as friends. Of her own money matters Mrs. Dale had never spoken a word to the squire. Of his intention respecting the girls the squire had never spoken a word to the mother. And in this way they had lived and were living at Allington.

The life which Mrs. Dale led was not altogether an easy life,—was not devoid of much painful effort on her part. The theory of her life one may say was this—that she should bury herself in order that her daughters might live well above ground. And in order to carry out this theory, it was necessary that she should abstain from all complaint or show of uneasiness before her girls. Their life above ground would not be well if they understood that their mother, in this underground life of hers, was enduring any sacrifice on their behalf. It was needful that they should think that the picking of peas in a sun bonnet, or long readings by her own fire-side, and solitary hours spent in thinking, were specially to her mind. “Mamma doesn't like going out.” “I don't think mamma is happy anywhere out of her own drawing-room.” I do not say that the girls were taught to say such words, but they were taught to have thoughts which led to such words, and in the early days of their going out into the world used so to speak of their mother. But a time came to them before long,—to one first and then to the other, in which they knew that it was not so, and knew also all that their mother had suffered for their sakes.

And in truth Mrs. Dale could have been as young in heart as they were. She, too, could have played croquet, and have coquetted with a haymaker's rake, and have delighted in her pony, ay, and have

listened to little nothings from this and that Apollo, had she thought that things had been conformable thereto. Women at forty do not become ancient misanthropes, or stern Rhadamanthine moralists, indifferent to the world's pleasures—no, not even though they be widows. There are those who think that such should be the phase of their minds. I profess that I do not so think. I would have women, and men also, young as long as they can be young. It is not that a woman should call herself in years younger than her father's Family Bible will have her to be. Let her who is forty call herself forty; but if she can be young in spirit at forty, let her show that she is so.

I think that Mrs. Dale was wrong. She would have joined that party on the croquet ground, instead of remaining among the pea-sticks in her sun bonnet, had she done as I would have counselled her. Not a word was spoken among the four that she did not hear. Those pea-sticks were only removed from the lawn by a low wall and a few shrubs. She listened, not as one suspecting, but simply as one loving. The voices of her girls were very dear to her, and the silver ringing tones of Lily's tongue were as sweet to her ears as the music of the gods. She heard all that about Lady Hartlepool, and shuddered at Lily's bold sarcasm. And she heard Lily say that mamma would stay at home and eat the peas, and said to herself sadly that that was now her lot in life.

"Dear darling girl,—and so it should be!"

It was thus her thoughts ran. And then, when her ear had traced them, as they passed across the little bridge into the other grounds, she returned across the lawn to the house with her burden on her arm, and sat herself down on the step of the drawing-room window, looking out on the sweet summer flowers and the smooth surface of the grass before her.

Had not God done well for her to place her where she was? Had not her lines been set for her in pleasant places? Was she not happy in her girls,—her sweet loving, trusting, trusty children? As it was to be that her lord, that best half of herself, was to be taken from her in early life, and that the springs of all the lighter pleasures were to be thus stopped for her, had it not been well that in her bereavement so much had been done to soften her lot in life and give it grace and beauty? 'Twas so, she argued with herself, and yet she acknowledged to herself that she was not happy. She had resolved, as she herself had said often, to put away childish things, and now she pined for those things which she so put from her. As she sat she could still hear Lily's voice as they went through the shrubbery,—hear it when none but a mother's ears would have distinguished the sound. Now that those young men were at the Great House it was natural that her girls should be there too. The squire would not have had young men to stay with him had there been no ladies to grace his table. But for her,—she knew that no one would want her there. Now and again she must go, as otherwise her very existence, without going, would be a thing disagreeably noticeable. But there was

no other reason why she should join the party ; nor in joining it would she either give or receive pleasure. Let her daughters eat from her brother's table and drink of his cup. They were made welcome to do so from the heart. For her there was no such welcome as that at the Great House,—nor at any other house, or any other table !

“ Mamma will stay at home to eat the peas.”

And then she repeated to herself the words which Lily had spoken, sitting there, leaning with her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand.

“ Please, ma'am, cook says, can we have the peas to shell ? ” and then her reverie was broken.

Whereupon Mrs. Dale got up and gave over her basket. “ Cook knows that the young ladies are going to dine at the Great House ? ”

“ Yes, ma'am.”

“ She needn't mind getting dinner for me. I will have tea early.” And so, after all, Mrs. Dale did not perform that special duty appointed for her.

But she soon set herself to work upon another duty. When a family of three persons has to live upon an income of three hundred a year, and, nevertheless, makes some pretence of going into society, it has to be very mindful of small details, even though that family may consist only of ladies. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware, and as it pleased her that her daughters should be nice and fresh, and pretty in their attire, many a long hour was given up to that care. The squire would send them shawls in winter, and had given them riding habits, and had sent them down brown silk dresses from London,—so limited in quantity that the due manufacture of two dresses out of the material had been found to be beyond the art of woman, and the brown silk garments had been a difficulty from that day to this,—the squire having a good memory in such matters, and being anxious to see the fruits of his liberality. All this was doubtless of assistance, but had the squire given the amount which he so expended in money to his nieces, the benefit would have been greater. As it was the girls were always nice and fresh and pretty, they themselves not being idle in that matter; but their tire-woman in chief was their mother. And now she went up to their room and got out their muslin frocks, and—but, perhaps, I should not tell such tales !—She, however, felt no shame in her work, as she sent for a hot iron, and with her own hands smoothed out the creases, and gave the proper set to the crimp flounces, and fixed a new ribbon where it was wanted, and saw that all was as it should be. Men think but little how much of this kind is endured that their eyes may be pleased, even though it be but for an hour.

“ Oh ! mamma, how good you are,” said Bell, as the two girls came in, only just in time to make themselves ready for returning to dinner.

“ Mamma is always good,” said Lily. “ I wish, mamma, I could do the same for you oftener,” and then she kissed her mother. But the squire was exact about dinner, so they dressed themselves in haste, and went off

again through the garden, their mother accompanying them to the little bridge.

"Your uncle did not seem vexed at my not coming?" said Mrs. Dale.

"We have not seen him, mamma," said Lily. "We have been ever so far down the fields, and forgot altogether what o'clock it was."

"I don't think uncle Christopher was about the place, or we should have met him," said Bell.

"But I am vexed with you, mamma. Are not you, Bell? It is very bad of you to stay here all alone, and not come."

"I suppose mamma likes being at home better than up at the Great House," said Bell, very gently; and as she spoke she was holding her mother's hand.

"Well; good-by, dears. I shall expect you between ten and eleven. But don't hurry yourselves if anything is going on." And so they went, and the widow was again alone. The path from the bridge ran straight up towards the back of the Great House, so that for a moment or two she could see them as they tripped on almost in a run. And then she saw their dresses flutter as they turned sharp round, up the terrace steps. She would not go beyond the nook among the laurels by which she was surrounded, lest any one should see her as she looked after her girls. But when the last flutter of the pink muslin had been whisked away from her sight, she felt it hard that she might not follow them. She stood there, however, without advancing a step. She would not have Hopkins telling how she watched her daughters as they went from her own home to that of her brother-in-law. It was not within the capacity of Hopkins to understand why she watched them.

"Well, girls, you're not much too soon. I think your mother might have come with you," said uncle Christopher. And this was the manner of the man. Had he known his own wishes he must have acknowledged to himself that he was better pleased that Mrs. Dale should stay away. He felt himself more absolutely master and more comfortably at home at his own table without her company than with it. And yet he frequently made a grievance of her not coming, and himself believed in that grievance.

"I think mamma was tired," said Bell.

"Hem. It's not so very far across from one house to the other. If I were to shut myself up whenever I'm tired—— But never mind. Let's go to dinner. Mr. Crosbie, will you take my niece Lilian?" And then, offering his own arm to Bell, he walked off to the dining-room.

"If he scolds mamma any more, I'll go away," said Lily to her companion; by which it may be seen that they had all become very intimate during the long day that they had passed together.

Mrs. Dale, after remaining for a moment on the bridge, went into her tea. What succedaneum of mutton chop or broiled ham she had for the roast duck and green peas which were to have been provided for the family dinner we will not particularly inquire. We may, however

imagine that she did not devote herself to her evening repast with any peculiar energy of appetite. She took a book with her as she sat herself down,—some novel, probably, for Mrs. Dale was not above novels,—and read a page or two as she sipped her tea. But the book was soon laid on one side, and the tray on which the warm plate had become cold was neglected, and she threw herself back in her own familiar chair, thinking of herself, and of her girls, and thinking also what might have been her lot in life had he lived who had loved her truly during the few years that they had been together.

It is especially the nature of a Dale to be constant in his likings and his dislikings. Her husband's affection for her had been unwavering,—so much so that he had quarrelled with his brother because his brother would not express himself in brotherly terms about his wife; but, nevertheless, the two brothers had loved each other always. Many years had now gone by since these things had occurred, but still the same feelings remained. When she had first come down to Allington she had resolved to win the squire's regard, but she had now long known that any such winning was out of the question; indeed, there was no longer a wish for it. Mrs. Dale was not one of those soft-hearted women who sometimes thank God that they can love any one. She could once have felt affection for her brother-in-law,—affection, and close, careful, sisterly friendship; but she could not do so now. He had been cold to her, and had with perseverance rejected her advances. That was now seven years since; and during those years Mrs. Dale had been, at any rate, as cold to him as he had been to her.

But all this was very hard to bear. That her daughters should love their uncle was not only reasonable, but in every way desirable. He was not cold to them. To them he was generous and affectionate. If she were only out of the way, he would have taken them to his house as his own, and they would in all respects have stood before the world as his adopted children. Would it not be better if she were out of the way?

It was only in her most dismal moods that this question would get itself asked within her mind, and then she would recover herself, and answer it stoutly with an indignant protest against her own morbid weakness. It would not be well that she should be away from her girls,—not though their uncle should have been twice a better uncle; not though, by her absence, they might become heiresses of all Allington. Was it not above everything to them that they should have a mother near them? And as she asked of herself that morbid question,—wickedly asked it, as she declared to herself,—did she not know that they loved her better than all the world beside, and would prefer her caresses and her care to the guardianship of any uncle, let his house be ever so great? As yet they loved her better than all the world beside. Of other love, should it come, she would not be jealous. And if it should come, and should be happy, might there not yet be a bright evening of life for her?

self? If they should marry, and if their lords would accept her love, her friendship, and her homage, she might yet escape from the deathlike coldness of that Great House, and be happy in some tiny cottage, from which she might go forth at times among those who would really welcome her. A certain doctor there was, living not very far from Allington, at Guestwick, as to whom she had once thought that he might fill that place of son-in-law,—to be well-beloved. Her quiet, beautiful Bell had seemed to like the man; and he had certainly done more than seem to like her. But now, for some weeks past, this hope, or rather this idea, had faded away. Mrs. Dale had never questioned her daughter on the matter; she was not a woman prone to put such questions. But during the month or two last past, she had seen with regret that Bell looked almost coldly on the man whom her mother favoured.

In thinking of all this the long evening passed away, and at eleven o'clock she heard the coming steps across the garden. The young men had, of course, accompanied the girls home; and as she stepped out from the still open window of her own drawing-room, she saw them all on the centref of the lawn before her.

"There's mamma," said Lily. "Mamma, Mr. Crosbie wants to play croquet by moonlight."

"I don't think there is light enough for that," said Mrs. Dale.

"There is light enough for him," said Lily, "for he plays quite independently of the hoops; don't you, Mr. Crosbie?"

"There's very pretty croquet light, I should say," said Mr. Crosbie, looking up at the bright moon; "and then it is so stupid going to bed."

"Yes, it is stupid going to bed," said Lily; "but people in the country are stupid, you know. Billiards, that you can play all night by gas, is much better, isn't it?"

"Your arrow falls terribly astray there, Miss Dale, for I never touch a cue; you should talk to your cousin about billiards."

"Is Bernard a great billiard player?" asked Bell.

"Well, I do play now and again; about as well as Crosbie does croquet. Come, Crosbie, we'll go home and smoke a cigar."

"Yes," said Lily; "and then, you know, we stupid people can go to bed. Mamma, I wish you had a little smoking-room here for us. I don't like being considered stupid." And then they parted,—the ladies going into the house, and the two men returning across the lawn.

"Lily, my love," said Mrs. Dale, when they were all together in her bed-room, "it seems to me that you are very hard upon Mr. Crosbie."

"She has been going on like that all the evening," said Bell.

"I'm sure we are very good friends," said Lily.

"Oh, very," said Bell.

"Now, Bell, you're jealous; you know you are." And then, seeing that her sister was in some slight degree vexed, she went up to her and kissed her. "She shan't be called jealous; shall she, mamma?"

"I don't think she deserves it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Now, you don't mean to say that you think I meant anything," said Bell. "As if I cared a buttercup about Mr. Crosbie."

"Or I either, Lily."

"Of course you don't. But I do care for him very much, mamma. He is such a duck of an Apollo. I shall always call him Apollo: Phœbus Apollo! And when I draw his picture he shall have a mallet in his hand instead of a bow. Upon my word I am very much obliged to Bernard for bringing him down here; and I do wish he was not going away the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow!" said Mrs. Dale. "It was hardly worth coming for two days."

"No, it wasn't,—disturbing us all in our quiet little ways just for such a spell as that,—not giving one time even to count his rays."

"But he says he shall perhaps come again," said Bell.

"There is that hope for us," said Lily. "Uncle Christopher asked him to come down when he gets his long leave of absence. This is only a short sort of leave. He is better off than poor Johnny Eames. Johnny Eames only has a month, but Mr. Crosbie has two months just whenever he likes it; and seems to be pretty much his own master all the year round besides."

"And uncle Christopher asked him to come down for the shooting in September," said Bell.

"And though he didn't say he'd come I think he meant it," said Lily. "There is that hope for us, mamma."

"Then you'll have to draw Apollo with a gun instead of a mallet."

"That is the worst of it, mamma. We shan't see much of him or of Bernard either. They wouldn't let us go out into the woods as beaters, would they?"

"You'll make too much noise to be of any use."

"Should I? I thought the beaters had to shout at the birds. I should get very tired of shouting at birds, so I think I'll stay at home and look after my clothes."

"I hope he will come, because uncle Christopher seems to like him so much," said Bell.

"I wonder whether a certain gentleman at Guestwick will like his coming," said Lily. And then, as soon as she had spoken the words, she looked at her sister, and saw that she had grieved her.

"Lily, you let your tongue run too fast," said Mrs. Dale.

"I didn't mean anything, Bell," said Lily. "I beg your pardon."

"It doesn't signify," said Bell. "Only Lily says things without thinking." And then that conversation came to an end, and nothing more was said among them beyond what appertained to their toilet, and a few last words at parting. But the two girls occupied the same room, and when their own door was closed upon them, Bell did allude to what had passed with some spirit.

"Lily, you promised me," she said, "that you would not say anything more to me about Dr. Croft."

"I know I did, and I was very wrong. I beg your pardon, Bell; and I won't do it again,—not if I can help it."

"Not help it, Lily!"

"But I'm sure I don't know why I shouldn't speak of him,—only not in the way of laughing at you. Of all the men I ever saw in my life I like him best. And only that I love you better than I love myself I could find it in my heart to grudge you his ——"

"Lily, what did you promise just now?"

"Well; after to-night. And I don't know why you should turn against him."

"I have never turned against him or for him."

"There's no turning about him. He'd give his left hand if you'd only smile on him. Or his right either,—and that's what I should like to see; so now you've heard it."

"You know you are talking nonsense."

"So I should like to see it. And so would mamma too, I'm sure; though I never heard her say a word about him. In my mind he's the finest fellow I ever saw. What's Mr. Apollo Crosbie to him? And now, as it makes you unhappy, I'll never say another word about him."

As Bell wished her sister good-night with perhaps more than her usual affection, it was evident that Lily's words and eager tone had in some way pleased her, in spite of their opposition to the request which she had made. And Lily was aware that it was so.

A Summer Night on the Thames.

If only the Summer would not make a man so melancholy ! If only it would be a little less bountiful, and fill the mind with no more than it will hold ! The overmuch of pleasure is pain ; and thought is confusion, and inspiration a heart-ache, when they possess us without measure. These midsummer dreams, there is no good in them ; unless, indeed, they are like vernal rains, meant to sink into the soil and feed the everyday springs of contemplation. Meanwhile, however, the flood is too great : it is very difficult sometimes of an August evening to keep one's head above water, and not to look ghostly or dast in the eyes of the maid who brings the candles in.

This should have been a pleasant afternoon. It was hot, and hazy, and still : the great garden here, viewed from my window, looked like the very eye of nature, veiled in a soft and kindly dream. It was so hot, and hazy, and still, that I could but consent when my other me whispered in his quiet way, "Come, let us do as Sydney Smith said he did on another summer day ; let us take off our flesh and sit in our bones." Of course this was a merely figurative expression ; it only meant that we should strike work, cast the slough of worldly cares, denude ourselves of the flesh and the devil, and be nothing but alive as we lay in the sun :—

" Lo ! in the middle of the wood
 The folded leaf is wo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow,
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night,
 All its allotted length of days
 The flower ripens in its place ;
 Ripens and fades and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.
 All things have rest ; why should we toil alone ? "

Let us eat of the lotus, and slumber with wide open eyes till the end of the day.

This is an appeal which the born idler easily defers to ; so we went into the garden—I and my other me. At closer quarters the earth still looked like a dreaming eye ; and going softly, I watched to see if our mortal and material presence would dispel the dream. Not they, no more than the one little bird and its shadow that flew over the lawn. We did not dispel

the dream, the dream absorbed us. "All things were taken from us; we became portions and parcels" of the drowsy day. What was to be seen we saw, indeed, and heard what could be heard: but an ineffable distance and silence lay between, making the barking of a dog poetical and giving pathos to the soughing of a scythe. The sunshine glared like brass upon the ground. The air was a sea of eager light, over which, very high up, a few white clouds floated lazily. The broad fans of the chestnut drooped in the heat, and only once, as I have said, a bird flew by. And there were scarcely more breezes than birds about; only a little puff here and there was left to drowse in a tree-top or shake the last petals from the roses. The leaves of the limes had begun to fall; they sighed together as they were blown along the grass. The heat was made vocal by the humming of invisible multitudes of flies—a noise upon which the sounds of the scythe, so cold and far away, broke gratefully. It was nothing that the gardener appeared, wheeling before him a funereal heap of weeds and fallen leaves; he made a natural part of the scene, and only added another thought to the thoughtful silence. Even when Kitty came to spread her newly-washed bibs and tuckers on a distant permitted corner of grass, she and her laundry work brought no discord in, but the contrary. It was good to see her large strong beautiful figure going backward and forward with the dish held up to her bosom, or stooping gracefully here and there as she spread her cloths in the sun. Her white arms were bare to the shoulder, but her face was shaded by a sun-bonnet so long and large that one could only see her roundest, whitest chin now and then as the lappets moved back in the wind; a monstrous poke—a poke so large and long that when she would look straight forward she had to throw back her head like a deer. I would not for a hatful of guineas tell her what I think—that a duchess might be proud of her grace, that a poet might make a hundred verses about her beautiful large white hand alone. Why should she know it? She is a serving-maid, and loves an unlovely serving man. She is a piece of lowly, sweet, contented life; and so it was that she brought new harmony to mingle with the concord there—the lazy sunshine, the falling leaves, the sough of the scythe, the busy humming air.

Now in all this there was much to fill a man's mind with pleasant and wholesome contemplations; and if that had been all, all had been well. But, as for us, we could not avoid the overmuch—the vague, half-languid half-fretful pain of thoughts that swell in the heart and die away unknown. No doubt they are willing to speak and *be* known. Sometimes they seem to linger in dumb wistfulness for the voice we cannot give them: we cannot, and, fainting away, they leave only their sadness behind. At last it is as if the mind were full of eyes, and the eyes full of unutterable meaning: and that is very like torture.

To be sure we—I and my other me, who is rampant on such occasions—were not brought to this pass till the dusk had fallen; the most favourable time for those eyes—especially as we had now gone back to the book-

room, and sat looking out of its one big window. What we saw was very much the same in sentiment: instead of dreaming in the sun, the garden slept under the light of all the stars. I think I never beheld so many stars: this was on the first of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-two. And the eyes looking up to the stars, and the stars looking down into the eyes — it was impossible to allow the maid to bring candles in.

After a little while of this, and when I found my heart going and stopping in sympathetic disorder, it became clear that I should have a bad night with my other me unless I took immediate provision against him. This other one—I am unwilling to trouble the world much with him, though the trouble he gives *me* is untold. It is he who almost persuades me to be a Christian. It is he who says prayers, though he knows how unhappy it makes me all the while. It is he who beguiles me under church walls when the children are singing within—*me*, miserable! It is he who, sometimes, when I wake in the night, prevails upon me to consider myself a dead man, that he may once more count over our little store of virtues, examine our robe of faith, and see how far we are capable of undertaking the journey to heaven. To no sinner is this a joyful employment. Virtues! —we miserly count the store—it diminishes: the cheats and hypocrites which infest every human heart steal them away. And as to our robe of faith, two things are necessary for the preservation of that garment; to wear it often in the sun, and to keep out metaphysical moth. Now we do contrive to baffle the moth, but that is all. Our faith is laid so long in lavender that it smells of the earth; so that if we were stopped on the journey it would be easy to tell from what planet *we* came. Finding ourselves in this condition, my other me, ashamed and trembling, makes good resolutions: there is yet time, our virtues shall be increased, and our robe of faith will at least bear patching.

At this point we should probably go to sleep again contented: but now—(this is not a psychological fancy, invented for literary purposes, but actual experience)—the Devil's Advocate starts up, and my other me has to dispute my merits, and especially our new resolutions, with *him*. This is a sardonic spirit which lodges, so far as I make out, just over my right eye; a demon subtle, keen, strong, with whom contention is vain. He will allow us no single good—not even that we believe: he smites every pretension with swift and murderous replies. In vain we show that we at least have kept the talents confided to us, and plead that we may use them yet: he laughs over them and they are turned to dead leaves—the devil's image is on every piece. Many a night have I been torn by these contentions, and more and more I wonder whence comes the masterful spirit to listen to whom is condemnation—who, if eternal life depended upon our pleading, could easily sneer it away, though one good deed might save us, or one pure thought. When a saint is made in the Roman Church, this same process of argument over the departed soul is carried on, they say. There is a council, and the departed soul is placed naked in the midst. Then one churchman, who is heaven's

advocate, and another who is the Devil's advocate, contend for him, disputing his good and his evil. On these occasions the Enemy is always worsted—*he* retires. My Enemy is always victorious: that is the difference. Here are two voices contending within me. I do, indeed, recognize one of them as belonging to my better self, and hearken with a perfect sympathy of heart and intellect while the poor soul urges so vehemently whatever he can say for us. When *he* is going to speak, I am conscious of what is coming; a flash of intelligence precedes the whispering words. But the other is strange. It may be a voice in the air. It may be, for aught I know, a veritable *dæmon*, born ten thousand years ago and come from the uttermost star, who answers, and who cannot be answered again. There is no stir in the heart, no spark struck in the brain before he speaks; and I miss that reverberation in the mind that always follows upon the utterance of our own thoughts. His sarcasms strike like lightning from the deepest dark; and I am blinded, and my other me stands stripped and scathed without knowing from what quarter of the sky the flash comes. *We* have no such artillery. *We* have in fact no chance at all with the Enemy; though this comfort remains, that my better self often knows he is right even when most signally beaten—even when brought to such a pass that he can only cry, “It is true! it is true!” in piteous desperation, while his adversary tramples him under foot with triumphant laughter. The end is always the same. *We* give in, weary of a dispute so awful, so momentous, and so dangerous too. I cease playing dead man, and say to my other me, “Contend no more. This Mocker is the same who disputed with Martin Luther in his solitary stone chamber, and would have overthrown even him, if at the critical moment he had not found presence of mind to hurl an inkstand at the Devil's head. Luther said it was Satan himself, you know, come to wrestle with him, and there are the inkstains on his chamber wall to attest the story. Depend upon it, 'twas no personal devil, but this Voice that makes a frantic coward of you. Be at peace. Let us sleep. And by-and-by, if I can find a convenient publisher, we'll throw an inkstand at the scoffer's head too.”

This is why I feared I should have a bad night with my other me. The Devil's Advocate is a most uneasy bed-fellow, a deranger of the nerves, a disturber of sleep, an invincible bully that affrights our dearest hopes and makes our purest thoughts ashamed: altogether, a companion not to be encouraged. I am resolved to be rid of him, if I can, with a perpetual “Get thee behind me:” and yet on this summer night he began again to stir, and my poor foolish soul to flutter round the flame. The longer I paced up and down the dark room, the oftener we looked out upon the trees and the fields, and the stars that shed down on them their emerald light, the greater was the danger. The fascination of time and scene grew momently; they had brought to me the overmuch of pleasure which is pain, the measureless dumb thought which is confusion, the inspiration which is nothing but a heart-ache. To have done with them became almost a necessity. I tried the piano—(still in the gloom)—thinking to play them

away, perhaps; but before I had touched a dozen chords my fingers drooped in foolish ineffectual silence over the keys. This was not the way to escape from the great wistful eyes I have spoken of; it was the way to bring them out upon the darkness round about, so as to be seen of one's actual vision. Should we walk in the garden again? I lifted the window—not a leaf moved; and it seemed probable, from the hushed, expectant look of things, that if I went down there, I might evaporate altogether, and that Nature might make a breeze of me. Beyond, lay quiet fields and pools; and a mile or two beyond them, London, the great city itself, beneath a sweltering haze of gas-light. Shining amidst the haze was a coronet, which at that distance seemed scarcely too big for the Queen; but in fact it was the crown of the Thames—London Bridge and its lamps. Under the bridge the river flows in blackest darkness; an hour upon that, I think, would be composing enough. "Nay, I tell you what," said I to my other me, "we'll spend the night on it. Look what a night it is! We won't lay awake here, waiting for the morning; we'll go and meet it down the river."

If the Dear Reader has ever been in such mental difficulties as I have not half described, and if he remembers what a lovely still night it was, he will regard this as rather a good notion. Here was something to *do*—something that pleased me because it was pleasant, and my other me because it was strange; while as for the Devil's Advocate, it settled him very satisfactorily.

By this time it was ten o'clock; at eleven, a lean but a contented man passed along the walls of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, down to the river stairs there. The tide had little more than an hour to run out, and very wicked, and sly, and cold looked the stream, as it flowed sluggishly past the too-adjacent mud-bank. It was like nothing so much as an overworked black slave, stealing down to murder in its sleep the city that oppressed it. A furnace on the opposite bank had given it a great red eye, which blinked treacherously, and most treacherous was the sound of that constant whispering. There is a muddy siren in that river, I am persuaded. When I was a boy (with a boy's imagination, to be sure), I sometimes had to cross one of the bridges at night; and often, after stopping to listen to the sough of the waters as they played about the piers below, I would hurry into the road, and go over that way; for I heard too much, and was tempted to jump in. That is a long time ago; I am not to be whispered into the water now: and the last siren who gave me any concern is the mother of several high-and-dry children by this time.

Since gentlemen who have immediate dealings with the Enemy pass through the world unchallenged, it is not to be supposed that one whose direct intercourse with him—or I hope so—is confined to an occasional conversation, should be suspected. But when I went into an old weather-worn river-side public-house, and asked for a boatman who would take

me to meet Aurora in the Essex marshes, I certainly was not looked upon as a thing of course. Not that I put my demand into that form, but a much less poetical, a much more intelligible one; and yet many pipes came out of mouths that did not soon enter them again. I was a surprise, manifestly, and only hoped I did not look like an ingenious *felo de se*. At length an old boatman came from a corner, respectfully representing that he was my man, and I concurred with him: a man who for forty-five years had earned his bread on the silent highway—upon whose face history had written; it was pathetic with the memory of “the old Vauxhall times, sir, when the swells used to bring their Ladies on their backs to the stairs there, and pitch 'em in at five shillings a fare.” Such a man can hold his tongue. He takes my fee; I follow him down the slimy stairs, we enter a battered old boat, and push off upon the river. “Good-night, Dick!” bawls a voice from the bank. “Good-night!” shouts my boatman, in reply; and what with the darkness and silence round about, the treacherous-glancing stream, the slow and heavy plashing of the oars, I declare the greeting sounds to me very solemn and meaningful indeed.

In fact, and to be candid, my other me likes the beginning of the journey a great deal better than I do; but then there are important differences between us. It is for him to soar into the Infinite—to wander in the Profound; I can't swim. Still, I acknowledge the fascinations of a soft sensation of danger—the charm of peeping into eternity—of standing within an inch of death. At all times we are as near as that indeed, but the fact doesn't come home to us at all times; it does, however, when you sit on a plank at midnight, with a deep, dark, ever hungry river washing under you. I've tried it, and I don't think a storm at sea—cordage shrieking, ship stunned and staggering—a bit more suggestive than the pull under Waterloo Bridge as the clocks strike twelve. The white-capped waves roaring down, piling and piling till they break with a thud upon the ship, are pleasanter to look on than the waters of the Thames at midnight—black, slow-undulating, slimy, like a shark's back. The calm of the river, the inevitable slow roll of its waters in the hollow dark, without haste, without rest, are more awful than the wildest tumults of the sea. By day a river is a good-enough image of life; by night it looks like very death indeed.

However, one becomes accustomed to that too, at last; and by the time we had escaped the ken of the red eye, and had passed the bars of light which the bridge-lamps throw down upon the Thames at Westminster, I had no more personal considerations. The flesh itself was satisfied. Gently rocked, slowly drawn along, my very carcase soon found an enjoyment in the situation; in the luxury of suspended senses, in the sleepy delight of floating with all its conscious life in jeopardy and yet secure.

O boatman! if you will talk, then will I not listen. What do I care about the time when you drank nothing but gin-and-water? I am

thinking of all sorts of waters in other places. Of the brook that "to the sleeping wood all night singeth a quiet tune." Of a sandy estuary where an hour or two ago solitary long-legged birds were standing, ruminant of a period when there were fewer naturalists and a more undisturbed catching of fish. Of fountains that trickle in little moist ferny dells. Of mountain tarns like bits of the blue above us, full of as many stars and more solemn than it. But, after all, this stream is as worthy of contemplation as any of those others; though just hereabout, perhaps, where muddy wharves huddle, and barges grovel on the banks, and flaring lights of gas-houses and glass-houses show how sordid the waters are, its poetry is turned into sad laborious prose. It is for this the fountains rose—how many?—a hundred miles away—just as our little life began fifty times a hundred days ago, and meant nothing, and was nothing. Especially was nothing to do. Ah, those days for you and for me, O river!—when we weren't big enough to do anything but chatter and run about, and had no moral responsibilities. You cannot remember, of course, when you hadn't a thought—I mean a fish—in you; no more can I; but what a wonder it was when they first appeared, flashing hither and thither so swiftly that we were conscious of little more than the ripple they made, or lying shy under a stone! Those were the fellows, my dear Thames, those shy ones, that got fattest—generally by gobbling the others up. That is the way with thoughts as well as fishes—and heaven knows what beside. By the time we had played through the meadows, and past the school, how many of those original little fishes were left to us? Yours were poisoned, for the most part—so were some of mine; and some died, and some thrive as well as they can, and they are all my store; I cook them for dinner every day.

But altogether—(how fast the meteors are falling to-night!)—we who are men and not rivers have the worst of it. So many miles, so many years from first to last—from when you, O most human of tidal streams! sprawled on your mother's bosom and I on mine—compare them, and it will appear that we have far less youth and a far greater period of labour than you: as for the rest, I only hope my declining days may be as many as yours—and I take *them* to begin as far from the end of your career as Tilbury. However, that depends upon the point to which the sea comes up—where life begins to be mingled with the salt waters of Eternity. At Richmond, you, O Thames! had little thought of that great bourn, though you hurried down to it so gaily; nor I at nineteen. Enough for you were your grassy slopes, the trees that stood in the way and kissed you, hiding your inevitable path to Putney and pollution; enough for me my dreams, my aspirations, my life, my love. O life! O love! Vile Thames, would that you and I, a muddy philosopher, could go back this night to Richmond and nineteen, carrying back the night too, to its evening. There in the dusk would I find my love; and we would kiss once more under the trees that kiss you; while the world again went round with a whisper—whispering, "O life! O love!"

The oarsplash, the tide runs on. The tide has the river, and Time has me. That is not the sound of oars, it is the beating of his wings, and down we go to the sea. Well, then (as I said before), I only hope I also shall find it a far cry from Tilbury. My life is too much like this stream here—turbid with the passions that stir in its earthy bed, foul with lingering about the wharves: I would not be poured into eternity headlong as I am. May I not leave the City of Destruction behind me too, before that happens—broaden out from day to day, and flow at last into the mighty sea, my life already mingled with its waters? You know, my other me! that they *do* come up to us as we grow old; and I'll try to behave myself and help you to meet them kindly.

(“Now if, after that, we get foul of a tow-rope, or run into something in the Pool here, and get drowned, that's * * * * !”)

Do you hear? that is the Enemy! Mocker, I know you, and hate you!

(“Of course you do. It's so dark!”)

We'll have no more to say to him, dear reader; and I hope you have no such familiar. Let us think of something else. Let us look at the ships that crowd together here in the Pool. Quite a forest of masts, I declare. And many of those beautiful vessels carry nothing but coals. And the ripples that wash their sides flowed this morning by the grave of the Fair Rosamond. Rosamond, where is all thy beauty now?

“Dites moy où, n'en qucl pays
Est Flora, la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thaïs,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine ?
Echo parlant, quand bruyt un mèno
Dessus rivière ou sus estan
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu' humaine ?
Mais ou sont les nieges d'autan ?

“La royne blanche comme ung lys,
Qui chantait à voix syrène,
Berthe aux grands piés, Biétris, Allya,
Harembourg qui tint la Maine,
Et Jehanne la bonne Lorraine,
Qu' Anglois brûlèrent a Rouen—
Où sont ils, vierge souveraine ?
Mais où sont les nieges d'autan ?

Oui, oui, Monsieur Villon, where are the snows of other years?

“That's French!” says the boatman, resting on his oars: an indistinct figure. “I do believe, now, I've heard a huncle of mine sing that very song. I had a huncle, sir, seven year in French prison. Took off a man-of-war. And when he come home, his pigtail were that long that the end on it went into his breeches pocket. All his own nateral back-hair, sir!”

We have got rid of the Devil's Advocate *once* more. Mr. Boatman's

story and Monsieur Villon's rhymes have banished him. Perhaps the excitement of collision with a mighty outsweeping barge-oar, which Mr. Boatman ran against in the warmth of anecdote, also contributed to this result.

We pull into Limehouse Reach, and London is left behind. All this while there has been nothing to see but the sky above, so thickly strewn with stars, the shimmering black water below, and on either side barges stranded, sulky-sleeping ships, and a dark low-squatting bank of quays and wharves indistinguishable. Our boat is the only moving thing on the river; and the silence is unbroken save by the sound of our own oars. A little while since, indeed, the music of some tavern-fiddler, the shrill, melancholy piping of some poor woman singing at a tap-room window for coppers (she had a voice once, and wore ribbons, and sang inside for love), floated out upon the still warm air. These were the only sounds that reached us from all that vast city—these thin, miserable voices, but I hear them still. To be sure, we are miles away from the haunts they made vocal. The fiddler's asleep with his fiddle, the woman has taken her "Heart bowed Down" to her garret and her six small children (may her coppers be many!), but their sad piping and scraping seem to linger in the air yet. There is a pathetic meaning in those ghostly sounds, more than one can readily understand, suggesting as they do all that *might* be heard. Silent as the great city seems—only one fiddler audible—what a tumult is going on there! How many sighs are breaking from how many hearts, each thinking itself the most sorrowful in all the world? How many are crying for joy, for hate, hunger, love, money? Children weeping themselves into the world, and being wept out of it: plotters whispering, poets raving, anger shrieking, guilt confessing in passionate prayers: the suspirations of hope, the laughter of fools, the kisses of sin, the cries of death. It is better not to hear all this—but it is heard. Why, how many acres of street are there in that hypocritical black mass? And how many houses, and how many souls in them? And how many houses, think you, are not haunted, and how many souls that are at peace? By day all's well; we clatter about our business with an indifferent, great noise, and the ghosts keep out of sight. But when the night comes, and we are secret, upstairs walk the ghosts, and our true voices speak. Grief sobs, and greed chuckles, and we talk over our dark little affairs to ourselves—(we *must* speak outright sometimes)—and that is what is going on now in the city which looks so innocently fast asleep.

And it is all heard. We, Mr. Boatman, can only distinguish a fiddler's fiddling and a woman's singing; but there are ears at the hive which hear every sigh, every whisper. Altogether, what a terrible humming it must be! I almost think I can *see* it rising up to the sky. That dull haze hanging over the town, surely it is the host of phantoms spawned into the air from so many aching heads and teeming hearts—every thought, every wish taking shape, and ascending into the weltering throng of ghosts above. What a spectacle it is! The dead returning,

lovers embracing, parents murdered, wives treacherous, thefts, poisonings, a thousand scenes of shame, a thousand hypocritical villainies!—I will look back no more. There are eyes enough to behold all this—you, O stars, so bright and many! And there are numerous other congeries of mankind for your contemplation; but then you can always turn for refreshment to quiet fields, and woods, and hills. Even while you look upon the wicked haze behind here, you peep also into the ferny dells aforesaid, and bathe your vision in the brook. That I cannot do; and the one sight is too much without the other.

It is long past midnight. We pull over “the top of the tide” at Greenwich, and now the flood is coming in again. The river broadens and deepens—growing more solemn and more lovely as the wharves disappear and the vessels are fewer. But the wharves we do see are gaunter and blacker—skeletons of ships lying between them. Lights, hanging from the masts here and there, shine with a friendly human look upon the darkness. Sails come gliding in, rather spectral-like; and the silence is broken by the seaman’s melancholy cry—(“Ho-i! Aho-i!”)—as his anchor chains go clinking through the hawseholes. The stars shine, the tide flows, the banks fall back and are lost; heavy and slow is the plashing of our oars. The river speaks no longer in prose suited to the apprehension of muddy philosophers; it is like a line of poetry, full of meanings that echo to each other infinitely, but almost too fine for apprehension even. Ask me not to catch them for you, dear reader, for I can’t: go to Mr. Tennyson. In fact, I shall think no more for you; the night and the river shall now think for me, and any farther communication shall remain a secret between us. I lie and listen only—to “music that gentlier on the spirit lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.” And ah!—

“ How sweet it is, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy.”

* * * * *

There a cold bright breeze went by—the morning is very near. Already the stars have gone—all save one or two big and bold-eyed ones, which look very handsome but not quite modest. Now another wind; the earth wakes and looks eastward with expectant cold grey eyes. Another breath, more gentle and kindly, and there breaks the dawn! Soft olive light trembles over the marshes, ruddy fleeces gather above the hills. The darkness is rolled back upon us—there is an end of our midsummer night’s dreaming.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee; a far greater number of spirits than you have any conception of have passed with me.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

CERTAIN books have an indirect interest, personal or historical, which renders them more attractive than many that are intrinsically better. The *Poems of Arthur Clough*, for example, claim but a very modest place as poems, but they are attractive as the writings of a man of sweet, sincere, sensitive nature, and of high culture. A poet he was not; neither by the grace of God, nor by the acquired cunning of ambitious culture, could he become a singer; and it is mere rhetorical evasion in his friendly biographer, to say that "Clough *lived* his poem instead of writing it." Yet the feeling which prompted this evasion suggests the source of interest we feel in this volume; it is the intense conviction, produced in friends, of some supreme excellence which Clough *might* have achieved, *ought* to have achieved, but somehow *did not*. In a word, he was one of the prospectuses which never become works: one of that class whose unwritten poems, undemonstrated discoveries, or untested powers, are confidently announced as certain to carry everything before them, when they appear. Only they never do appear. Sometimes attempts are made; they fail, and the failure is "explained," the attempts being repudiated as any real indication of the man's genuine powers. "Under happier circumstances," we are assured . . . as if the very seal and sign of genius were not precisely the regal superiority to circumstances, making them aids and ministers to success, instead of becoming their captive and slave!

We hear on many sides the freest scorn of all the imperfect workers who have at least done something; who have achieved some success, though not by faultless works; and this scorn is often uttered by men who announce an unknown paragon *about* to achieve great things. It is also curious to remark how very rarely the unknown man, who suddenly leaps into fame by a splendid deed, or by a noble work, was much believed in by his friends. The man of genius, even after he has proved his power, usually disappoints spectators. "He looks so very different from what I should have expected." His figure is unimposing; his head is so far from ideal; his trousers are decidedly ill-cut; and although there is perhaps no demonstrable relation between the cut of trousers and the intellectual power, somehow or other men cannot help feeling disappointed. And if this is the case *after* success, how much more so will it be before the genius has proved itself? There appeared an article in the *New York Tribune* the other day, describing General Stonewall Jackson, which is so much to our present point that we quote an extract. How McClellan, who had never been in battle, came to be regarded as the "Young Napoleon," we have not here to inquire; this is the appear-

ance of the general, who has proved himself to have no little of the Napoleonic dash and rapidity :—

“ Stonewall Jackson is everywhere described as a ‘ slow man ’ intellectually, even dull. Some say he was a tedious professor, and all agree that he has a creeping look. And yet, if you ask them now what they mean by that, they say they do not know; ‘ all they do know is that he is obstinate as a mule, and plucky as a bulldog,’ which means just nothing of a man whose prime quality is celerity, quick conclusions, and startling execution ; who, as a soldier, is as rapid as he is wary, abounding in surprises, brave almost to rashness, and inventive almost to romance. As for his outer man, he looks at least seven years older than he is ; his height about five feet ten inches ; his figure thick-set, square-shouldered, and decidedly clumsy ; his gait very awkward, stooping, and with long strides. He often walks with his head somewhat on one side, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, imparting to his whole appearance that abstracted quality which young ladies describe as ‘ absent-minded.’ A lady who has known him long and well has told me that she never saw him on horseback without laughing—short stirrups, knees cramped up, heels stuck out behind, and chin on his breast—a most unmilitary phenomenon. In society he is quiet, but cheerful; not loquacious, but intelligent and shrewd ; in religion the bluest kind of a Presbyterian, and extremely strict in his church observances. In Winchester he took a very active part in revivals, and habitually led the ‘ Union ’ prayer meetings.”

A friendly biographer might say of McClellan, that he “ lived his victory instead of gaining it;” but in spite of biographers, the world will persist in awarding superiority to the men who achieve success. Had Arthur Clough never written a line, we could have better understood the expectations of his friends. But he has written enough to furnish a tolerably decisive estimate of his quality. As a man, he was doubtless loveable and loved ; as a writer, he can claim but a very modest place. He was thoughtful and cultivated, and all thoughtful, cultivated minds will recognize this in his poems. They will also recognize a sincere and sensitive nature, shrinking from the rough and ready acquiescences of conventional beliefs, and withdrawing from the conflicts of life, conscious of being unfitted for them. But as to poetry, there is little or none. The nearest approach to poetry is perhaps in the following :—

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew, to feel
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each, rejoicing, steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness, too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But oh, blithe breeze ! and oh, great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare—
 Oh, bounding breeze ! oh, rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

We shall have misled the reader if he have understood us to say that this volume is only interesting as an example of the actual work achieved by a man who greatly impressed his friends. It is interesting, though less so, for its own sake. The verses are not good, but they are far from commonplace. They express real thoughts and real feelings, and in the *Bothic of Tober na Vuolich* there is considerable promise; for, in spite of its being exclusively a bit of Oxford-student life, in spite of its intentional imitations of Homer and Goethe, and its classical allusions, there is enough humour and fancy, and enough originality, to make it popular in a wider circle, and suggest that the writer, in ripening years, might have produced a remarkable work in prose. His later writings, however, are inferior to it.

Another of the prospectuses which never become works was Maurice de Guérin, whose *Journals, Lettres, et Poèmes*, published with an introduction by Sainte Beuve, form one of the most delightful French books we have read for a long while; one which has the rare and, in French literature, inestimable merit of being perfectly pure. He died in youth. The splendid opportunity of early death secures a fame, which it is very doubtful whether he could have achieved had he lived. His poems seem to us without great promise; but his journals and letters reveal a nature so poetic, so sensitive, so pious, and so vacillating and feeble, that while we read them our sympathies are deeply engaged. Very charming is the sketch given of La Chenaie, when Lamennais (then in the first fervour of his reforming zeal, and before his disastrously romantic pilgrimage to Rome), Lacordaire, Gerbet, and others, formed a little college for the rearing of true sons of the Church: charming his pictures of Brittany, and of the poet's

home there, where, in the company of his poetic host and wife, he retired from the tumult of the world: still more charming is the picture of deep friendship, amounting to passion, which existed between three or four of the young men in his circle. We have said that his poems seem to us of little value; but many passages of his journal are eminently poetic, and deserve a place among the finest passages of "word-painting" which recent French literature has produced. The influence of Wordsworth is very traceable. Altogether, it is a book to be looked after.

Count Agénor de Gasparin, an energetic abolitionist, has written a book, *America before Europe* (translated by Mary Booth), to persuade Europe that the present struggle going on in America is singly and wholly a slavery quarrel, and that the North must inevitably be victorious in this struggle. His abilities are not equal to the task; but his heart is in the book, and he obviously desires to be as impartial as his strong convictions will permit him. Unhappily, the book is only an expanded article. It contains no new information; nor is there a skilful and exhaustive marshalling of old facts. It is all declamation and argument. Probably, in North America, it may find a public. We doubt whether Europe will pay much attention to it. The translation is poor; at times unintelligible.

Now, while people are rushing to the Spas of France, Belgium, and Germany, in search of health, after the strenuous London season, Dr. Julius Althaus, a German physician, some time established in London, offers them a valuable companion in the shape of a volume on *The Spas of Europe*. It is not a guide-book. It is not a sketch of the frivolities of Spa life. It is silent about promenades, balls, and gaming-tables. It is an elaborate compilation of all the scientific knowledge hitherto gained respecting the nature and composition of the several waters, and of all that is known (or *supposed*, we might more rigorously say) respecting their physiological action, and their uses in various maladies. The book is well timed and well done.

A philosophical work of some pretension has been published anonymously, under the title of *An Inquiry into the Theories of History*. It is written with remarkable ability, and, considering its polemical spirit, with excellent temper. The style is perhaps too oratorical, and has the *stérile abondance* of the public speaker anxious to enforce his views by giving as many expressions as he can think of, and anxious to "round his sentences;" but it is always animated, and at times felicitous. The author groups all attempts to explain historical phenomena under three heads—the theory of Chance, the theory of Law, and the theory of Will. The first theory affirms that all events happen by chance, "in mere succession as regards time, in mere contiguity as regards place, without order or design, without coherence or connection, without mutual dependence or relation. The second is, that events happen according to law; law fixed and invariable, necessitating the most stable order; law final and absolute, the ultimate and highest conception of the human mind. The third is that events happen according to law, fixed and invariable, necessitating the most

stable order; but that that law, instead of being the ultimate and highest conception of the human mind, is the expression of a Supreme Will."

He examines these theories *seriatim*, criticising the two first and advocating the last. The chief portion of his book is devoted to a guerilla warfare with Auguste Comte and the positive school generally; and the stronghold from which all his sorties are made is the position that the anti-theistic positivism of Comte is not thoroughly positive, that in affirming law and denying a lawgiver, Comte sins against the principles of true positivism. The criticism of Comte's opinions is sometimes just, sometimes ingenious, but not unfrequently, on cardinal points, inconsiderate and superficial. The volume gives ample proof of metaphysical acuteness; and yet at times there are passages which we can only account for as proceeding from inexperience in metaphysical discussions. It would lead us beyond our limits, and beyond the regions of thought traversed in this magazine, to discuss such points. As a sample of what we cannot but consider his hasty criticism, we select one which admits of discussion here. Comte dwells on the state of intellectual and social anarchy which now prevails, owing to the absence of any doctrine, any system of thought, commanding general allegiance. Our author cites this to prove that Comte is inconsistent with his own views respecting the regulation of all events by invariable law. An intellectual anarchy, we are told, "is in a philosophical, positive, and scientific sense, the exact opposite of what must be conceived as the natural and necessary effect of the operation of invariable law. It is the product and proof of chance; but chance is utterly abhorrent to all M. Comte's conceptions." The argument by which this strange proposition is supported is that unless the phenomena pronounced "anarchical" in their tendency are the natural products of the laws of thought under given combinations of circumstances, they must have arisen at hap-hazard. If the former, they are not anarchical, because they exist under law, are the products of law. To expose the fallacy, we need only substitute the idea of an epidemic for that of intellectual anarchy. The author will admit the propriety of a biologist's affirming that all the phenomena which are manifested by the animal organism are subject to law, are the direct products of law; and that nevertheless a certain combination of circumstances may result in a destructive epidemic, every phenomenon of which is strictly referable to invariable organic law, although the effects are, biologically, as anarchical as the effects of scepticism, socialism, or any other mental epidemic.

Not to dwell longer on our points of difference with this author, we may, with this caveat, commend the work to all who are interested in the interesting topic. One good service his book will certainly effect—that, namely, of fastening the attention of its readers on the great fundamental problems of historical science; and especially of rooting out the lingering acquiescence in some of the many forms of the belief in chance. He well says that "even in the minds of those who possess philosophic, scientific, or religious culture, a lurking scepticism of the prevalence of order, a

lurking belief in the prevalence of disorder in certain departments of nature, thought, and action, is sometimes found to exist: and this unconfessed, and almost unconscious, scepticism or disbelief can be thoroughly dislodged, and a perfect accordance re-established between theory and life, between speculation and practice, only by falling back and resting on first principles."

SCIENCE.

The Antiquity of Man.—Among the deeply-interesting, and therefore hotly-contested, questions mooted in scientific circles, is that of the antiquity of our race, and especially in reference to the evidence of a lower type of organization in the earlier specimens of the race. Sir Charles Lyell's work on this subject is awaited with impatience. Meanwhile almost every week furnishes some new fact for speculators. Recently there have been several discoveries of human remains, which, if not decisively assignable to the period considered by geologists as coëval with the deposition of the glacial drift, are at any rate coëval with extinct mammalia. The pre-historic existence of man is decided by the discovery of his remains with *Bos primigenius*, *Bos longifrons*, &c. Such is the case with the human skull found in the Turbaries deposits at Muskharn, in the Trent Valley. (See *The Geologist* for June.) Among several peculiarities in this skull there is one which is startling, namely, the oblique direction of the *foramen magnum* (the aperture through which the spinal chord passes), which is such as to powerfully impress the anatomist with the suspicion that the man in question was not perfectly *erect*, but had his head set on his shoulders very much in the manner of the chimpanzee and gorilla; and the evidence of a powerful nuchal ligament tends to the same suspicion. It is needless to say that no valid conclusion can be founded on a single skull, and that skull imperfect. It may be an abnormal conformation; and if such a conformation were observed in a modern skull, it would be observed without surprise, since we know how numerous and extraordinary the variations frequently are. Still it is curious that out of the three earliest skulls, one should so strongly resemble the gorilla in a character always insisted on, and justly, as distinguishing the apes from man.

Two Anatomical Discoveries.—Whether it be that the human species is making a step on Darwinian principles, towards the acquirement of some new organs, for which preparations are commencing (and which may land us in the ten or hundred thousandth future generation in the possession of wings), or whatever other account of the fact is to be rendered, certain it is, that cases have of late occurred of the presence, in the human subject, of supernumerary muscles of the chest. Very remarkable instances of the occurrence of three such supernumerary muscles, now for the first time observed and described, are given in the *Transactions of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg*, recently published, on the authority of Dr.

Wenzel Gruber. The most important and conspicuous of them rejoices in the euphonious name of "Tensor semivaginæ articulationis humero-scapularis," and connects the upper portion of the sternum, or breast-bone, with the upper end of the humerus, near the acromion. It is by no means a feeble muscle, and must evidently impart material additional strength to the inward contraction of the shoulders. The other two are insignificant and so little conspicuous that they might easily be overlooked.

We have to note a second discovery, not indeed of a newly acquired organ, but of an unsuspected nervous apparatus of considerable importance. In 1857, Meissner detected a complete nervous apparatus lying under the mucous layer of the intestines. Leopold Auerbach has just now detected another and even more important nervous plexus lying between the muscular walls of the whole intestine from the pylorus downwards—a plexus of nerves and ganglia, which he finds in man, mammalia, and birds. It may seem strange that in an organ so incessantly explored by the scalpel and microscope two nervous apparatus should so long have been overlooked; and as Meissner's discovery was stoutly contested for some time, no doubt this of Auerbach will meet with the same opposition; but we have great confidence in Auerbach's accuracy, and anatomical discoveries are, fortunately, capable of rigorous demonstration. When the memoir appears in which the methods of preparation and manipulation are fully explained, anatomists will be able to decide for themselves. At present it is premature to speculate as to the function of this apparatus.

Atmosphere of the Stars.—In our July number we gave a brief account of the most astounding discovery of recent times, that, namely, of the *spectrum analysis*, which reveals the presence in the sun's atmosphere of several elements of our own globe. An easy step on the ladder of induction would extend this conclusion to the fixed stars; but to make such a step effectual, it is necessary to possess means of forming spectra of their light sufficiently luminous and definite to allow a clear view (sufficiently so for precise measurement) of the principal fixed lines, if any, which they exhibit. This, however, is a matter of no ordinary difficulty. Fraunhofer's attempts, so far as they go, afford little support to the conclusion of identity in the nature and ultimate sources of their light. He found, he says, three distinctly visible broad lines in the spectrum of Sirius, one in the green and two in the blue rays, offering no resemblance to those in the solar spectrum, while in that of Castor a line was seen by him in the green, previously situated as that in the green of Sirius; but the two lines in the blue, though visible, too feeble for measurement. In the spectra of Capella, Pollux, α Orionis, and possibly also of Procyon, he was able to identify the remarkable line D. (the double line of the soda flame), and also *b*, as occupying the same place as in the solar spectrum. In this state the subject has rested, with no persevering or consecutive attempts to follow it up (for some attempts of M. Lamont at Munich appear to have been defeated by the extreme

rarity of the requisite atmospheric conditions in that climate) until very lately. We have now before us, however, a memoir by Signor Donati (a name well-known to astronomers as that of the first discoverer of the great comet of 1858), who has arrived at a series of results highly calculated to renew its interest. It must be premised that the principal difficulty of the observations in question consists in forming a spectrum of the light of a star at once sufficiently *broad* to be able to distinguish *lines* crossing it—sufficiently *bright* to be sure of the colours (for our judgment of colours is most materially influenced by the degree of illumination), and sufficiently *pure* to exhibit the lines without overlapping. The first of these requisites was secured by Signor Donati, by concentrating the light of the star examined by means of the great burning lens in the Florentine Museum, constructed by Bergans, mounted equatorially—the same which served the academicians under Cosmo III., and more recently, in 1814, Sir H. Davy, for the combustion of the diamond. The requisite *breadth* of spectrum was obtained by the use of a cylindrical lens, placed nearly but not exactly in the focus of the large one; while the *purity* of the spectrum resulted from the extreme slenderness of the linear focal image so formed, which was viewed through a prism and telescope in the same manner nearly as is now generally adopted in spectrum experiments—a micrometric apparatus being adopted for the precise measurement of any fixed line, and its reference to a definite line in the solar light.

The stars examined by Sig. Donati* were Sirius, Lyra, Procyon, Regulus, Fomalhaut, Spica, Rigel, Castor, Altair, Capella, Arcturus, Pollux, Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Antares. In not one of their spectra were any lines coincident, or nearly coincident, with either of those denoted by Fraunhofer by the letters A, B, C, or D. Those of Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Antares, however, exhibited very distinct ones, nearly, but by no means exactly, corresponding with Fraunhofer's *b*, and differing very materially in place in the three spectra. On the other hand, all the above-named stars, Antares excepted, exhibited a line nearly corresponding with *F* (in the blue), and which, in the cases of Sirius, Lyra, Regulus, Fomalhaut, Castor, and Altair, was particularly conspicuous; in those of Procyon, Aldebaran, and α Orionis, less so, and in that of the last-named star somewhat ill-defined; while in those of Spica, Rigel, Capella, and Arcturus, though visible, it had very much less intensity. The line *G* was also represented, though still less approximatively, and with far more latitude of deviation in all the spectra but those of Spica, Rigel, Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Castor; but in the instance of Pollux only could the coincidence be called a close one.

In the spectrum of Spica a single line only (that near *F*) was noticed; in those of Regulus, Fomalhaut, Rigel, Castor, Altair, only two (*F* and *G*); in Sirius, Lyra, Procyon, besides these two, a third was seen, near the violet end of the spectrum, about half way between *G* and *H*, while in those of

* *Annals del Real Museo Fiorentino.* Tom. 1. Serie seconda.

Arcturus and Aldebaran, a third line made its appearance in the yellow between D and E, at about two-thirds the distance from the former. In the case of only two stars, Capella and α Orionis, were so many as four lines distinctly observed and measured.

The wide difference between these results and those of Fraunhofer will not fail to be noticed. Signor Donati seems disposed to explain them away by the difficulty experienced in distinguishing *colours* in such feeble illuminations—as, after all, with his own powerful means of concentrating light, he appears to have found the colours very feeble. (Judging from our own experience, we should hardly assent to this as a general assertion.) Anyhow, this seems scarcely compatible with Fraunhofer's expressions, and we are still disposed to attribute much weight to them, having had the advantage of inspecting his smaller apparatus and the large prism he was then preparing for the purpose, in his own atelier, at Munich, in the year 1824. At all events we consider it highly desirable that such very material points of discrepancy between such authorities should be cleared up without delay.

Signor Donati, to account for the *near*, but far from *exact*, coincidence of the lines analogous to F, G, H, in the solar and the several sidereal spectra, has recourse to the very extreme, and we had supposed completely exploded, hypothesis of a specific difference of refrangibility between the lights of different stars. In corroboration he adduces discordances between the observed declinations of the stars examined, as settled by the *Cambridge* observations of the present Astronomer Royal for 1830, and those of Mr. Henderson at the Cape of Good Hope in 1833. These are very old dates to refer to in matters of such nicety. But admitting them to be decisive, and that they prove a difference in the co-efficient of atmospheric refraction in the several stars in general accordance with Signor Donati's views, it must be remembered that *achromatic* telescopes (such as astronomers use) collect images and afford places of sidereal objects, not by the specific refrangibilities of certain definite rays, as A, B, C, D, &c. of the spectrum, but by the average illuminative power of the *whole* spectrum, whatever its extent, and whatever its fixed lines and gradations of light; and this average is very evidently *not* identical for stars of all *colours*, so that, quite independent of the relative situation of any of the fixed lines in their spectra, an *average* difference of refrangibility for each star *must* exist.

As before remarked, we consider it most highly desirable not only that these discordances should be cleared up, but that the subject should be gone into with all the appliances that increased optical power, and increased delicacy of mechanism and manipulation, will admit. If we might be allowed a suggestion, we would propose, for the formation of the *image* of a star, a very large, colourless, equatorially mounted achromatic object-glass; for its dilatation into a *linear* spectrum, a prism of bisulphuret of carbon, of considerable area, placed *between* the object-glass and its focus, at such a distance as just to take in the whole pencil; and for the dilata-

tion of the linear spectrum into a coloured band, or riband of light on which the fixed lines are to be seen *as* lines, a vibratory motion to be communicated by any sufficiently delicate mechanism (a tuning-fork of a *very* low pitch, for example, properly connected with the telescope), the vibrations to take place in a plane transverse to the length of the spectrum.

Sun Spots and the Magnetic Needle.—If the relation between metals in the sun's atmosphere and lines across the rainbow band of the spectrum seem singular, what shall we say to the observed relation between the spots on the sun's disk and the magnetical condition of our globe? In the one case we have a clue; in the second we have none. In the one case we infer the existence of metals in the sun's atmosphere from the *coincidence* of the lines formed in the solar spectrum and the lines formed by incandescent metals in the artificial spectrum. In the second case we have *only* coincidences—the variations observed in the solar spots, and the variations in the magnetic needle; the *nexus* between them escapes conjecture. Nevertheless, within the limits of the actually known, all fresh suggestions constantly arise. It has been recently observed that the amount of *diurnal change* in the forces acting to disturb the horizontal needle from its mean direction at Greenwich, when taken on the average of each entire year at each successive hour of the twenty-four from 1848 to 1857, both inclusive (that is to say, ten entire years, or *almost a complete period of the solar spots*), appears to be steadily and progressively diminishing, so as at the end of the period in question to have become reduced to less than two-thirds of the amount of the same forces at its beginning. This conclusion results from the simple inspection of a series of curves graphically representing the projected directions and intensities of the disturbing forces at each hour, laid by the Astronomer Royal before the Board of Visitors at the last anniversary visitation of the Royal Observatory, in June, and of which we have been favoured with a sight. This is only a part, and a very small part, of the singular and, at present, inexplicable series of changes in progress which the curves in question disclose.

Soap made from Eggs.—The white of egg is abundantly used in many branches of trade and manufacture. In that of printed calicos, for example, the consumption of eggs is so enormous that the Industrial Society of Mulhouse has offered a large prize for any invention which would economically replace albumen. At Mulhouse alone 125,000 kilogrammes (more than 250,000 lbs.) of this albumen, dried, is consumed in one year. And to get one kilogramme of dried albumen, twenty-two dozen eggs are needed. Now, on the supposition that each fowl lays one hundred eggs in the course of the year, three hundred and thirty thousand fowls are required to supply this single branch of industry in Mulhouse alone. What would be the figure if multiplied by all the branches of industry in all the places where the white of egg is employed! To it would then have to be added the enormous consumption of eggs as food. But in the last item we have at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that there is no waste; whereas in the

other cases, the yolk, which weighs 22 grammes in an egg weighing 60, has not found a good commercial employment. In such a state of things it is encouraging to learn that the French chemists have set about manufacturing soap from the yolk, by the action of alkalis on its fatty matters, and that this promises to be an important means of diminishing the relative price of the albumen consumed by the calico manufacturers.

MUSIC, 1862.

THE past season has fortified the assertion that, in one sense at least, we English can no longer be called "an unmusical people." So much music—good, bad, or indifferent—was probably never before *got through* in any one city in the course of three months. Street-bands and organs, music-halls and *café chantants*, choral societies, and concerts without end; two Italian Opera-houses open, and a Handel Festival with 4,000 voices, are only some among the many indications of how widely a musical taste has developed itself among us. The influx of foreign musicians is yearly larger; the cultivation of music in our home-circles, as well as by societies in most of our towns, has increased greatly. A purer taste, a more refined ear, are results even more important than a universal capacity of execution. And that these results are not confined to the upper classes, the success of the "Monday Popular," and other cheap concerts of classical music, sufficiently proves. If we have no great composers; if, with increased knowledge and appreciation, we are yet poor in invention; may we not justly lay something to the score of the age we live in, which, in all but science, is essentially one of imitation? Our very pottery and furniture are but reproductions of the forms and designs of one past age or another, according to the caprices of fashion. The higher arts suffer, though less fatally, under the same influence, for here each man, or school, takes his own model. But still the result is, that with many admirable imitators, graceful and skilful executants, there are, at present, but few original thinkers, either in music, painting, or sculpture.

This season has brought with it no new opera, nor any original work of lasting importance; though one of much promise, to be touched on presently. The inauguration music of the Exhibition was what the French term *un succès d'estime*. Certain it is that none of it was found sufficiently attractive to repeat in its integrity, though plenty of opportunities might have been found of so doing. In fact, Signor Verdi might congratulate himself on the discourteous treatment he received, which procured for his Cantata an infinitely more advantageous hearing than it would have had from the jaded ears of season-ticket holders on the First of May. His composition is not a great one, but, like almost all Signor Verdi writes, it has a strong national character, and could be nothing but the work of an Italian. Those who have not been much in Italy can, perhaps, scarcely understand how completely his operas are a *musical expression* of the state of feeling in that country during the last

fifteen years. The smooth and facile melodies of Rossini, with their abundant ornamentation, would have been impossible from the heart and mouth of a passionate Italian in these days. Like Giusti's verse, Verdi's music has been born during a great national crisis. With all its faults, it has immense *entrain* (best translated into the slang, *go*), and this is the secret of its success with the masses, especially in its native country. The same cannot be said of M. Meyerbeer's music, which has no national colour, and is certainly less popular in Germany than in France or England. His overture, composed for the opening of the International Exhibition, is a clever composition, brilliantly scored, and, though not strikingly original, less disfigured by freaks and interruptions of melody than many of his more important works.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's setting of the Laureate's Ode was the work of an able musician, who had been set a most ungrateful task; for words less suited for music it would be difficult to find. Yet portions of the score rose above tame excellence, though never warranting the extravagant praise it received at the hands of some of the critics. It made no profound impression on the public; but was accepted as a meritorious work, musically throughout, with occasionally happy phrases. M. Auber's march, the least pretentious of the three compositions performed on this occasion, was, perhaps, the most satisfactory. Here again we get national character, and though the limits of display are small, all within those limits is sparkling and piquant. As the work of a man in his eighty-second year, these characteristics are especially remarkable.

The promise to which we alluded in a former paragraph is held forth to us by Mr. Sullivan, a young man hitherto quite unknown as a composer, and whose music to the *Tempest*, prefaced by no journalistic flourishes of trumpet, and introduced to the public at the Crystal Palace by the enterprising Mr. Manns, with none of the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of a first performance, took the audience fairly by storm. Here was something that indicated an original composer: spontaneous melody, without effort or trick to cheat us into the belief of startling originality, but a unity of thought, and a freshness throughout, which are more valuable qualities than any others, in a young composer. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Mr. Sullivan has made the most promising *début* of any English composer for some years past.

In the concerts of this season, the increasing taste for classical music has been apparent. The most interesting, perhaps, to the lovers of such, was the performance of Sebastien Bach's Passion-Music, by the society which has adopted the name of the composer. This is only the second time it has been given in England; and the performance, considering the extreme difficulty of the music, was most praiseworthy.

The Musical Society, the Musical Union, and the Monday Popular Concerts have all prospered this season as well as they deserve. First-class music interpreted by first-class musicians has been given to the public upon very low terms. Would that our Opera-houses were open,

or similar ones ! and did not exclude, by their absurd prices, all but the wealthy, from participation in a pleasure so cheaply procured abroad. Let us be thankful, however, that we can enjoy, for a shilling or two, such concerts as these. At the two latter, Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé have played weekly, and the combination of these great artists leaves every other trio within our recollection far behind it. The playing of Herr Joachim is absolute perfection. The "world," after listening to many admirable violinists in turn, seems to have arrived, with scarcely a dissentient voice, at the conclusion that none of them combine so many great qualities as this young German. Signor Piatti has been too long among us, and his merits are too universally acknowledged to require more than a passing tribute to his talent ; but of M. Hallé, and his claims upon us, we would say a word. No one has served the cause of music in England better than he : no one has directed the public taste, both in London and Manchester, with more care and judgment to the choice of what is noblest and most enduring in his art. The refinement of feeling and the delicacy of execution which characterize his playing, have sometimes laid him open to the charge of tameness ; but what a relief is it, after listening to one of what may be termed the *Sturm und Drang* school, to hear such simple and unaffected pianoforte playing as his, without effort or exaggeration !

At one of the Musical Society concerts, M. Stephen Heller played, for the first time in London, since his fame as a composer for the pianoforte has risen to its present eminence. The public were disappointed. The performance was ineffective to the last degree. Charming as M. Heller's playing is in a small room, its chief characteristics are lost in a large area ; the extreme delicacy of touch, the fanciful and wayward expression, suffer much when the sound is not condensed, and an impression of feebleness is left. Admiring M. Heller's compositions as much as we do, we regretted that his appearance among us as a pianist was not more successful : but to say the truth M. Hallé's rendering of his friend's music has always been more appreciated than was that same music on this occasion in the hands of the composer himself.

The announcement of a series of concerts by M. Thalberg, after his long absence from England, was sure to prove attractive. Among all young musicians existed a curiosity to hear the founder of a school, whose influence was at one time paramount, and whose renown as a pianist is still great. Half a guinea and a guinea to hear one man play on the piano for two hours, are prices which would never be dreamt of in any other city in the world : but the demand on this occasion was perfectly justified by the crowded state of the room. We have been overrun by disciples of M. Thalberg's school for years, but a reaction has now for some time past steadily set in. Opera-tunes broken on the wheel, and still crying out to be heard in the midst of their torture, are no longer in vogue. It says more than anything for M. Thalberg's transcendent power, and mastery over the instrument, that we were enabled to sit and listen to some of

these at his hands, as we could have done from no other man living. As an executant we doubt whether he has ever been approached. The perfect ease, the marvellous, metallic distinctness, above all the majestic grandeur without effort of such movements as his *Mosé*, justify his being regarded as the monarch of the pianoforte. Of course, like all wise potentates, there is no passion, no *entrainement*. When we enter his dominion we bow down and do homage, but our souls are never touched.

The two Opera-houses this year have done well, though no singers of great mark have been produced to fill the gaps which time has made in their ranks. The sisters Marchisio have singularly little *charm*: that inestimable gift, which compensates sometimes for the want of every other. They can only be spoken of as duet-singers, in which capacity they have attained a rare perfection of precision. As solo-singers, especially in a room, they are harsh and coarse: though their singing evinces a better school of training than many more pleasing artists. Mdlle. Trebelli is a decided acquisition to the Haymarket *troupe*; and in addition to her flexible young voice, has the advantage of a handsome person. Of Mdlle. Titiens it seems almost superfluous to speak. She has been three years among us, and finds great favour with the public; while the daily critics, almost without exception, pronounce her to be a finished *prima donna*. To dissent from this verdict is an ungrateful task; yet in the interests of Art, we must frankly acknowledge that to us she seems neither a great singer nor an actress of more than moderate pretensions. She is gifted with a glorious voice, and a limited intelligence, which enables her to employ that gift to good effect, at times; but her singing shows none of the training requisite to form a first-rate singer: nor have we ever detected a spark of genius in her performance. In men's voices, Her Majesty's has been badly off this year; and Signor Giuglini, their *pièce de résistance* among tenors, was "indisposed" during a great part of it.

The fortunes of Covent Garden have been even more prosperous than those of the rival house. Yet we must attribute the success in both cases (as shown in the increased number of performances in the week) rather to the crowded state of London than to the novelty, or increased attractiveness, of the fare. No new opera, nor any revival of importance at either house: at Covent Garden, no new singers to replace our departed Grisi. The limited range of characters for which the clever Mdlle. Patti is suited (it is to be regretted that she should ever sing Verdi's music, which is much too great a strain upon her voice), Madame Miolan Carvalho's incapacity to fill so large a house, and Madame Czillag's unattractiveness, leave an important place yet to be filled among the *prime donne*. In spite of these drawbacks, it is satisfactory to think that, at both Opera-houses, as elsewhere, the season of 1862 shows the encouragement of music among us to be greatly on the increase.

Thomas Betterton,

LATE OF THE LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS THEATRE.

—♦♦—

ON a December night, in 1661, there is a crowded house at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The play is "Hamlet," with young Mr. Betterton, who has been two years on the stage, in the part of the Dane. The Ophelia is the real object of the young fellow's love, charming Mistress Saunderson. Old ladies and gentlemen, repairing in spacious coaches to this representation, remind one another of the lumbering and crushing of carriages about the old playhouse in the Blackfriars, causing noisy tumults which drew indignant appeals from the Puritan housekeepers, whose privacy was sadly disturbed. But what was the tumult there to the scene on the south side of the "Fields," when "Hamlet," with Betterton, as now, was offered to the public! The Jehus contend for place with the eagerness of ancient Britons in a battle of chariots. And see, the mob about the pit-doors have just caught a bailiff attempting to arrest an honest playgoer. They fasten the official up in a tub, and roll the trembling wretch all "round the square." They finish by hurling him against a carriage which sweeps from a neighbouring street at full gallop. Down come the horses over the barrelled bailiff, with sounds of hideous ruin; and the young lady lying back in the coach is screaming like mad. This lady is the dishonest daughter of brave, honest, and luckless Viscount Grandison. As yet, she is only Mrs. Palmer; next year she will be Countess of Castlemaine.

At length the audience are all safely housed and eager. Indifferent enough, however, they are during the opening scenes. The fine gentlemen laugh loudly and comb their periwigs in the "best rooms." The fops stand erect in the boxes to show how folly looks in clean linen, and the orange nymphs, with their costly entertainment of fruit from Seville, giggle and chatter, as they stand on the benches below, with old and young admirers, proud of being recognized in the boxes.

The whole court of Denmark is before them, but not till the words " 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother" fall from the lips of Betterton, is the general ear charmed, or the general tongue arrested. Then, indeed, the vainest fops and pertest orange-girls look round and listen too. The voice is so low, and sad, and sweet; the modulation so tender, the dignity so natural, the grace so consummate, that all yield themselves silently to the delicious enchantment. "It's beyond imagination," whispers Mr. Pepys to his neighbour, who only answers with a long and low drawn "*Hush!*"

I can never look on Kneller's masterly portrait of this great player

without envying those who had the good fortune to see the original, especially in "Hamlet." How grand the head, how lofty the brow, what eloquence and fire in the eye, how firm the mouth, how manly the sum of all! How is the whole audience subdued almost to tears, at the mingled love and awe which he displays in presence of the spirit of his father! Some idea of Betterton's acting in this scene may be derived from Cibber's description of it, and from that I come to the conclusion that Betterton fulfilled all that Overbury laid down with regard to what best graced an actor. "Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the centre." This was especially the case with Betterton; and now, as Hamlet's first soliloquy closes, and the charmed but silent audience "feel music's pulse in all their arteries," Mr. Pepys almost too loudly exclaims in his ecstasy, "It's the best acted part ever done by man." And the audience think so too; there is a hurricane of applause, after which the fine gentlemen renew their prattle with the fine ladies, and the orange-girls beset the Sir Foplings, and this universal trifling is felt as a relief after the general emotion.

Meanwhile, a critic, perhaps, objects that young Mr. Betterton is not "original," and intimates that the "Hamlet" is played by tradition come down through Davenant, who had seen the character acted by its first representative, Taylor, and had "taught the boy" to enact the Prince after the fashion set by the man who was said to have been instructed by Shakspeare himself. Mr. Pepys attaches little consequence to this circumstance, or to the other, that Betterton's "Henry the Eighth" was an imitation of old Lowin's. "I only know," says the Admiralty clerk, "that Mr. Betterton is the best actor in the world." As Sir Thomas Overbury remarked of a great player, his voice is never lower than the prompter's nor higher than the foil and target. But let us be silent, here comes the gentle Ophelia.

The audience generally took an interest in this lady and the royal Dane, for there was not one in the house who was ignorant of the love-passages there had been between them, or of the coming marriage by which they were to receive additional warrant. Mistress Saunderson was a lady worthy of all the homage here implied. There was mind in her acting; and she not only possessed personal beauty, but also the richer beauty of a virtuous life. They were a well-matched couple on and off the stage; and their mutual affection was based on a mutual respect and esteem. People thought of them together, as inseparable, and young ladies wondered how Mr. Betterton could take Mercutio, when Mistress Saunderson played Juliet; and leave Romeo to adore her in the not ineffective person of Mr. Harris. The whole house, as long as the incomparable pair were on the stage, were in a dream of delight. Their grace, perfection, good looks, the love they had so cunningly simulated, and that

which they were known to mutually entertain, formed the theme of all tongues. In its discussion, the retiring audience forgot the disinterring of the regicides, and the number of men killed the other day on Tower Hill, servants of the French and Spanish ambassadors, in a bloody struggle for precedence, which was ultimately won by the Don !

Fifty years after these early triumphs, an aged couple resided in one of the best houses in Russell Street, Covent Garden,—the walls of which were covered with pictures, prints, and drawings, selected with taste and judgment. They were still a handsome pair. The venerable lady, indeed, looks pale and somewhat saddened. The gleam of April sunshine which penetrates the apartment cannot win her from the fire. She is Mrs. Betterton, and ever and anon she looks with a sort of proud sorrow on her aged husband. His fortune, nobly earned, has been diminished by “speculation,” but the means whereby he achieved it are his still, and Thomas Betterton, in the latter years of Queen Anne, is the chief glory of the stage, even as he was in the first year of King Charles. The lofty column, however, is a little shaken. It is not a ruin, but is beautiful in its decay. Yet that it should decay at all is a source of so much tender anxiety to the actor’s wife, that her senses suffer disturbance, and there may be seen in her features something of the distraught Ophelia of half a century ago.

It is the 13th of April, 1710—his benefit night; and the tears are in the lady’s eyes, and a painful sort of smile on her trembling lips, for Betterton kisses her as he goes forth that afternoon to take leave, as it proved, of the stage for ever. He is in such pain from gout that he can scarcely walk to his carriage, and how is he to enact the noble and fiery Melantius in that ill-named drama of horror, “The Maid’s Tragedy ?” Hoping for the best, the old player is conveyed to the theatre, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, in the Haymarket, the site of which is now occupied by the “Opera-house.” Through the stage-door he is carried in loving arms to his dressing-room. At the end of an hour, Wilks is there, and Pinkethman, and Mrs. Barry, all dressed for their parts, and agreeably disappointed to find the Melantius of the night robed, armoured, and be-sworded, with one foot in a buskin and the other in a slipper. To enable him even to wear the latter, he had first thrust his inflamed foot into water ; but stout as he seemed, trying his strength to and fro in the room, the hand of Death was at that moment descending on the grandest of English actors.

The house rose to receive him who had delighted themselves, their sires, and their grandsires. The audience were packed “like Norfolk biffins.” The edifice itself was only five years old, and when it was a-building, people laughed at the folly which reared a new theatre in the country, instead of in London ;—for in 1705 all beyond the rural Haymarket was open field, straight away westward and northward. That such a house could ever be filled was set down as an impossibility ; but the achievement was accomplished on this eventful benefit night ; when the popular favourite was

about to utter his last words, and to belong thenceforward only to the history of the stage he had adorned.

There was a shout which shook him, as Lysippus uttered the words "Noble Melantius," which heralded his coming. Every word which could be applied to himself was marked by a storm of applause, and when Melantius said of Amintor—

" His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed,"

a murmuring comment ran round the house, that this had been effected by Betterton himself. Again, when he bids Amintor "hear thy friend, who has more years than thou," there were probably few who did not wish that Betterton were as young as Wilks: but when he subsequently thundered forth the famous passage, "My heart will never fail me," there was a very tempest of excitement, which was carried to its utmost height, in thundering peal on peal of unbridled approbation, as the great Rhodian gazed full on the house, exclaiming—

" My heart
And limbs are still the same ; my will as great
To do you service ! "

No one doubted more than a fractional part of this assertion, and Betterton, acting to the end under a continued fire of "*bravoës!*" may have thrown more than the original meaning into the phrase—

" That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again!"

Few were the words he was destined ever to hear again ; and the subsequent prophecy of his own certain and proximate death, on which the curtain slowly descended, was fulfilled eight and forty hours after they were uttered.

Such was the close of a career which had commenced fifty-one years before ! Few other actors of eminence have kept the stage, with the public favour, for so extended a period, with the exception of Cave Underhill, Quin, Macklin, King, and in later times, Bartley and Cooper, all of whom at least accomplished their half century. The record of that career affords many a lesson and valuable suggestion to young actors, but I have to say a word previously of the Bettertons, before the brothers of that name, Thomas and the less known William, assumed the sock and buskin.

Tothill Street, Westminster, is not at present a fine or a fragrant locality. It has a crapulous look and a villainous smell, and petty traders now huddle together where nobles once were largely housed. Thomas Betterton was born here, about the year 1634-5. The street was then in its early decline, or one of King Charles's cooks could hardly have had home in it. Nevertheless, there still clung to it a considerable share of dignity. Even at that time there was a Tothill Fields House of Correction,

whither vagabonds were sent, who used to earn scraps by scraping trenchers in the tents pitched in Petty France. All else in the immediate neighbourhood retained an air of pristine and very ancient nobility. I therefore take the father of Betterton, cook to King Charles, to have been a very good gentleman, in his way. He was certainly the sire of one, and the circumstance of the apprenticeship of young Thomas to a bookseller was no evidence to the contrary. In those days, it was the custom for greater men than the *chefs* in the King's kitchen, namely, the bishops in the King's church, to apprentice their younger sons, at least, to trade, or to bequeath sums for that especial purpose. The last instance I can remember of this traditional custom presents itself in the person, not indeed of a son of a bishop, but of the grandson of an archbishop, namely, of John Sharp, Archbishop of York from 1691 to 1714. He had influence enough with Queen Anne to prevent Swift from obtaining a bishopric. His son was Archdeacon of Northumberland, and of this archdeacon's sons one was Prebendary of Durham, while the other, the celebrated Granville Sharp, the "friend of the Negro," was apprenticed to a linen-draper, on Tower Hill. The early connection of Betterton, therefore, with Rhodes, the Charing Cross bookseller, is not to be accepted as a proof that his sire was not in a "respectable" position in society. That sire had had for his neighbour, only half-a-dozen years before Thomas was born, the well-known Sir Henry Spelman, who had since removed to more cheerful quarters in Barbican. A very few years previously, Sir George Carew resided here, in Caron House, and his manuscripts are not very far from the spot even now. They refer to his experiences as Lord Deputy in Ireland, and are deposited in the library at Lambeth Palace. These great men were neighbours of the elder Betterton, and they had succeeded to men not less remarkable. One of the latter was Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the friend of Spenser, and the "Talus" of that poet's "Iron Flail." The Greys, indeed, had long kept house in Tothill Street, as had also the Lords Dacre of the South. When Betterton was born here, the locality was still full of the story of Thomas Lord Dacre, who went thence to be hanged at Tyburn, in 1541. He had headed a sort of Chevy-chase expedition into the private park of Sir Nicholas Pelham, in Sussex. In the fray which ensued, a keeper was killed, of which deed my lord took all the responsibility, and, very much to his surprise, was hanged in consequence. The mansion built by his son, the last lord, had not lost its first freshness when the Bettertons resided here, and its name, *Stourton* House, yet survives in the corrupted form of *Strutton* Ground.

Thus, the Bettertons undoubtedly resided in a "fashionable" locality, and we may fairly conclude that their title to "respectability" has been so far established. That the street long continued to enjoy a certain dignity is apparent from the fact that, in 1664, when Betterton was rousing the town by his acting, as *Bosola*, in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," Sir Henry Herbert established his office of Master of the Revels, in Tothill Street. It was not till the next century that the decline of this

street set in. Southern, the dramatist, resided and died there, but it was in rooms over an oilman's shop; and Edmund Burke lived modestly at the east end, before those mysterious thousands were amassed by which he was enabled to establish himself as a country gentleman.

Galt, and the other biographers of Betterton, complain of the paucity of materials for the life of so great an actor. Therein is his life told; or rather Pepys tells it more correctly in an entry in his diary for October, 1662, in which he says—"Betterton is a very sober, serious man, and studious, and humble, following of his studies; and is rich already with what he gets and saves." *There* is the great and modest artist's whole life—earnestness, labour, lack of presumption, and the recompence. At the two ends of his career, two competent judges pronounced him to be the best actor they had ever seen. The two men were Pepys, who was born in the reign of Charles the First, and Pope, who died in the reign of George the Second. This testimony refers to above a century, during which time the stage knew no such player as he. Pope, indeed, notices that old critics used to place Hart on an equality with him; this is, probably, an error for Harris, who had a party at court among the gay people there who were oppressed by the majesty of Betterton. Pepys alludes to this partisanship in 1663. "This fellow" (Harris), he remarks, "grew very proud of late, the king and everybody else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton, he being a *more acry man*, as he is, indeed."

From the days of Betterton's bright youth to that of his old age, the sober seriousness of the "artist," for which Pepys vouches, never left him. With the dress he assumed, for the night, the nature of the man—be it "Hamlet" or "Thersites," "Valentine" or "Sir John Brute," of whom he was to be the representative. In the "green-room," as on the stage, he was, for the time being, subdued or raised to the quality of him whose likeness he had put on. In presence of the audience, he was never tempted by applause to forget his part, or himself. Once only Pepys registers, with surprise, an incident which took place at the representation of "Mustapha," in 1667. It was "bravely acted," he says, "only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing, in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like."

Then for his humility, I find the testimony of Pepys sufficiently corroborated. It may have been politic in him, as a young man, to repair to Mr. Cowley's lodgings in town, and ask from that author his particular views with regard to the Colonel Jolly in the "Cutter of Coleman Street," which had been entrusted to the young actor; but the politic humility of 1661 was, in fact, the practised modesty of his life. In the very meridian of his fame, he, and Mrs. Barry also, were as ready to take instruction respecting the characters of Jaffier and Belvidera, from poor battered Otway, as they subsequently were from that very fine gentleman, Mr. Congreve, when they were cast for the hero and heroine of his

comedies. Even to bombastic Rowe, who hardly knew his own reasons for language put on the lips of his characters, they listened with deference; and, at another period, "Sir John and Lady Brute" were not undertaken by them till they had conferred with the author, solid Vanbrugh.

The mention of these last characters reminds me of a domestic circumstance of interest respecting Betterton. In the comedy, in which they acted the principal characters, "The Provoked Wife," the part of Lady Fancyful was played by Mrs. Bowman. This young lady was the adopted child of the Bettertons, and the daughter of a friend (Sir Frederick Watson, Bart.) whose indiscretion or ill-luck had scattered that fortune the laying of the foundation of which is recorded by Pepys. To the sire, Betterton had intrusted the bulk of his little wealth as a commercial venture to the East Indies. A ruinous failure ensued, and I know of nothing which puts the private life of the actor in so pleasing a light, as the fact of his adopting the child of the wholly ruined man who had nearly ruined *him*. He gave her all he had to bestow, careful instruction in his art; and the lady became an actress of merit. This merit, added to considerable personal charms, won for her the homage of Bowman, a player who became, in course of time, the father of the stage, though he never grew, confessedly, old. In after years, he would converse freely enough of his wife and her second father, Betterton, but if you asked the carefully-dressed Mr. Bowman anything with respect to his age, no other reply was to be had from him than—"Sir, it is very well!"

From what has been previously stated, it will be readily believed that the earnestness of Betterton continued to the last. Severely disciplined, as he had been by Davenant, he subjected himself to the same discipline to the very close; and he was not pleased to see it disregarded or relaxed by younger actors whom late and gay "last nights" brought ill and incompetent to rehearsal. Those actors might have reaped valuable instruction out of the harvest of old Thomas's experience and wisdom, had they been so minded.

Young actors of the present time—time when pieces run for months and years; when authors prescribe the extent of the run of their own dramas, and when nothing is "damned" by a patient public—our young actors have little idea of the labours undergone by the great predecessors who gave glory to the stage and dignity to the profession. Not only was Betterton's range of characters unlimited, but the number he "created" was never equalled by any subsequent actor of eminence—namely, about one hundred and thirty! In some single years he studied and represented no less than eight original parts—an amount of labour which would shake the nerves of the stoutest among us, now.

His brief relaxation was spent on his little Berkshire farm, whence he once took a rustic to Bartholomew Fair for a holiday. The master of the puppet-show declined to take money for admission, "Mr. Betterton," he said, "is a brother actor!" Roger, the rustic, was slow to believe that the puppets were not alive; and so similar in vitality appeared to

him, on the same night, at Drury Lane, the Jupiter and Alcmena in "Amphitryon," played by Betterton and Mrs. Barry, that on being asked what he thought of them, Roger, taking them for puppets, answered, "They did wonderfully well for rags and stinks!"

Provincial engagements were then unknown. Travelling companies, like that of Watkins, visited Bath, a regular company from town, going thither only on royal command; but magistrates ejected strollers from Newbury; and Reading would not tolerate them, even out of respect for Mr. Betterton. At Windsor, however, there was a troop fairly patronized, where, in 1706, a Mistress Carroll, daughter of an old Parliamentarian, was awakening shrill echoes by enacting Alexander the Great. The lady was a friend of Betterton's, who had in the previous year created the part of Lovewell in her comedy of the "Gamester." The powers of Mrs. Carroll had such an effect on Mr. Centlivre, one of the cooks to Queen Anne, that he straightway married her; and when, a few months later, Betterton played Sir Thomas Beaumont, in the lady's comedy, "Love at a Venture," his friend, a royal cook's wife, furnished but an indifferent part for a royal cook's son.

In other friendships cultivated by the great actor, and in the influences which he exerted over the most intellectual men who were his friends, we may discover proofs of Betterton's moral worth and mental power. Glorious Thomas not only associated with "Glorious John," but became his critic,—one to whom Dryden listened with respect, and to whose suggestions he lent a ready acquiescence. In the poet's "Spanish Friar" there was a passage which spoke of kings' bad titles growing good by time; a supposed fact which was illustrated by the lines—

So, when clay's burned for a hundred years,
It starts forth china!

The player fearlessly pronounced this passage "*mean*," and it was forthwith cancelled by the poet.

Intimate as this incident shows Betterton to have been with Dryden, there are others which indicate a closer intimacy of the player with Tillotson. The divine was a man who placed charity above rubrics, and discarded bigotry as he did perukes. He could extend a friendly hand to the benevolent Arian, Firmin; and welcome, even after he entered the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, such a visitor as the great actor, Betterton. Did objection come from the rigid and ultra-orthodox?—the prelate might have reminded them that it was not so long since a bishop was hanged, and that the player was a far more agreeable and, in every respect, a worthier man than the unlucky diocesan of Waterford. However this may be questioned or conceded, it is indisputable that when Tillotson and Betterton met, the greatest preacher and the greatest player of the day were together. I think, too, that the divine was, in the above respect, somewhat indebted to the actor. We all remember the story how Tillotson was puzzled to account for the circumstance that his friend the

actor exercised a vaster power over human sympathies and antipathies than he had, hitherto, done as a preacher. The reason was plain enough to Thomas Betterton. "You, in the pulpit," said he, "only tell a story: I, on the stage, show facts." Observe, too, what a prettier way this was of putting it than that adopted by Garrick when one of his clerical friends was similarly perplexed. "I account for it in this way," said the latter Roscius: "You deal with facts as if they were fictions; I deal with fictions as if I had faith in them as facts." Again, what Betterton thus remarked to Tillotson was a modest comment, which Colley Cibber has rendered perfect in its application, in the words which tell us that "the most a Vandyke can arrive at is to make his Portraits of Great Persons seem to think. A Shakspeare goes farther yet, and tells you *what* his Pictures thought. A Betterton steps beyond 'em both, and calls them from the grave, to breathe and be themselves again in Feature, Speech, and Motion." That Tillotson profited by the comment of Betterton—more gratefully than Bossuet did by the actors, whom he consigned, as such, to the nethermost Gehenna—is the more easily to be believed, from the fact that he introduced into the pulpit the custom of preaching from notes. Thenceforth, he left off "telling his story," as from a book, and, having action at command, could the nearer approach to the "acting of facts."

"*Virgilium tantum vidi!*" Pope said this of Dryden, whom he once saw, when a boy. He was wont to say of Betterton, that he had known him from his own boyhood upwards, till the actor died, in 1710, when the poet was twenty-two years of age. The latter listened eagerly to the old traditions which the player narrated of the earlier times. Betterton was warrant to him, on the authority of Davenant, from whom the actor had it, that there was no foundation for the old legend which told of an ungenerous rivalry between Shakspeare and Old Ben. The player who had been as fearless with Dryden as Socrates was with his friend Euripides—"judiciously lopping" redundant nonsense or false and mean maxims, as Dryden himself confesses—was counsellor, rather than critic or censor, with young Pope. The latter, at the age of twelve years, had written the greater portion of an imitative epic poem, entitled "*Alcander, Prince of Rhodes.*" I commend to artists in search of a subject the incident of Pope, at fifteen or sixteen, showing this early effort of his Muse to Betterton. It was a poem which abounded in dashing exaggerations, and fair imitations of the styles of the then greater English poets. There was a dramatic vein about it, however, or the player would not have advised the bard to convert his poem into a play. The lad excused himself. He feared encountering either the law of the drama or the taste of the town; and Betterton left him to his own unfettered way. The actor lived to see that the boy was the better judge of his own powers, for young Pope produced his *Essay on Criticism* the year before Betterton died. A few years later the poet rendered any possible fulfilment of the player's counsel impossible, by dropping the manuscript of *Alcander* into the flames. Atterbury had less esteem for this work

than Betterton. "I am not sorry your Alcander is burnt," he says, "but had I known your intentions I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities."

Pope remembered the player with affection. For some time after Betterton's decease the print-shops abounded with mezzotinto engravings of his portrait by Kneller. Of this portrait the poet himself executed a copy, which still exists. His friendly intercourse with the half-mad Irish artist, Jervas, is well known. When alone, Pope was the poet; with Jervas, and under his instructions, he became an artist,—in his way; but yet an artist,—if a copier of portraits deserve so lofty a name. In 1713, he writes to Gay:—"You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter." He perfected, however, and kept his portrait of Betterton, from Kneller, which passed into the collection of his friend Murray, and which is now in that of Murray's descendant, the Earl of Mansfield.

Kneller's portrait of Betterton is enshrined among goodly company at princely Knowle—the patrimony of the Sackvilles. It is there, with that of his fellow-actor, Mohun; his friend, Dryden; and his great successor, Garrick;—the latter being the work of Reynolds. The grand old Kentish Hall is a fitting place for such a brotherhood. The first of the Earls of Dorset of the Sackville line was the most daring of poets as well as the most prudent of financiers. It was his descendant, the sixth Earl, who found Prior a waiting-lad in a coffee-house, and gave him to literature; and it was for him, "Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride," that Kneller executed this portrait of Betterton.

This master of his art had the greatest esteem for a *silent* and *attentive* audience. It was easy, he used to say, for any player to rouse the house, but to subdue it, render it rapt, and hushed to, at the most, a murmur, was work for an artist; and in such effects no one approached him. And yet the rage of Othello was more "in his line" than the tenderness of Castalio; but he touched the audience in his rage. Harris competed with him for a brief period, but if he ever excelled him it was only in very light comedy. The dignity and earnestness of Betterton were so notorious and so attractive that people flocked only to hear him speak a prologue, while brother actors looked on, admired, and despaired.

Age, trials, infirmity never damped his ardour. Even angry and unsuccessful authors, who railed against the players who had brought their dramas to grief, made exception of Betterton. He was always ready, always perfect, always anxious to effect the utmost within his power. Among the foremost of his merits may be noticed his freedom from all jealousy, and his willingness to assist others up the height which he had himself surmounted. That he played Bassanio to Doggett's Shylock is perhaps not saying much by way of illustration; but that he acted Horatio

to Powel's *Lothario*; that he gave up *Jupiter* (*Amphitryon*) and *Valentine*, two of his original parts, to Wilks, and even yielded *Othello*, one of the most elaborate and exquisite of his "presentments" to Thurmond, are fair instances in point. When Bowman introduced young Barton Booth to "old Thomas," the latter welcomed him heartily, and after seeing his *Maximus*, in "*Valentinian*," recognized in him his successor. At that moment the town, speculating on the demise of their favourite, had less discernment. They did not know whether Verbruggen, with his voice like a cracked drum, or idle Powel, with his lazy stage-swing, might aspire to the sovereignty; but they were slow to believe in Booth, who was not the only young actor who was shaded in the setting glories of the sun of the English theatre.

When Colley Cibber first appeared before a London audience he was a "volunteer" who went in for practice; and he had the misfortune, on one occasion, to put the great master out, by some error on his own part. Betterton subsequently inquired the young man's name, and the amount of his salary; and hearing that the former was Cibber, and that, as yet, he received nothing, "Put him down ten shillings a-week," said Betterton, "and forfeit him five." Colley was delighted. It was placing his foot on the first round of the ladder; and his respect for "Mr. Betterton" was unbounded. Indeed there were few who did not pay him some homage. The King himself delighted to honour him. Charles, James, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, sent him assurances of their admiration; but King William admitted him to a private audience, and when the patentees of Drury Lane were, through lack of general patronage, suggesting the expediency of a reduction of salaries, great Nassau placed in the hands of Betterton the licence which freed him from the thraldom of the Drury tyrants, and authorised him to open the second theatre erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Next to his most sacred Majesty, perhaps the most formidable personage in the kingdom, in the eyes of the actors, was the Lord Chamberlain, who was master of the very lives of the performers, having the absolute control of the stage, whereby they lived. This potentate, however, seemed ever to favour Betterton. When unstable yet useful Powel suddenly abandoned Drury Lane, to join the company in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Chamberlain did not deign to notice the offence; but when, all as suddenly, the capricious and unreliable Powel abandoned the house in the Fields, and betook himself again to that in the Lane—the angry Lord Chamberlain sent a "messenger" after him to his lodgings, and clapped the offending Thespian, for a couple of days, in the Gate House.

While Powel was with Betterton, the latter produced the "Fair Penitent," by Rowe, Mrs. Barry being the Calista. When the dead body of *Lothario* was lying decently covered on the stage, Powel's dresser, Warren, lay there for his master, who, requiring the services of the man in his dressing room, and not remembering where he was, called aloud for him so repeatedly, and at length so angrily, that Warren leaped up in a fright and ran from the stage. His cloak, however, had got hooked to

the bier, and this he dragged after him, sweeping down, as he dashed off in his confusion, table, lamps, books, bones, and upsetting the astounded Calista herself. Inextinguishable laughter convulsed the audience, but Betterton's reverence for the dignity of tragedy was shocked, and he stopped the piece in its full career of success, until the town had ceased to think of Warren's escapade.

I know of but one man who has spoken of Betterton at all disparagingly—old Anthony Aston. But even that selfish cynic is constrained so to modify his censure, as to convert it into praise. When Betterton was approaching threescore years and ten, Anthony could have wished that he “would have resigned the part of Hamlet to some young actor who might have *personated*, though,” mark the distinction, “*not have acted it better*.” Aston’s grounds for his wish are so many justifications of Betterton; “for,” says Anthony, “when he threw himself at Ophelia’s feet, he appeared a little too grave for a young student just from the University of Wittenberg.” “His repartees,” Anthony thinks, “were more those of a philosopher than the sporting flashes of young Hamlet;” as if Hamlet were not the gravest of students, and the most philosophical of young Danes! Aston caricatures the aged actor only again to commend him. He depreciates the figure which time had touched, magnifies the defects, registers the lack of power, and the slow sameness of action; hints at a little remains of paralysis, and at gout in the now thick legs, profanely utters the words “fat” and “clumsy,” and suggests that the face is “slightly pock-marked.” But we are therewith told that his air was serious, venerable, and majestic; and that though his voice was “low and grumbling, he could turn it by an artful climax which enforced an universal attention even from the fops and orange-girls.” Cibber declares that there was such enchantment in his voice alone, the multitude no more cared for sense in the words he spoke, “than our musical connoisseurs think it essential in the celebrated airs of an Italian Opera.” Again, he says, “Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might you see the Muse of Shakspeare in her triumph.” “I never,” says honest Colley, “heard a line in tragedy come from *Betterton*, wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which, since his time, I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever.” This was written in 1740, the year before little David took up the rich inheritance of “old Thomas”—whose “Hamlet,” however, the later actor could hardly have equalled. The next great pleasure to seeing Betterton’s “Hamlet” is to read Cibber’s masterly analysis of it. A couple of lines reveal to us the leading principle of his “Brutus:” “When the Betterton-Brutus,” says Colley, “was provoked in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to.” In his least effective characters, he, with an exception already noted, excelled all other actors; but in characters such as “Hamlet” and “Othello” he excelled himself. Cibber never beheld his equal for at

least two-and-thirty years after Betterton's death, when, in 1741, court and city, with doctors of divinity and enthusiastic bishops, were hurrying to Goodman's Fields, to witness the "Richard" of the gentleman from Ipswich, named Garrick.

During the long career of Betterton he played at Drury Lane, Dorset Gardens, Lincoln's Inn Fields (in both theatres), and at the Opera-house in the Haymarket. The highest salary awarded to this great master of his art was five pounds per week, which included one pound by way of pension to his wife, after her retirement in 1694. In consideration of his merits, he was allowed to take a benefit in the season of 1708-9, when the actor had an ovation. In money for admission he received, indeed, only seventy-six pounds; but in complimentary guineas, he took home with him to Russell Street 450*l.* more. The terms in which the *Tatler* spoke of him living,—the tender and affectionate, manly and heart-stirring passages in which the same writer bewailed him when dead,—are eloquent and enduring testimonies of the greatness of an actor who was the glory of our stage, and of the worth of a man whose loss cost his sorrowing widow her reason. "*Decus et Dolor.*" "The grace and the grief of the theatre." It is well applied to him who laboured incessantly, lived irreproachably, and died in harness, universally esteemed and regretted. He was the jewel of the English stage; and I never think of him, and of some to whom his example was given in vain, without saying, with Overbury, "I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore : I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal."

The feeling of the English public towards Betterton is in strong contrast with that of the French towards their great actor, Baron. Both men grew old in the public service, but both were not treated with equal respect in the autumn of that service. Betterton, at seventy, was upheld by general esteem and crowned by general applause. When Baron, at seventy, was playing "Nero," the Paris pit audience, longing for novelty, hissed him as he came down the stage. The fine old player calmly crossed his arms, and looking his rude assailants in the face, exclaimed, "Ungrateful pit! 'twas I who taught you!" That was the form of Baron's *exit*; and Clairon was as cruelly driven from the scene when her dimming eyes failed to stir the audience with the old, strange, and delicious terror. In other guise did the English public part with their old friend and servant, the noble actor, fittingly described in the licence granted to him by King William, as "Thomas Betterton, Gentleman."

Boundabout Papers.—No. XXIV.

ON A PEAL OF BELLS.



Some bells in a church hard by are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden, reading his first novel. It was called the *Scottish Chiefs*. The little boy (who is now ancient and

not little) read this book in the summer-house of his great grandmamma. She was eighty years of age then. A most lovely and picturesque old lady, with a long tortoiseshell cane, with a little puff, or *tour*, of snow white (or was it powdered?) hair under her cap, with the prettiest little black velvet slippers and high heels you ever saw. She had a grandson, a lieutenant in the navy; son of her son, a captain in the navy; grandson of her husband, a captain in the navy. She lived for scores and scores of years in a dear little old Hampshire town inhabited by the wives, widows, daughters of navy captains, admirals, lieutenants. Dear me! Don't I remember Mrs. Duval, widow of Admiral Duval; and the Miss Dennets at the Great House at the other end of the town, Admiral Dennet's daughters; and the Miss Barrys, the late Captain Barry's daughters; and the good old Miss Maskews, Admiral Maskews' daughter; and that dear little Miss Norval, and the kind Miss Bookers, one of whom married Captain, now Admiral, Sir Henry Excellent, K.C.B.? Far, far away into the past I look and seek the little town with its friendly glimmer. That town was so like a novel of Miss Austin's that I wonder was she born and bred there? No, we should have known, and the good old ladies would have pronounced her to be a little idle thing, occupied with her silly

books and neglecting her housekeeping. There were other towns in England, no doubt, where dwelt the widows and wives of other navy captains, where they tattled, loved each other, and quarrelled; talked about Betty, the maid, and her fine ribbons, indeed! Took their dish of tea at six, played at quadrille every night till ten, when there was a little bit of supper, after which Betty came with the lanthorn; and next day came, and next, and next, and so forth, until a day arrived when the lanthorn was out, when Betty came no more; all that little company sank to rest under the daisies, whither some folks will presently follow them. How did they live to be so old, those good people? *Moi qui vous parle*, I perfectly recollect old Mr. Gilbert, who had been to sea with Captain Cook; and Captain Cook, as you justly observe, dear miss, quoting out of your *Mangnall's Questions*, was murdered by the natives of Owhyhee, anno 1779. Ah! don't you remember his picture, standing on the sea-shore, in tights and gaiters, with a musket in his hand, pointing to his people not to fire from the boats, whilst a great tattooed savage is going to stab him in the back? Don't you remember those houris dancing before him and the other officers at the great Otaheite ball? Don't you know that Cook was at the siege of Quebec, with the glorious Wolfe, who fought under the Duke of Cumberland, whose royal father was a distinguished officer at Ramillies, before he commanded in chief at Dettingen? Huzzay! Give it them, my lads! My horse is down? Then I know I shall not run away. Do the French run? then I die content. Stop. Wo! *Quo me rapis?* My Pegasus is galloping off, goodness knows where, like his Majesty's charger at Dettingen.

How do these rich historical and personal reminiscences come out of the subject at present in hand? What is that subject, by the way? My dear friend, if you look at the last essaykin (though you may leave it alone, and I shall not be in the least surprised or offended), if you look at the last paper where the writer imagines Athos and Porthos, D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe, Amelia and Sir Charles Grandison, Don Quixote and Sir Roger, walking in at the garden-window, you will at once perceive that NOVELS and their heroes and heroines are our present subject of discourse, into which we will presently plunge. Are you one of us, dear sir, and do you love novel-reading? To be reminded of your first novel will surely be a pleasure to you. Hush! I never read quite to the end of my first, the *Scottish Chiefs*. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. Miss Porter, like a kind dear tender-hearted creature, would not have Wallace's head chopped off at the end of Vol. V. She made him die in prison,* and if I remember right (protesting I have not read the book for forty-two or three years), Robert Bruce made a speech to his soldiers, in

* I find, on reference to the novel, that Sir William died on the scaffold, not in prison. His last words were, "My prayer is heard. Life's cord is cut by heaven. Helen! Helen! May heaven preserve my country, and—" He stopped. He fell. And with that mighty shock the scaffold shook to its foundation."

which he said, "And Bannockburn shall equal Cambuskenneth."* But I repeat, I could not read the end of the fifth volume of that dear delightful book for crying. Good heavens! It was as sad, as sad as going back to school.

The glorious Scott cycle of romances came to me some four or five years afterwards; and I think boys of our year were specially fortunate in coming upon those delightful books at that special time when we could best enjoy them. Oh, that sunshiny bench on half-holidays, with Claverhouse or Ivanhoe for a companion! I have remarked of very late days some little men in a great state of delectation over the romances of Captain Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard's Prairie and Indian Stories, and during occasional holiday visits, lurking off to bed with the volume under their arms. But are those Indians and warriors so terrible as *our* Indians and warriors were? (I say, are they? Young gentlemen, mind, I do not say they are not.) But as an oldster I can be heartily thankful for the novels of the 1-10 Geo. IV., let us say, and so downward to a period not unremote. Let us see; there is, first, our dear Scott. Whom do I love in the works of that dear old master? Amo—

The Baron of Bradwardine, and Fergus. (Captain Waverley is certainly very mild.)

Amo Ivanhoe; LOCKSLEY; the Templar.

Amo Quentin Durward, and specially Quentin's uncle, who brought the Boar to bay. I forgot the gentleman's name.

I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood, or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (circa 1825).

Amo SALADIN and the Scotch knight in the *Talisman*. The Sultan best.

Amo CLAVERHOUSE.

Amo MAJOR DALGETTY. Delightful major! To think of him is to desire to jump up, run to the book, and get the volume down from the shelf. About all those heroes of Scott, what a manly bloom there is, and honourable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their position of hero, and as it were to say, "Since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple,

* The remark of Bruce (which I protest I had not read for forty-two years), I find to be as follows:—"When this was uttered by the English heralds, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with an heroic smile. 'Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall page with Cambuskenneth!'" In the same amiable author's famous novel of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, there is more crying than in any novel I ever remember to have read. See, for example, the last page. * * "Incapable of speaking, Thaddeus led his wife back to her carriage. * * His tears gushed out in spite of himself, and mingling with hers, poured those thanks, those assurances, of animated approbation through her heart, which made it even ache with excess of happiness." * * And a sentence or two further, "Kosciusko did bless him, and embalmed the benediction with a shower of tears."

courageous, not too clever. If I were a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Walter-Scott-hero sort.

Much as I like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz.

LEATHER-STOCKING,

UNCAS,

HARDHEART,

TOM COFFIN,

are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stockings is better than any one in "Scott's lot." *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.

At school, in my time, there was a public day, when the boys' relatives, an examining bigwig or two from the universities, old school-fellows, and so forth, came to the place. The boys were all paraded; prizes were administered; each lad being in a new suit of clothes—and magnificent dandies, I promise you, some of us were. Oh, the chubby cheeks, clean collars, glossy new raiment, beaming faces, glorious in youth—*fit tueri calum*—bright with truth, and mirth, and honour! To see a hundred boys marshalled in a chapel or old hall; to hear their sweet fresh voices when they chant, and look in their brave calm faces; I say, does not the sight and sound of them smite you, somehow, with a pang of exquisite kindness? . . . Well. As about boys, so about Novelists. I fancy the boys of Parnassus School all paraded. I am a lower boy myself in that academy. I like our fellows to look well, upright, gentlemanlike. There is Master Fielding—he with the black eye. What a magnificent build of a boy! There is Master Scott, one of the heads of the school. Did you ever see the fellow more hearty and manly? Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering after the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne—a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church; for shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! Let him have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room, give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice if I were Doctor Birch, and master of the school.

Let us drop this school metaphor, this birch and all pertaining thereto. Our subject, I beg leave to remind the reader's humble servant, is novel heroes and heroines. How do you like your heroes, ladies? Gentlemen, what novel heroines do you prefer? When I set this essay going, I sent the above question to two of the most inveterate novel-readers of my acquaintance. The gentleman refers me to Miss Austen; the lady says Athos, Guy Livingston, and (pardon my rosy blushes) Colonel Esmond, and owns that in youth she was very much in love with Valancourt.

Valancourt, and who was he? cry the young people. Valancourt, my dears, was the hero of one of the most famous romances which ever was published in this country. The beauty and elegance of Valancourt made your young grandmamas' gentle hearts to beat with respectful sympathy. He and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me that the glory of novels should ever decay; that dust should gather round them on the shelves; that the annual cheques from Messieurs the publishers should dwindle, dwindle! Inquire at Mudie's, or the London Library, who asks for the *Mysteries of Udolpho* now? Have not even the *Mysteries of Paris* ceased to frighten? Alas, our novels are but for a season; and I know characters whom a painful modesty forbids me to mention, who shall go to limbo along with *Valancourt* and *Doricourt*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

A dear old sentimental friend, with whom I discoursed on the subject of novels yesterday, said that her favourite hero was Lord Orville, in *Evelina*, that novel which Doctor Johnson loved so. I took down the book from a dusty old crypt at a club, where Mrs. Barbauld's novelists repose: and this is the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in which your ancestors found pleasure:—

“And here, whilst I was looking for the books, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, ‘Is this true, Miss Anville—are you going?’

“‘I believe so, my lord,’ said I, still looking for the books.

“‘So suddenly, so unexpectedly: must I lose you?’

“‘No great loss, my lord,’ said I, endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

“‘Is it possible,’ said he, gravely, ‘Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?’

“‘I can’t imagine,’ cried I, ‘what Mrs. Selwyn has done with those books.’

“‘Would to heaven,’ continued he, ‘I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!’

“‘I must run upstairs,’ cried I, greatly confused, ‘and ask what she has done with them.’

“‘You are going then,’ cried he, taking my hand, ‘and you give me not the smallest hope of any return! Will you not, my too lovely friend, will you not teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?’

“‘My lord,’ cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, ‘pray let me go!’

“‘I will,’ cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, ‘if you wish me to leave you.’

“‘Oh, my lord,’ exclaimed I, ‘rise, I beseech you; rise. Surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me.’

“‘Mock you!’ repeated he earnestly, ‘no, I revere you. I esteem and admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom

my soul is attached, as to its better half. You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.'

"I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed; the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville hastily rising supported me to a chair upon which I sank almost lifeless.

"I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape; in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!"*

Other people may not much like this extract, madam, from your favourite novel, but when you come to read it, *you* will like it. I suspect that when you read that book which you so love, you read it *à deux*. Did you not yourself pass a winter at Bath, when you were the belle of the assembly? Was there not a Lord Orville in your case too? As you think of him eleven lustres pass away. You look at him with the bright eyes of those days, and your hero stands before you, the brave, the accomplished, the simple, the true gentleman; and he makes the most elegant of bows to one of the most beautiful young women the world ever saw; and he leads you out to the cotillon, to the dear, unforgotten music. Hark to the horns of Elfand, blowing, blowing! *Bonne vieille*, you remember their melody, and your heart-strings thrill with it still.

* Contrast this old perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation with the present modern talk. If the two young people wished to hide their emotions now-a-days, and express themselves in modest language, the story would run:—

"Whilst I was looking for the books, Lord Orville came in. He looked uncommonly down in the mouth, as he said: 'Is this true, Miss Anville; are you going to cut?'

"'To absquatulate, Lord Orville,' said I, still pretending that I was looking for the books.

"'You're very quick about it,' said he.

"'Guess it's no great loss,' I remarked, as cheerfully as I could.

"'You don't think I'm chaffing?' said Orville, with much emotion.

"'What has Mrs. Selwyn done with the books?' I went on.

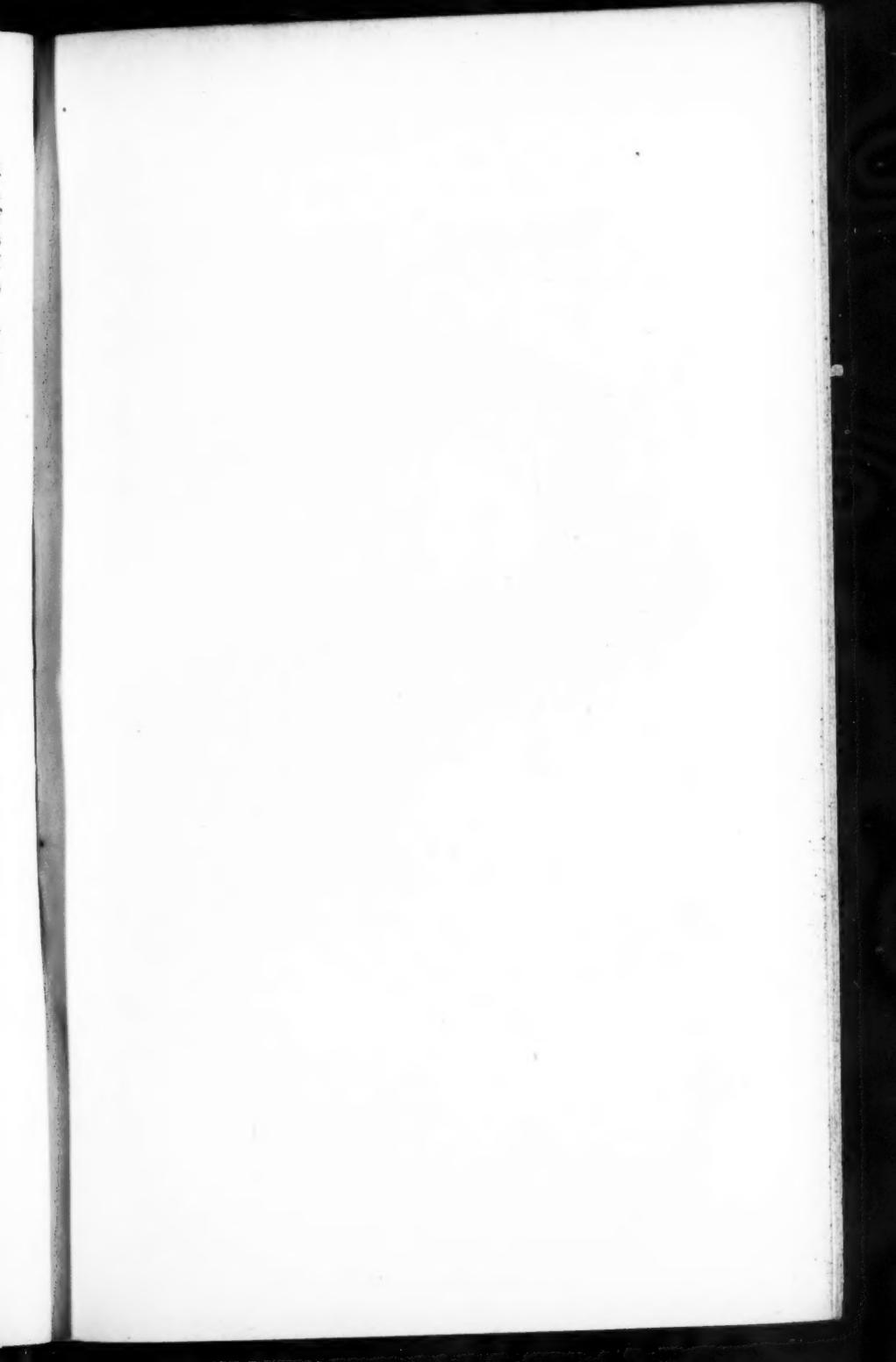
"'What, going?' said he, 'and going for good? I wish I was such a good-plucked one as you, Miss Anville,'" &c.

The conversation, you perceive, might be easily written down to this key; and if the hero and heroine were modern, they would not be suffered to go through their dialogue on stilts, but would converse in the natural graceful way at present customary. By the way, what a strange custom that is in modern lady novelists to make the men bully the women! In the time of Miss Porter and Madame D'Arblay, we have respect, profound bows and curtsies, graceful courtesy from men to women. In the time of Miss Brontë, absolute rudeness. Is it true, mesdames, that you like rudeness, and are pleased at being ill-used by men? I could point to more than one lady novelist who so represents you.

Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend Monsieur Athos, Count de la Fère, is my favourite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through how many volumes? Forty? Fifty? I wish for my part there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio. I think I like d'Artagnan in his own memoirs best. I bought him years and years ago, price fivepence, in a little parchment-covered Cologne printed volume, at a stall in Gray's-inn-lane. Dumas glorifies him and makes a marshal of him; if I remember rightly, the original d'Artagnan was a needy adventurer, who died in exile very early in Louis XIV.'s reign. Did you ever read the *Chevalier d'Harmenthal*? Did you ever read the *Tulipe Noire*, as modest as a story by Miss Edgeworth? I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me, with thanks and wonder. To what a series of splendid entertainments he has treated me! Where does he find the money for these prodigious feasts? They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du métier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels; and on his arrival, at eleven o'clock, would say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in Encyclopædia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales' *London*, letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Colour in with local colouring. The daughter will come down, and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs," &c. &c. Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol., London, MDCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner, the archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right, and Jones has gone home to his family some hours. Sir Christopher is the architect of St. Paul's. He has not laid the stones or carried up the mortar. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply. A smart professional hand? I give you my word, there seem to me parts of novels—let us say the love-making, the "business," the villain in the cupboard, and so forth, which I should like to order John Footman to take in hand, as I desire him to bring the coals and polish the boots. Ask me indeed to pop a robber under a bed, to hide a will which shall be forthcoming in due season, or at my time of life to write a namby-pamby love conversa-

tion between Emily and Lord Arthur! I feel ashamed of myself, and especially when my business obliges me to do the love passages, I blush so, though quite alone in my study, that you would fancy I was going off in an apoplexy. Are authors affected by their own works? I don't know about other gentlemen, but if I make a joke myself I cry; if I write a pathetic scene I am laughing wildly all the time—at least Tomkins thinks so. You know I am such a cynic!

The editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* (no soft and yielding character like his predecessor, but a man of stern resolution) will only allow these harmless papers to run to a certain length. But for this veto I should gladly have prattled over half a sheet more, and have discoursed on many heroes and heroines of novels whom fond memory brings back to me. Of these books I have been a diligent student from those early days, which are recorded at the commencement of this little essay. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered! Oh, novels, sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood! Do I forget one night after prayers (when we under-boys were sent to bed) lingering at my cupboard to read one little half page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head! Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years! Thou wert twenty years old (say) and I but twelve, when I knew thee. At sixty odd, love, most of the ladies of thy Orient race have lost the bloom of youth, and bulged beyond the line of beauty; but to me thou art ever young and fair, and I will do battle with any felon Templar who assails thy fair name.



THE DIVINE MESSAGE



